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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
By SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

L O N D O N :

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THE
FIFTY-SEVENTH VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
AMBROSE PHILIPS
AND
WEST.



P A S T O R A L S,
E P I S T L E S, O D E S,
A N D O T H E R
O R I G I N A L P O E M S,
W I T H T R A N S L A T I O N S F R O M
P I N D A R, A N A C R E O N, A N D S A P P H O.
B Y A M B R O S E P H I L I P S, E S Q U I R E.

“ — hic cæstus artemque repono.” VIRG.

VOL. LVII.

B



TO HIS GRACE

THOMAS, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

THE honours of your ancient and illustrious family, which that noble writer, Algernon Sidney, places among the first in these kingdoms for prerogative of birth, the titles which you have long worn with distinguished lustre, and the high station which you have many years filled, and now fill, in the government, give your Grace a just preheminance in the community ; but they are excellencies of a more exalted kind to which this tribute of my respect is paid. Your early zeal in the cause of liberty, which manifested itself at the close of a late reign, when the worst of schemes were promoted against this nation by the worst of men, the association (of which I had the honour to be an humble member) into which you then entered, with some others, eminent for their birth, fortune, and knowledge, for securing the succession of the house of Hanover to the throne of these kingdoms, your taste of useful and polite literature, and the encouragement which you have been always ready to give to it, your friendly regard to, and connection with, that university which has been the nurse of the greatest statesmen, heroes, philosophers, and poets, of English growth, and the open liberality of your heart on all

laudable occasions, must give you a place in the affections of all Englishmen who know the interest of their native country: and to those virtues, more than to the private friendship with which your Grace has long honoured me, I make this offering of the few poetical Pieces, which were the produce of my leisure, but some of my most pleasant, hours: your Grace will be able to distinguish those which have been printed before, from those which now make their first appearance: and I number among the felicities of my days this opportunity of approaching you with something perhaps not unworthy your acceptance; and I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

most devoted, obliged,

and most humble servant,

April, 1748.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

PASTO-

PASTORAL POEMS.

“Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare, Thalia.”

VIRG. Ecl. vi. 2.

P R E F A C E.

IT is somewhat strange to conceive, in an age so addicted to the Muses, how Pastoral Poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering especially, that it is of the greatest antiquity, and hath ever been accounted the foremost, among the smaller poems, in dignity. Virgil and Spenser made use of it as a prelude to Epic Poetry: but, I fear, the innocency of the subject makes it so little inviting.

There is no kind of Poem, if happily executed, but gives delight; and herein may the Pastoral boast after a peculiar manner: for, as in Painting, so in Poetry, the country affords not only the most delightful scenes and prospects, but likewise the most pleasing images of life.

Gassendus (I remember) observes, that Peireskius was a great lover of music, especially the melody of birds; because their simple strains have less of passion

and violence, but more of a sedate and quiet harmony; and, therefore, do they rather befriend contemplation. In like manner, the Pastoral Song gives a sweet and gentle composure to the mind; whereas the Epic and Tragic Poems, by the vehemency of their emotions, raise the spirits into a ferment.

To view a fair stately palace, strikes us indeed with admiration, and swells the soul with notions of grandeur: but when I see a little country-dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a beautiful variety of hills, meadows, fields, woods, and rivulets, I feel an unspeakable sort of satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing my kinder fortune would place me in such a sweet retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, are the only Poets who seem to have hit upon the true nature of Pastoral Compositions: so that it will be sufficient praise for me, if I have not altogether failed in my attempt.

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

LOBBIN.

IF we, O Dorset, quit the city-throng,
 To meditate in shades the rural song,
 By your command, be present : and, O bring
 The Muse along ! The Muse to you shall sing : 4
 Her influence, Buckhurst, let me there obtain,
 And I forgive the fam'd Sicilian Swain.

Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,
 When flocks and herds were no inglorious store, 8
 Lobbin, a shepherd-boy, one evening fair,
 As western winds had cool'd the sultry air,
 His number'd sheep within the fold now pent,
 Thus plain'd him of his dreary discontent ; 12
 Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs,
 He, solitary, sat to breathe his vows,
 Venting the tender anguish of his heart,
 As passion taught, in accents free of art : 16
 And little did he hope, while, night by night,
 His sighs were lavish'd thus on Lucy bright.

“ Ah, well-a-day ! how long must I endure
 “ This pining pain ? Or who shall speed my cure ? 20
 “ Fond love no cure will have, seek no repose,
 “ Delights in grief, nor any measure knows :
 “ And now the moon begins in clouds to rise ;
 “ The brightening stars increase within the skies ; 24

8 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

" The winds are hush ; the dews distil ; and sleep
 " Hath clos'd the eyelids of my weary sheep :
 " I only, with the prowling wolf, constrain'd
 " All night to wake : with hunger he is pain'd, 28
 " And I, with love. His hunger he may tame ;
 " But who can quench, O cruel Love, thy flame ?
 " Whilom did I, all as this poplar fair,
 " Up-raise my heedless head, then void of care, 32
 " 'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game ;
 " Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
 " Who better seen than I in shepherds' arts,
 " To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts ! 36
 " How deftly, to mine oaten-reed so sweet,
 " Wont they, upon the green to shift their feet ?
 " And, weary'd in the dance, how would they yearn
 " Some well-devised tale from me to learn ? 40
 " For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
 " To chace the loitering sun adown the sky :
 " But, ah ! since Lucy coy, deep-wrought her spight
 " Within my heart, unmindful of delight 44
 " The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
 " To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
 " Oh ! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless Fair !
 " Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair. 48
 " Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
 " Though not so fair, she would have prov'd more kind.
 " O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
 " How flying years impair thy youthful prime ! 52
 " Thy virgin-bloom will not for ever stay,
 " And flowers, though left ungather'd, will decay :
 " The

" The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring !
 " But beauty faded has no second spring. 56
 " My words are wind ! She, deaf to all my cries,
 " Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
 " Like frisking heifer, loose in flowery meads,
 " She gads where'er her roving fancy leads ; 60
 " Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome chace !
 " Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace.
 " She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
 " Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind. 64
 " No cruel purpose, in my speed, I bear ;
 " 'Tis only love ; and love why should'st thou fear ?
 " What idle fears a maiden-breast alarm !
 " Stay, simple girl : a lover cannot harm. 68
 " Two sportive kidlings, both fair-fleck'd, I rear ;
 " Whose shooting horns like tender buds appear :
 " A lambkin too, of spotless fleece, I breed,
 " And teach the fondling from my hand to feed : 72
 " Nor will I cease betimes to cull the fields
 " Of every dewy sweet the morning yields :
 " From early spring to autumn late shalt thou
 " Receive gay girlonds, blooming o'er thy brow : 76
 " And when,—But, why these unavailing pains ?
 " The gifts, alike, and giver, she disdains :
 " And now, left heiress of the glen, she'll deem
 " Me, landless lad, unworthy her esteem : 80
 " Yet, was she born, like me, of shepherd-fire ;
 " And I may fields and lowing herds acquire.
 " O ! would my gifts but win her wanton heart,
 " Or could I half the warmth I feel impart, 84
 " How

" How would I wander, every day, to find
 " The choice of wildings, blushing through the rind !
 " For glossy plumbs how lightfome climb the tree,
 " How risk the vengeance of the thrifty bee ! 88
 " Or ! if thou deign to live a shepherdess,
 " Thou Lobbin's flock, and Lobbin, shalt possess :
 " And, fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
 " If liquid fountains flatter not ; and why 92
 " Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show
 " The bordering flowers less beauteous than they grow ?
 " O ! come, my love ; nor think th' employment mean,
 " The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean, 96
 " To drive a-field, by morn, the fattening ewes,
 " Ere the warm sun drink-up the coolly dews,
 " While, with my pipe, and with my voice, I chear
 " Each hour, and through the day detain thine ear. 100
 " How would the crook beseem thy lily-hand !
 " How would my younglings round thee gazing stand !
 " Ah, witlefs younglings ! gaze not on her eye :
 " Thence all my sorrow ; thence the death I die. 104
 " O, killing beauty ! and O, fore desire !
 " Must then my sufferings, but with life, expire ?
 " Though blossoms every year the trees adorn,
 " Spring after spring I wither, nipt with scorn : 108
 " Nor trow I when this bitter blast will end,
 " Or if yon stars will e'er my vows befriend.
 " Sleep, sleep, my flock ; for happy ye may take
 " Sweet nightly rest, though still your master wake." 112
 Now to the waning moon, the nightingale,
 In slender warblings, tun'd her piteous tale,

The love-sick Shepherd, listening, felt relief,
 Pleas'd with so sweet a partner in his grief, 116
 Till, by degrees, her notes and silent night
 To slumbers soft his heavy heart invite.

THE SECOND PASTORAL.

THENOT, COLINET.

T H E N O T.

IS it not Colinet I lonesome see,
 Leaning with folded arms against the tree ?
 Or is it age of late bedims my sight ?
 'Tis Colinet, indeed, in woeful plight. 4
 Thy cloudy look, why melting into tears,
 Unseemly, now the sky so bright appears !
 Why in this mournful manner art thou found,
 Unthankful lad, when all things smile around ? 8
 Or hear'st not lark and linnet jointly sing,
 Their notes blithe-warbling to salute the spring ?

C O L I N E T.

Though blithe their notes, not so my wayward fate ;
 Nor lark would sing, nor linnet, in my state. 12
 Each creature, Thenot, to his task is born,
 As they to mirth and music, I to mourn.
 Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
 My tears oft' mingling with the falling dew. 16

T H E N O T.

T H E N O T.

Small cause, I ween, has lusty youth to plain :
 Or who may, then, the weight of eld sustain,
 When every slackening nerve begins to fail,
 And the load presseth as our days prevail ? 20
 Yet, though with years my body downward tend,
 As trees beneath their fruit, in autumn, bend ;
 Spite of my snowy head, and icy veins,
 My mind a chearful temper still retains : 24
 And why should man, mishap what will, repine,
 Sour every sweet, and mix with tears his wine ?
 But tell me, then : it may relieve thy woe,
 To let a friend thine inward ailment know. 28

C O L I N E T.

Idly 'twill waste thee, Thenot, the whole day,
 Shouldst thou give ear to all my grief can say.
 Thine ewes will wander ; and the heedless lambs,
 In loud complaints, require their absent dams. 32

T H E N O T.

See Lightfoot ; he shall tend them close : and I,
 'Tween whiles, across the plain will glance mine eye.

C O L I N E T.

Where to begin I know not, where to end.
 Does there one smiling hour my youth attend ! 36
 Though few my days, as well my follies show,
 Yet are those days all clouded o'er with woe :
 No happy gleam of sunshine doth appear,
 My lowering sky, and wintery months, to cheer. 40
 My piteous plight in yonder naked tree,
 Which bears the thunder-scar, too plain I see :

Quite

Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,
 The mark of storms, and sport of every wind : 44
 The riven trunk feels not th' approach of spring ;
 Nor birds among the leafless branches sing :
 20 No more, beneath thy shade, shall shepherds throng,
 With jocund tale, or pipe, or pleasing song. 48
 Ill-fated tree ! and more ill-fated I !
 From thee, from me, alike the shepherds fly.

T H E N O T.

24 Sure thou in hapless hour of time wast born,
 When blighting mildews spoil the rising corn, 52
 Or blasting winds o'er blossom'd hedge-rows pass,
 28 To kill the promis'd fruits, and scorch the grass,
 Or when the moon, by wizard charm'd, foreshows,
 Blood-stain'd in foul eclipse, impending woes. 56
 Untimely born, ill-luck betides thee still.

C O L I N E T.

32 And can there, Thenot, be a greater ill ?

T H E N O T.

ye. Nor fox, nor wolf, nor rot among our sheep,
 From this good shepherd's care his flock may keep : 60
 Against ill-luck, alas ! all forecast fails ;
 Nor toil by day, nor watch by night, avails.

C O L I N E T.

36 Ah me, the while ! ah me, the luckless day !
 Ah, luckless lad ! befits me more to say. 64
 Unhappy hour ! when, fresh in youthful bud,
 40 I left, Sabrina fair, thy silvery flood.
 Ah, silly I ! more silly than my sheep,
 Which on thy flowery banks I wont to keep. 68

Sweet

14 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Sweet are thy banks ! Oh, when shall I, once more,
 With ravish'd eyes review thine amell'd shore ?
 When, in the crystal of thy water, scan
 Each feature faded, and my colour wan ? 72
 When shall I see my hut, the small abode
 Myself did raise, and cover o'er with sod ?
 Small though it be, a mean and humble cell,
 Yet is there room for peace and me to dwell. 76

T H E N O T.

And what enticement charm'd thee, far away
 From thy lov'd home, and led thy heart astray ?

C O L I N E T.

A lewd desire, strange lads and swains to know :
 Ah, God ! that ever I should covet woe ! 80
 With wandering feet unblest, and fond of fame,
 I sought I know not what besides a name.

T H E N O T.

Or, sooth to say, didst thou not hither roam
 In search of gains more plenty than at home ? 84
 A rolling-stone is, ever, bare of moss ;
 And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

C O L I N E T.

Small need there was, in random search of gain,
 To drive my pining flock athwart the plain, 88
 To distant Cam. Fine gain at length, I trow,
 To hoard up to myself such deal of woe !
 My sheep quite spent, through travel and ill-fare,
 And, like their keeper, ragged grown and bare, 92
 The damp, cold greensward, for my nightly bed,
 And some slant willow's trunk to rest my head.

Hard

Hard is to bear of pinching cold the pain ;
 And hard is want to the unpractis'd swain :
 But neither want, nor pinching cold, is hard,
 To blasting storms of calumny compar'd :
 Unkind as hail it falls ; the pelting shower
 Destroys the tender herb, and budding flower.

T H E N O T.

Slander we shepherds count the vilest wrong :
 And what wounds forer than an evil tongue ?

C O L I N E T.

Untoward lads, the wanton imps of spite,
 Make mock of all the ditties I indite.

In vain, O Colinet, thy pipe, so shrill,
 Charms every vale, and gladdens every hill :
 In vain thou seek'st the coverings of the grove,
 In the cool shade to sing the pains of love :

Sing what thou wilt, ill-nature will prevail ;
 And every elf hath skill enough to rail :

But yet, though poor and artless be my vein,
 Menalcas seems to like my simple strain :

And, while that he delighteth in my song,
 Which to the good Menalcas doth belong,

Nor night, nor day, shall my rude music cease ;
 I ask no more, so I Menalcas please.

T H E N O T.

Menalcas, lord of these fair fertile plains,
 Preserves the sheep, and o'er the shepherds reigns :

For him our yearly wakes, and feasts, we hold,
 And choose the fairest firstling from the fold :

120

He,

16 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

He, good to all, who good deserve, shall give
Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live,
Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
And bounteously reward thy rural songs.

124

COLINET.

First, then, shall lightsome birds forget to fly,
The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,
And every rapid river cease to flow,
Ere I unmindful of Menalcas grow.

128

T H E N O T.

This night thy care with me forget; and fold
Thy flock with mine, to ward th' injurious cold.
New milk, and clouted cream, mild cheese and curd,
With some remaining fruit of last year's hoard,
Shall be our evening fare, and, for the night,
Sweet herbs and moss, which gentle sleep invite:
And now behold the sun's departing ray,
O'er yonder hill, the sign of ebbing day:
With songs the jovial hinds return from plow;
And unyok'd heifers, loitering homeward, low.

132

136

THE THIRD PASTORAL.

ALBINO.

WHEN Virgil thought no shame the Doric reed
To tune, and flocks on Mantuan plains to feed,
With young Augustus' name he grac'd his song:
And Spenfer, when amid the rural throng

4

He

He carol'd sweet, and graz'd along the flood
 Of gentle Thames, made every founding wood
 With good Eliza's name to ring around ;
 124 Eliza's name on every tree was found : 8
 Since then, through Anna's cares at ease we live,
 And see our cattle unmolested thrive,
 While from our Albion her victorious arms
 Drive wasteful warfare, loud in dire alarms, 12
 128 Like them will I my slender music raise,
 And teach the vocal valleys Anna's praise.
 Meantime, on oaten pipe a lowly lay,
 As my kids browse, obscure in shades I play : 16
 urd, Yet, not obscure, while Dorset thinks no scorn
 132 To visit woods, and swains ignobly born.
 Two valley swains, both musical, both young,
 In friendship mutual, and united long, 20
 Retire within a mossy cave, to shun
 136 The crowd of shepherds, and the noon-day sun.
 A gloom of sadness overcasts their mind :
 Revolving now, the solemn day they find, 24
 When young Albino died. His image dear
 L. Bedews their cheeks with many a trickling tear :
 To tears they add the tribute of their verse ;
 These Angelot, those Palin, did rehearse. 28

A N G E L O T.

Thus, yearly circling, by-past times return ;
 And yearly, thus, Albino's death we mourn.
 Sent into life, alas ! how short thy stay :
 How sweet the rose ! how speedy to decay ! 32
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Can we forget, Albino dear, thy knell,
 Sad-sounding wide from every village bell ?
 Can we forget how sorely Albion moan'd,
 That hills, and dales, and rocks, in echo groan'd, 36
 Prefaging future woe, when, for our crimes,
 We lost Albino, pledge of peaceful times,
 Fair boast of this fair Island, darling joy
 Of nobles high, and every shepherd-boy ? 40
 No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were seen,
 Nor shepherd found upon the grassy green,
 No cattle graz'd the field, nor drank the flood,
 No birds were heard to warble through the wood. 44
 In yonder gloomy grove out-stretch'd he lay
 His lovely limbs upon the dampy clay ;
 On his cold cheek the rosy hue decay'd,
 And, o'er his lips, the deadly blue display'd : 48
 Bleating around him lie his plaintive sheep,
 And mourning shepherds come, in crowds, to weep.
 Young Buckhurst comes : and, is there no redress ?
 As if the grave regarded our distress ! 52
 The tender virgins come, to tears yet new,
 And give, aloud, the lamentations due.
 The pious mother comes, with grief oppress'd :
 Ye trees, and conscious fountains, can attest 56
 With what sad accents, and what piercing cries,
 She fill'd the grove, and importun'd the skies,
 And every star upbraided with his death,
 When, in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath, 60
 She clasp'd her son : nor did the Nymph, for this,
 Place in her darling's welfare all her bliss,

Him

Him teaching, young, the harmless crook to wield,
 And rule the peaceful empire of the field. 64
 As milk-white swans on streams of silver show,
 And silvery streams to grace the meadows flow,
 As corn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,
 So thou, to thine, an ornament was born. 68
 Since thou, delicious youth, didst quit the plains,
 Th' ungrateful ground we till with fruitless pains,
 In labour'd furrows sow the choice of wheat,
 And, over empty sheaves, in harvest sweat, 72
 A thin increase our fleecy cattle yield;
 And thorns, and thistles, overspread the field.
 How all our hope is fled, like morning-dew!
 And scarce did we thy dawn of manhood view. 76
 Who, now, shall teach the pointed spear to throw,
 To whirl the sling, and bend the stubborn bow,
 To toss the quoit with steady aim, and far,
 With finewy force, to pitch the massy bar? 80
 Nor dost thou live to bless thy mother's days,
 To share her triumphs, and to feel her praise,
 In foreign realms to purchase early fame,
 And add new glories to the British name: 84
 O, peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest!
 The flowery turf lie light upon thy breast;
 Nor shrieking owl, nor bat, thy tomb fly round,
 Nor midnight goblins revel o'er the ground. 88

P A L I N.

No more, mistaken Angelot, complain:
 Albino lives; and all our tears are vain;

Albino lives, and will for ever live,
 With myriads mixt, who never know to grieve, 92
 Who welcome every stranger-guest, nor fear
 Ever to mourn his absence with a tear,
 Where cold, nor heat, nor irksome toil annoy,
 Nor age, nor sickness, comes to damp their joy : 96
 And now the royal Nymph, who bore him, deigns
 The land to rule, and shield the simple swains,
 While, from above, propitious he looks down :
 For this, the welkin does no longer frown. 100
 Each planet shines, indulgent, from his sphere,
 And we renew our pastimes with the year.
 Hills, dales, and woods, with shrilling pipes resound :
 The boys and virgins dance, with chaplets crown'd, 104
 And hail Albino blest : the valleys ring
 Albino blest ! O now, if ever, bring
 The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
 And tender branches from the mantling vine, 108
 The dewy cowslip, which in meadow grows,
 The fountain-violet, and the garden-rose,
 Marsh-lilies sweet, and tufts of daffodil,
 With what ye cull from wood, or verdant hill, 112
 Whether in open sun, or shade, they blow,
 More early some, and some unfolding slow,
 Bring, in heap'd canisters, of every kind,
 As if the summer had with spring combin'd, 116
 And Nature, forward to assist your care,
 Did not profusion for Albino spare.
 Your hamlets strew, and every public way ;
 And consecrate to mirth Albino's day : 120
 Myself

92 Myself will lavish all my little store,
 And deal about the goblet flowing o'er :
 Old Moulin there shall harp, young Myco sing,
 And Cuddy dance the round amid the ring, 124
 96 And Hobbinol his antic gambols play :
 To thee these honours, yearly, will we pay :
 Nor fail to mention thee in all our cheer,
 And teach our children the remembrance dear, 128
 100 When we our shearing-feast, or harvest keep,
 To speed the plow, and bless our thriving sheep.
 While willow kids, and herbage lambs pursue,
 While bees love thyme, and locust sip the dew, 132
 104 While birds delight in woods their notes to strain,
 Thy name and sweet memorial shall remain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.
 MYCO, ARGOL.

M Y C O.

112 **T**HIS place may seem for shepherd's leisure made,
 So close these elms inweave their lofty shade ;
 The twining woodbine, how it climbs ; to breathe
 Refreshing sweets around on all beneath ; 4
 116 The ground with grass of chearful green bespread,
 Through which the springing flower up-rears the head :
 Lo, here the kingcup of a golden hue,
 Medly'd with daisies white and endive blue, 8
 And honeysuckles of a purple die,
 Confusion gay ! bright waving to the eye.

C 3

Hark,

22 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Hark, how they warble in that brambly bush,
 The gaudy goldfinch, and the speckly thrush, 12
 The linnet green, with others fram'd for skill,
 And blackbird fluting through his yellow bill:
 In sprightly concert how they all combine,
 Us prompting in the various songs to join: 16
 Up, Argol, then, and to thy lip apply
 Thy mellow pipe, or voice more sounding try:
 And since our ewes have graz'd, what harms if they
 Lie round and listen while the lambkins play? 20

ARGOL.

Well, Myco, can thy dainty wit express
 Fair Nature's bounties in the fairest dress:
 'Tis rapture all! the place, the birds, the sky;
 And rapture works the finger's fancy high. 24
 Sweet breathe the fields, and now a gentle breeze
 Moves every leaf, and trembles through the trees:
 Ill such incitements suit my rugged lay,
 Befitting more the music thou canst play. 28

MYCO.

No skill of music kon I, simple swain,
 No fine device thine ear to entertain:
 Albeit some deal I pipe, rude though it be,
 Sufficient to divert my sheep and me; 32
 Yet Colinet (and Colinet hath skill)
 Oft guides my fingers on the tuneful quill,
 And fain would teach me on what sounds to dwell,
 And where to sink a note, and where to swell. 36

ARGOL.

A R G O L.

Ah, Myco ! half my flock would I bestow,
 Should Colinet to me his cunning show :
 So trim his sonnets are, I pr'ythee, swain,
 Now give us, once, a sample of his strain : 40
 For wonders of that lad the shepherds say,
 How sweet his pipe, how ravishing his lay !
 The sweetness of his pipe and lay rehearse ;
 And ask what boon thou willest for thy verse. 44

M Y C O.

Since then thou list, a mournful song I chuse :
 A mournful song relieves a mournful Muse.
 Fast by the river on a bank he fate,
 To weep the lovely maid's untimely fate, 48
 Fair Stella hight : a lovely maid was she,
 Whose fate he wept, a faithful shepherd he.

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.* 52

" O woeful day ! O, day of woe to me !
 " That ever I should live such day to see !
 " That ever she could die ! O, most unkind,
 " To go and leave thy Colinet behind ! 56
 " From blameless love, and plighted troth to go,
 " And leave to Colinet a life of woe ! "

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.* 60

" And yet, why blame I her ! Full fain would she
 " With dying arms have clasp'd herself to me :

24 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

" I clasp'd her too, but death prov'd over-strong ;
 " Nor vows nor tears could fleeting life prolong : 64
 " Yet how shall I from vows and tears refrain ?
 " And why should vows, alas ! and tears be vain !"

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.* 68

" Aid me to grieve, with bleating moan, my sheep,
 " Aid me, thou ever-flowing stream, to weep ;
 " Aid me, ye faint, ye hollow winds, to sigh,
 " And thou, my woe, assist me thou to die. 72
 " Me flock nor stream, nor winds nor woes, relieve ;
 " She lov'd through life, and I through life will grieve."

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.* 76

" Ye gentler maids, companions of my fair,
 " With down-cast look, and with dishevel'd hair,
 " All beat the breast, and wring your hands and moan :
 " Her hour, untimely, might have prov'd your own : 80
 " Her hour, untimely, help me to lament ;
 " And let your hearts at Stella's name relent."

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.* 84

" In vain th' indearing lustre of your eyes
 " We dote upon, and you as vainly prize.
 " What though your beauty blest the faithful swain,
 " And in th' enamour'd heart like queens ye reign ; 88
 " Yet in their prime does death the fairest kill,
 " As ruthless winds the tender blossoms spill."

Awake,

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

92

" Such Stella was ; yet Stella might not live !

" And what could Colinet in ransom give ?

" Oh ! if or music's voice, or beauty's charm,

" Could milder death, and stay his lifted arm, 96

" My pipe her face, her face my pipe might save,

" Redeeming each the other from the grave."

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

100

" Ah, fruitless wish ! fell death's uplifted arm

" Nor beauty can arrest, nor music charm.

" Behold ! oh, baleful sight ! see where she lies !

" The budding flower, unkindly blasted, dies : 104

" Nor, though I live the longest day to mourn,

" Will she again to life and me return."

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

108

" Unhappy Colinet ! what boots thee now,

" To weave fresh garlands for thy Stella's brow ?

" No garland ever more may Stella wear,

" Nor see the flowery season of the year, 112

" Nor dance, nor sing, nor ever sweetly smile,

" And every toil of Colinet beguile."

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express

Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

116

" Throw by the lily, daffodil, and rose ;

" Wreaths of black yew, and willow pale, compose,

" With

26 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

" With baneful hemlock, deadly nightshade, drefs'd,
 " Such chaplets as may witness thine unrest, 120
 " If aught can witness : O, ye shepherds tell,
 " When I am dead, no shepherd lov'd so well !"

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.* 124

" Alack, my sheep ! and thou, dear spotless lamb,
 " By Stella nurs'd, who wean'd thee from the dam,
 " What heed give I to aught but to my grief,
 " My whole employment, and my whole relief ! 128
 " Stray where ye list, some happier master try :
 " Yet once, my flock, was none so blest'd as I."

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.* 132

" My pipe, whose soothing sound could passion move,
 " And first taught Stella's virgin heart to love,
 " Shall silent hang upon this blasted oak,
 " Whence owls their dirges sing, and ravens croak : 136
 " Nor lark, nor linnet, shall my day delight,
 " Nor nightingale suspend my moan by night :
 " The night and day shall undistinguish'd be,
 " Alike to Stella, and alike to me." 140

*No more, my pipe ; here cease we to express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

Thus, sorrowing, did the gentle shepherd sing,
 And urge the valley with his wail to ring. 144
 And now that sheep-hook for my song I crave.

ARGOL.

A R G O L.

Not this, but one more costly, shalt thou have,
 Of season'd elm, where studs of brass appear,
 To speak the giver's name, the month, and year ; 148
 The hook of polish'd steel, the handle torn'd,
 And richly by the carver's skill adorn'd. 124

O, Colinet, how sweet thy grief to hear !
 How does thy verse subdue the listening ear ! 152
 Soft falling as the still, refreshing dew,
 To flake the drought, and herbage to renew : 128
 Not half so sweet the midnight winds, which move
 In drowsy murmurs o'er the waving grove, 156
 Nor valley brook that, hid by alders, speeds
 O'er pebbles warbling, and through whispering reeds,
 Nor dropping waters, which from rocks distil, 132
 And welly-grots with tinkling echoes fill. 160
 Thrice happy Colinet, who can relieve
 Heart-anguish sore, and make it sweet to grieve !
 And next to thee shall Myco bear the bell, 136
 Who can repeat thy peerless song so well : 164
 But see ! the hills increasing shadows cast ;
 The sun, I ween, is leaving us in haste :
 His weakly rays faint glimmer through the wood, 140
 And bluey mists arise from yonder flood. 168

M Y C O.

Bid then our dogs to gather in the sheep.
 Good shepherds, with their flock, betimes should sleep.
 Who late lies down, thou know'st, as late will rise,
 And, sluggard-like, to noon-day snoring lies, 172
 While

28 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

While in the fold his injur'd ewes complain,
And after dewy pastures bleat in vain.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL.

C U D D Y.

IN rural strains we first our music try,
And bashful into woods and thickets fly,
Mistrusting then our skill; yet if through time
Our voice, improving, gain a pitch sublime,
Thy growing virtues, Sackville, shall engage
My riper verse, and more aspiring age.

The sun, now mounted to the noon of day,
Began to shoot direct his burning ray;
When, with the flocks, their feeders sought the shade
A venerable oak wide-spreading-made:
What should they do to pass the loitering time?
As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme:
And some the joys, and some the pains, of love,
And some to set out strange adventures, strove;
The trade of wizards some, and Merlin's skill,
And whence, to charms, such empire o'er the will.
Then Cuddy last (who Cuddy can excel
In neat device?) his tale began to tell.

"When shepherds flourish'd in Eliza's reign,
"There liv'd in high repute a jolly swain,
"Young Colin Clout; who well could pipe and sing,
"And by his notes invite the lagging spring.
"He, as his custom was, at leisure laid
"In woodland bower, without a rival play'd,

6 "Soliciting

" Soliciting his pipe to warble clear,
 " Enchantment sweet as ever wont to hear
 " Belated wayfarers, from wake or fair
 " Detain'd by music, hovering on in air: 28
 " Drawn by the magic of th' inticing sound,
 " What troops of mute admirers flock'd around!
 " The steerlings left their food; and creatures, wild
 " By Nature form'd, insensibly grew mild. 32
 " He makes the gathering birds about him throng,
 " And loads the neighbouring branches with his song:
 " There, with the crowd, a nightingale of fame,
 " Jealous, and fond of praise, to listen came: 36
 " She turn'd her ear, and pause by pause, with pride,
 " Like echo to the shepherd's pipe reply'd.
 " The shepherd heard with wonder, and again,
 " To try her more, renew'd his various strain: 40
 " To all the various strain she plies her throat,
 " And adds peculiar grace to every note.
 " If Colin, in complaining accent grieve,
 " Or brisker motion to his measure give, 44
 " If gentle sounds he modulate, or strong,
 " She, not a little vain, repeats the song:
 " But so repeats, that Colin half-despis'd
 " His pipe and skill, around the country priz'd: 48
 " And sweetest songster of the winged kind,
 " What thanks, said he, what praises, shall I find
 " To equal thy melodious voice? In thee
 " The rudeness of my rural life I see; 52
 " From thee I learn no more to vaunt my skill:
 " Aloft in air she sate, provoking still

" The

30 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

" The vanquish'd swain. Provok'd, at last, he strove
 " To show the little minstrel of the grove 56
 " His utmost powers, determin'd once to try
 " How art, exerting, might with nature vy;
 " For vy could none with either in their part,
 " With her in Nature, nor with him in Art. 60
 " He draws-in breath, his rising breath to fill:
 " Throughout the wood his pipe is heard to shrill.
 " From note to note, in haste, his fingers fly;
 " Still more and more the numbers multiply: 64
 " And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,
 " And swift and slow they change with sweet surprise.
 " Attentive she doth scarce the sounds retain;
 " But to herself first cons the puzzling strain, 68
 " And tracing, heedful, note by note repays
 " The shepherd in his own harmonious lays,
 " Through every changing cadence runs at length,
 " And adds in sweetness what he wants in strength. 72
 " Then Colin threw his fife disgrac'd aside,
 " While she loud triumph sings, proclaiming wide
 " Her mighty conquest, and within her throat
 " Twirls many a wild unimitable note, 76
 " To foil her rival. What could Colin more?
 " A little harp of maple ware he bore:
 " The little harp was old, but newly strung,
 " Which, usual, he across his shoulders hung. 80
 " Now take, delightful bird, my last farewell,
 " He said, and learn from hence thou dost excel
 " No trivial artist: and anon he wound
 " The murmuring strings, and order'd every sound: 84
 " Then

" Then earnest to his instrument he bends,
 " And both hands pliant on the strings extends :
 " His touch the strings obey, and various move,
 " The lower answering still to those above : 88
 " His fingers, restless, traverse to and fro,
 " As in pursuit of harmony they go :
 " Now, lightly skimming, o'er the strings they pass,
 " Like winds which gently brush the plying grass, 92
 " While melting airs arise at their command :
 " And now, laborious, with a weighty hand
 " He sinks into the cords with solemn pace,
 " To give the swelling tones a bolder grace ; 96
 " And now the left, and now by turns the right,
 " Each other chace, harmonious both in flight :
 " Then his whole fingers blend a swarm of sounds,
 " Till the sweet tumult through the harp rebounds, 100
 " Cease, Colin, cease, thy rival cease to vex ;
 " The mingling notes, alas ! her ear perplex :
 " She warbles, diffident, in hope and fear,
 " And hits imperfect accents here and there, 104
 " And fain would utter forth some double tone,
 " When soon she falters, and can utter none :
 " Again she tries, and yet again she fails ;
 " For still the harp's united power prevails. 108
 " Then Colin play'd again, and playing sung :
 " She, with the fatal love of glory stung,
 " Hears all in pain : her heart begins to swell :
 " In piteous notes she sighs, in notes which tell 112
 " Her bitter anguish : he, still fingering, plies
 " His limber joints : her sorrows higher rise.

" How

"How shall she bear a conqueror, who, before,
 "No equal through the grove in music bore? 116
 "She droops, she hangs her flagging wings, she moans,
 "And fetcheth from her breast melodious groans.
 "Oppress'd with grief at last too great to quell,
 "Down, breathless, on the guilty harp she fell. 120
 "Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
 "And unavailing tears profusely shed,
 "And broke his wicked strings, and curs'd his skill;
 "And best to make atonement for the ill, 124
 "If, for such ill, atonement might be made,
 "He builds her tomb beneath a laurel shade,
 "Then adds a verse, and sets with flowers the ground,
 "And makes a fence of winding osiers round. 128
 "A verse and tomb is all I now can give;
 "And here thy name at least, he said, shall live."
 Thus ended Cuddy with the setting sun,
 And, by his tale, unenvy'd praises won. 132

THE SIXTH PASTORAL.
 GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUET.

GERON.

HOW still the sea behold! how calm the sky!
 And how, in sportive chace, the swallows fly!
 My goats, secure from harm, small tendance need,
 While high, on yonder hanging rock, they feed: 4
 And here below, the banky shore along,
 Your heifers graze. Now, then, to strive in song
 Prepare.

P A S T O R A L S.

33

Prepare. As eldest, Hobbinol begin;
And Lanquet's rival-verse, by turns, come in.

8

H O B B I N O L.

Let others stake what chosen pledge they will,
Or kid, or lamb, or mazer wrought with skill:
For praise we sing, nor wager ought beside;
And, whose the praise, let Geron's lips decide.

12

L A N Q U E T.

To Geron I my voice, and skill, commend,
A candid umpire, and to both a friend.

G E R O N.

Begin then, boys; and vary well your song:
Begin; nor fear, from Geron's sentence, wrong.
A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
I to the victor give: no mean reward,
If to the ruder village-pipes compar'd.

16

20

H O B B I N O L.

The snows are melted; and the kindly rain
Descends on every herb, and every grain:
Soft balmy breezes breathe along the sky;
The bloomy season of the year is nigh.

24

L A N Q U E T.

The cuckoo calls aloud his wandering love;
The turtle's moan is heard in every grove;
The pastures change; the warbling linnets sing:
Prepare to welcome-in the gaudy spring.

28

H O B B I N O L.

When locusts, in the ferny bushes, cry,
When ravens pant, and snakes in caverns lie,

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D

Graze

34 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Graze then in woods, and quit the shadeless plain,
Else shall ye press the spongy teat in vain.

32

LANQUET.

When greens to yellow vary, and ye see
The ground bestrew'd with fruits of every tree,
And stormy winds are heard, think winter near,
Nor trust too far to the declining year.

36

HOBBINOL.

Woe then, alack! befall the spendthrift swain,
When frost, and snow, and hail, and fleet, and rain,
By turns chastise him, while, through little care,
His sheep, unshelter'd, pine in nipping air.

40

LANQUET.

The lad of forecast then untroubled sees
The white-bleak plains, and silvery frosted trees:
He fends his flock, and, clad in homely frize,
In his warm cott the wintery blast defies.

44

HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O blest'd Eliza! would I praise
Thy maiden-rule, and Albion's golden days:
Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherd's friend:
Eternal blessings on his shade attend!

48

LANQUET.

Thrice happy shepherds now! for Dorset loves
The country-muse, and our resounding groves,
While Anna reigns: O, ever may she reign!
And bring, on earth, the golden age again.

52

HOBBINOL.

I love, in secret all, a beauteous maid,
And have my love, in secret all, repaid;

This

P A S T O R A L S.

35

This coming night she plights her troth to me:

Divine her name, and thou the victor be.

56

L A N Q U E T.

Mild as the lamb, unharmed as the dove,

True as the turtle, is the maid I love:

How we in secret love, I shall not say:

Divine her name, and I give up the day.

60

H O B B I N O L.

Soft on a cowslip-bank my love and I

Together lay; a brook ran murmuring by:

A thousand tender things to me she said;

And I a thousand tender things repaid.

64

L A N Q U E T.

In summer-shade, behind the cocking hay,

What kind endearing words did she not say!

Her lap, with apron deck'd, she fondly spread,

And strok'd my cheek, and lull'd my leaning head.

68

H O B B I N O L.

Breathe soft, ye winds; ye waters, gently flow;

Shield her, ye trees; ye flowers, around her grow:

Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by;

My love, in yonder vale, asleep does lie.

72

L A N Q U E T.

Once Delia slept on easy moss reclin'd,

Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind:

I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss:

Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.

76

H O B B I N O L.

As Marian bath'd, by chance I pass'd by;

She blush'd, and at me glanc'd a sidelong eye:

D 2

Then,

Then, cowering in the treacherous stream, she try'd
Her tempting form, yet still in vain, to hide. 80

LANQUET.

As I, to cool me, bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia, lurking, in the sedges lay:
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
Yet oft she stopt, and oft she turn'd her eye. 84

HOBBINOL.

When first I saw (would I had never seen!)
Young Lyset lead the dance on yonder green,
Intent upon her beauties, as she mov'd,
Poor heedless wretch! at unawares I lov'd. 88

LANQUET.

When Lucy decks with flowers her swelling breast,
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest,
Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor herds, nor pasture, worth my care I find. 92

HOBBINOL.

Come, Rosalind, O come! for, wanting thee,
Our peopled vale a desert is to me.
Come, Rosalind, O come! My brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, are thine. 96

LANQUET.

Come, Rosalind, O come! Here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers:
Come, Rosalind! Here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste the live-long time away. 100

HOBBINOL.

In vain the seasons of the moon I know,
The force of healing herbs, and where they grow:
No herb there is, no season, to remove
From my fond heart the racking pains of love. 104

L A N-

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in charms have skill,
 And ghosts, and goblins, order as I will,
 Yet have, with all my charms, no power to lay
 The sprite that breaks my quiet night and day? 108

HOBBINOL.

O, that, like Colin, I had skill in rhymes,
 To purchase credit with succeeding times!
 Sweet Colin Clout! who never, yet, had peer;
 Who sung through all the seasons of the year. 112

LANQUET.

Let me, like Merlin, sing: his voice had power
 To free the 'clipping moon at midnight hour:
 And, as he sung, the Fairies with their queen,
 In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green. 116

HOBBINOL.

Last eve of May did I not hear them sing,
 And see their dance? And I can shew the ring,
 Where, hand in hand, they shift their feet so light:
 The grass springs greener from their tread by night. 120

LANQUET.

But hast thou seen their king, in rich array,
 Fam'd Oberon, with damask'd robe so gay,
 And gemmy crown, by moonshine sparkling far,
 And azure sceptre, pointed with a star? 124

GERON.

Here end your pleasing strife. Both victors are;
 And both with Colin may, in rhyme, compare.
 A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
 All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound, 128

To each I give. A mizzling mist descends
Adown that steepy rock: and this way tends
Yon distant rain. Shoreward the vessels strive;
And, see, the boys their flocks to shelter drive.

131

THE STRAY NYMPH.

CEASE your music, gentle swains:
Saw ye Delia cross the plains?

Every thicket, every grove,
Have I rang'd, to find my love:
A kid, a lamb, my flock, I give,
Tell me only, doth she live?

White her skin as mountain-snow;
In her cheek the roses blow;
And her eye is brighter far
Than the beamy morning star.
When her ruddy lip ye view,
'Tis a berry moist with dew:
And her breath, oh, 'tis a gale
Passing o'er a fragrant vale,
Passing, when a friendly shower
Freshens every herb and flower.
Wide her bosom opens, gay
As the primrose-dell in May,
Sweet as violet-borders growing
Over fountains ever-flowing.
Like the tendrils of the vine,
Do her auburn tresses twine,

12

16

20

Glossy

PASTORALS.

39

Glossy ringlets all behind
 Streaming buxom to the wind, 24
 When along the lawn she bounds,
 Light, as hind before the hounds:
 And the youthful ring she fires,
 Hopeless in their fond desires, 28
 As her flitting feet advance,
 Wanton in the winding dance.
 Tell me, shepherds, have ye seen
 My delight, my love, my queen? 32

THE HAPPY SWAIN.

HAVE ye seen the morning sky,
 When the dawn prevails on high,
 When, anon, some purply ray
 Gives a sample of the day, 4
 When, anon, the lark, on wing,
 Strives to soar, and strains to sing?
 Have ye seen th' ethereal blue
 Gently shedding silvery dew, 8
 Spangling o'er the silent green,
 While the nightingale, unseen,
 To the moon and stars, full bright,
 Lonesome chants the hymn of night? 12
 Have ye seen the broider'd May
 All her scented bloom display,
 Breezes opening, every hour,
 This, and that, expecting flower, 16

D 4

While

While the mingling birds prolong,
From each bush, the vernal song?

Have ye seen the damask-rose
Her unfully'd blush disclose,
Or the lily's dewy bell,

20

In her glossy white, excell,

Or a garden vary'd o'er

With a thousand glories more?

24

By the beauties these display,

Morning, evening, night, or day,

By the pleasures these excite,

Endless sources of delight!

28

Judge, by them, the joys I find,

Since my Rosalind was kind,

Since she did herself resign

To my vows, for ever mine.

32

EPISTLES.

E P I S T L E S.

TO A FRIEND,

W H O

DESIRED ME TO WRITE ON THE DEATH OF
KING WILLIAM.

April 20, 1702.

TRUST me, dear George, could I in verse but show
What sorrow I, what sorrow all men, owe

To Nassau's fate, or could I hope to raise
A song proportion'd to the monarch's praise, 4
Could I his merits, or my grief, express,
And proper thoughts in proper language dress,
Unbidden should my pious numbers flow,
The tribute of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe ; 8
But, rather than prophane his sacred hearse
With languid praises, and unhallow'd verse,
My sighs I to myself in silence keep,
And inwardly, with secret anguish, weep. 12

Let Halifax's Muse (he knew him well)
His virtues to succeeding ages tell.
Let him, who sung the warrior on the Boyne,
(Provoking Dorset in the task to join) 16
And shew'd the hero more than man before,
Let him th' illustrious mortal's fate deplore ;

A mourn.

42 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

A mournful theme : while, on raw pinions, I
But flutter, and make weak attempts to fly : 20
Content, if, to divert my vacant time,
I can but like some love-sick fopling rhyme,
To some kind-hearted mistress make my court,
And, like a modish wit, in sonnet sport. 24

Let others, more ambitious, rack their brains
In polish'd sentiments, and labour'd strains :
To blooming Phyllis I a song compose,
And, for a rhyme, compare her to the rose ; 28
Then, while my fancy works, I write down morn,
To paint the blush that does her cheek adorn,
And, when the whiteness of her skin I show,
With ecstasy bethink myself of snow. 32
Thus, without pains, I tinkle in the close,
And sweeten into verse insipid prose.

The country scraper, when he wakes his crowd,
And makes the tortur'd cat-gut squeak aloud, 36
Is often ravish'd, and in transport lost :
What more, my friend, can fam'd Corelli boast,
When harmony herself from heaven descends,
And on the artist's moving bow attends ? 40

Why then, in making verses, should I strain
For wit, and of Apollo beg a vein ?
Who study Horace and the Stagyrte ?
Why cramp my dulness, and in torment write ? 44
Let me transgress by nature, nor by rule,
An artless idiot, not a study'd fool,
A Withers, not a Rymer, since I aim
At nothing less, in writing, than a name. 48

FROM HOLLAND, TO A FRIEND IN
ENGLAND, IN THE YEAR 1703.

FROM Utrecht's silent walks, by winds, I send
Health and kind wishes to my absent friend.
The winter spent, I feel the poet's fire ;
The sun advances, and the fogs retire : 4
The genial spring unbinds the frozen earth,
Dawns on the trees, and gives the primrose birth.
Loos'd from their friendly harbours, once again
Confederate fleets assemble on the main : 8
The voice of war the gallant soldier wakes ;
And weeping Cloë parting kisses takes.
On new-plum'd wings the Roman eagle soars ;
The Belgick lion in full fury roars. 12
Dispatch the leader from your happy coast,
The hope of Europe, and Britannia's boast :
O, Marlborough, come ! fresh laurels for thee rise !
One conquest more ; and Gallia will grow wise. 16
Old Lewis makes his last effort in arms,
And shews how, ev'n in age, ambition charms.
Meanwhile, my friend, the thickening shades I haunt,
And smooth canals, and after rivulets pant : 20
The smooth canals, alas, too lifeless show !
Nor to the eye, nor to the ear, they flow.
Studious of ease, and fond of humble things,
Below the smiles, below the frowns of kings, 24
Thanks to my stars, I prize the sweets of life :
No sleepless nights I count, no days of strife.

Content

44 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Content to live, content to die, unknown,
 Lord of myself, accountable to none ; 28
 I sleep, I wake, I drink ; I sometimes love ;
 I read, I write ; I settle, and I rove,
 When, and where-e'er, I please : thus, every hour
 Gives some new proof of my despotic power. 32
 All, that I will, I can ; but then, I will
 As reason bids ; I meditate no ill ;
 And, pleas'd with things which in my level lie,
 Leave it to madmen o'er the clouds to fly. 36

But this is all romance, a dream to you,
 Who fence and dance, and keep the court in view.
 White staffs and truncheons, seals and golden keys,
 And silver stars, your towering genius please : 40
 Such manly thoughts in every infant rise,
 Who daily for some tinsel trinket cries.

Go on, and prosper, Sir : but first from me
 Learn your own temper ; for I know you free. 44
 You can be honest ; but you cannot bow,
 And cringe, beneath a supercilious brow :
 You cannot fawn ; your stubborn soul recoils
 At baseness ; and your blood too highly boils. 48
 From nature some submissive tempers have ;
 Unkind to you, she form'd you not a slave.
 A courtier must be supple, full of guile,
 Must learn to praise, to flatter, to revile, 52
 The good, the bad, an enemy, a friend,
 To give false hopes, and on false hopes depend.
 Go on, and prosper, Sir : but learn to hide
 Your upright spirit : 't will be construed pride. 56
 The

The splendour of a court is all a cheat;
 You must be servile, ere you can be great.
 Besides, your ancient patrimony wasted,
 Your youth run out, your schemes of grandeur blasted,
 You may perhaps retire in discontent,
 And curse your patron, for no strange event:
 The patron will his innocence protest,
 And frown in earnest, though he smil'd in jest. 64

Man, only from himself, can suffer wrong;
 His reason fails, as his desires grow strong:
 Hence, wanting ballast, and too full of sail,
 He lies expos'd to every rising gale. 68
 From youth to age, for happiness he's bound:
 He splits on rocks, or runs his bark aground,
 Or, wide of land, a desert ocean views,
 And, to the last, the flying port pursues, 72
 Yet, to the last, the port he does not gain,
 And dying finds, too late, he liv'd in vain.

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
 From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
 What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
 Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing? 4
 The hoary winter here conceals from sight
 All pleasing objects which to verse invite.

The

46 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods, 8
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing. 12
The ships, unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day. 16
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain : 20
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear. 24
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unfully'd froze. 28
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes : 32
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow. 36

The

The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.

The stag, in limpid currents, with surprize,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise: 40

The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.

The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun. 44

When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends: 48

Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintery charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees: 52

Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads,
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabricks there attract his eyes, 56

His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear, 60

A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

To the Right Honourable CHARLES Lord
HALIFAX, one of the Lords Justices appointed
by his Majesty. 1714.

PATRON of verse, O Halifax, attend,
The Muse's favourite, and the Poet's friend !
Approaching joys my ravish'd thoughts inspire :
I feel the transport ; and my soul's on fire !

4

Again Britannia rears her awful head :
Her fears, transplanted, to her foes are fled.
Again her standard she displays to view ;
And all its faded lilies bloom anew.

8

Here beauteous Liberty salutes the fight,
Still pale, nor yet recover'd of her fright,
Whilst here Religion, smiling to the skies,
Her thanks expresses with up-lifted eyes.

12

But who advances next, with chearful grace,
Joy in her eye, and plenty in her face ?
A wheaten garland does her head adorn,
O Property ! O goddess, English-born !
Where hast thou been ? How did the wealthy mourn !
The bankrupt nation sigh'd for thy return,
Doubtful for whom her spreading funds were fill'd,
Her fleets were freighted, and her fields were till'd.

16

20

No longer now shall France and Spain combin'd,
Strong in their golden Indies, awe mankind.
Brave Catalans, who for your freedom strive,
And in your shatter'd bulwarks yet survive,

24

For

For you alone, worthy a better fate,
 O, may this happy change not come too late!
 Great in your sufferings!—But, my Muse, forbear;
 Nor damp the public gladness with a tear: 28
 The hero has receiv'd their just complaint,
 Grac'd with the name of our fam'd patron-saint:
 Like him, with pleasure he foregoes his rest,
 And longs, like him, to succour the distress'd. 32
 Firm to his friends, tenacious of his word,
 As justice calls, he draws or sheaths the sword:
 Matur'd by thought, his councils shall prevail;
 Nor shall his promise to his people fail. 36

He comes, desire of nations! England's boast!
 Already has he reach'd the Belgian coast.
 Our great deliverer comes! and with him brings
 A progeny of late-succeeding kings, 40
 Fated to triumph o'er Britannia's foes
 In distant years, and fix the world's repose.

The floating squadrons now approach the shore;
 Lost in the sailors shouts, the cannons roar: 44
 And now, behold, the sovereign of the main,
 High on the deck, amidst his shining train,
 Surveys the subject flood. An eastern gale
 Plays through the shrouds, and swells in every sail: 48
 Th' obsequious waves his new dominion own,
 And gently waft their monarch to his throne.
 Now the glad Britons hail their king to land,
 Hang on the rocks, and blacken all the strand: 52
 But who the silent extasy can show,
 The passions which in nobler blossoms glow?

59 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Who can describe the godlike patriot's zeal?
Or who, my Lord, your generous joys reveal?
Ordain'd, once more, our treasure to advance,
Retrieve our trade, and sink the pride of France,
Once more the long-neglected arts to raise,
And form each rising genius for the bays.

56

60

Accept the present of a grateful song;
This prelude may provoke the learned throng:
To Cam and Isis shall the joyful news,
By me convey'd, awaken every Muse.
Ev'n now the vocal tribe in verse conspires;
And I already hear their sounding lyres:
To them the mighty labour I resign,
Give up the Theme, and quit the tuneful Nine.
So when the spring first smiles among the trees,
And blossoms open to the vernal breeze,
The watchful nightingale, with early strains,
Summons the warblers of the woods and plains,
But drops her musick, when the choir appear,
And listens to the concert of the year.

64

68

72

To the Honourable JAMES CRAGGS, Esq; Secretary at War, at Hampton-Court. 1717.

THOUGH Britain's hardy troops demand your care,
And chearful friends your hours of leisure share;
O, Craggs, for candour known! indulge awhile
My fond desire, and on my labour smile:
Nor count it always an abuse of time
To read a long epistle, though in rhyme.

4

To

E P I S T L E S.

51

To you I fend my thoughts, too long confin'd,
And ease the burden of a loyal mind; 8
To you my secret transports I disclose,
That rise above the languid powers of prose.
But, while these artless numbers you peruse,
Think 'tis my heart that dictates, not the Muse; 12
My heart, which at the name of Brunswick fires,
And no assistance from the Muse requires.

Believe me, Sir, your breast, that glows with zeal
For George's glory, and the public weal, 16
Your breast alone feels more pathetic heats;
Your heart alone with stronger raptures beats.

When I review the great examples past,
And to the former ages join the last; 20
Still, as the godlike heroes to me rise,
In arms triumphant, and in councils wise,
The king is ever present to my mind;
His greatness, trac'd in every page, I find: 24
The Greek and Roman pens his virtues tell,
And under shining names on Brunswick dwell.

At Hampton while he breathes untainted air,
And seems, to vulgar eyes, devoid of care; 28
The British Muses to the grove will press,
Tune their melodious harps, and claim access:
But let them not too rashly touch the strings;
For fate allows no solitude to kings. 32

Hail to the shades, where William, great in arms,
Retir'd from conquest to Maria's charms!
Where George serene in majesty appears,
And plans the wonders of succeeding years! 36

E 2

There,

There, as he walks, his comprehensive mind
 Surveys the globe, and takes-in all mankind:
 While, Britain, for thy sake he wears the crown;
 To spread thy power as wide as his renown: 40
 To make thee umpire of contending states,
 And poise the balance in the world's debates.

From the smooth terrafs as he casts his eye,
 And sees the current sea-ward rolling by; 44
 What schemes of commerce rise in his designs!
 Pledges of wealth! and unexhausted mines!
 Through winds and waves, beneath inclement skies,
 Where stars, distinguish'd by no name, arise, 48
 Our fleets shall undiscover'd lands explore,
 And a new people hear our cannons roar.

The rivers long in ancient story fam'd,
 Shall flow obscure, nor with the Thames be nam'd: 52
 Nor shall our poets copy from their praise,
 And Nymphs and Syrens to thy honour raise;
 Nor make thy banks with Tritons shells resound,
 Nor bind thy brows with humble sedges round: 56
 But paint thee as thou art; a peopled stream!
 The boast of merchants, and the sailors theme!
 Whose spreading floods unnumber'd ships sustain,
 And pour whole towns afloat into the main; 60
 While the redundant seas waft up fresh stores,
 The daily tribute of far-distant shores.

Back to thy source I try thy silver-train,
 That gently winds through many a fertile plain; 64
 Where flocks and lowing herds in plenty feed,
 And shepherds tune at ease the vocal reed:

Ere

Ere yet thy waters meet the briny tide,
 And freighted vessels down thy channel ride; 68
 Ere yet thy billows leave their banks behind,
 Swell into state, and foam before the wind:

Thy sovereign's emblem! in thy course compleat!
 When I behold him in his lov'd retreat, 72
 Where rural scenes their pleasing views disclose,

A sylvan deity the monarch shows;
 And if he only knew the woods to grace,
 To rouse the stag, and animate the chace: 76

While every hour, from thence, his high commands,
 By speedy winds convey'd to various lands,
 Control affairs; give weighty councils birth;
 And sway the mighty rulers of the earth. 80

Were he, our island's glory and defence,
 To reign unactive, at the world's expence;
 Say, generous Craggs, who then should quell the rage
 Of lawless faction, and reform the age? 84

Who should our dear-bought liberties maintain?
 Who fix our leagues with France, and treat with Spain?
 Who check the headstrong Swede; assuage the Czar;
 Secure our peace, and quench the northern war? 88

The Turk, though he the Christian name defies,
 And curses Eugene, yet from Eugene flies,
 His cause to Brunswick's equity dare trust;
 He knows him valiant, and concludes him just: 92
 He knows his fame in early youth acquir'd,
 When turban'd hosts before his sword retir'd.

Thus while his influence to the poles extends,
 Or where the day begins, or where it ends, 96

54 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Far from our coasts he drives off all alarms;
 And those his power protects, his goodness charms.
 Great in himself, and undebas'd with pride,
 The sovereign lays his regal state aside, 100
 Pleas'd to appear without the bright disguise
 Of pomp; and on his inborn worth relies.
 His subjects are his guests; and daily boast
 The condescension of their royal host: 104
 While crowds succeeding crowds on either hand,
 A ravish'd multitude, admiring stand.
 His manly wit and sense, with candour join'd,
 His speech with every elegance refin'd, 108
 His winning aspect, his becoming ease,
 Peculiar graces all, conspire to please,
 And render him to every heart approv'd;
 The king respected, and the man belov'd. 112
 Nor is his force of genius less admir'd,
 When most from crowds or public cares retir'd,
 The learned arts, by turns, admittance find;
 At once unbend and exercise his mind. 116
 The secret springs of Nature, long conceal'd,
 And to the wise by slow degrees reveal'd,
 (Delightful search!) his piercing thought descries.
 Oft through the concave azure of the skies 120
 His soul delights to range, a boundless space,
 Which myriads of celestial glories grace;
 Worlds behind worlds, that deep in æther lye,
 And suns, that twinkle to the distant eye; 124
 Or call them stars, on which our fates depend,
 And every ruling star is Brunswick's friend.

Soon as the rising sun shoots o'er the stream,
 And gilds the palace with a ruddy beam, 128
 You to the healthful chace attend the king,
 And hear the forest with the huntsmen ring:
 While in the dusty town we rule the state,
 And from Gazettes determine England's fate. 132
 Our groundless hopes and groundless fears prevail,
 As artful brokers comment on the mail.
 Deafned with news, with politics oppress'd,
 I wish the wind ne'er vary'd from the west. 136
 Secure, on George's councils I rely,
 Give up my cares, and Britain's foes defy.
 What though cabals are form'd, and impious leagues?
 Though Rome fills Europe with her dark intrigues? 140
 His vigilance, on every state intent,
 Defeats their plots, and over-rules th' event.
 But whither do my vain endeavours tend?
 Or how shall I my rash attempt defend? 144
 Divided in my choice, from praise to praise
 I rove, bewilder'd in the pleasing maze.
 One virtue mark'd, another I pursue,
 While yet another rises to my view. 148
 Unequal to the task, too late I find
 The growing theme unfinish'd left behind.
 Thus, the deluded bee, in hopes to drain
 At once the thymy treasure of the plain, 152
 Wide ranging on her little pinions toils,
 And skims o'er hundred flowers for one she spoils:
 When, soon o'erburden'd with the fragrant weight,
 Homeward she flies, and flags beneath her freight. 156

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TO LORD CARTERET,
Departing from DUBLIN. 1726.

BEHOLD, Britannia waves her flag on high,
And calls forth breezes from the western sky,
And beckons to her son, and smooths the tide,
That does Hibernia from her cliffs divide. 4

Go, Carteret, go; and, with thee, go along
The nation's blessing, and the poet's song;
Loud acclamations, with melodious lays,
The kindest wishes, and sincerest praise. 8

Go, Carteret, go; and bear my joys away!
So speaks the Muse, that fain would bid thee stay:
So spoke the virgin to the youth unkind,
Who gave his vows, and canvass, to the wind, 12
And promis'd to return; but never more
Did he return to the Threïcian shore.

Go, Carteret, go: alas, a tedious while
Hast thou been absent from thy mother-isle; 16
A slow-pac'd train of months to thee and thine,
A flight of moments to a heart like mine,
'That feels perfections, and resigns with pain
Enjoyments I may never know again. 20

O, while mine eye pursues the fading sails,
Smooth roll, ye waves, and steady breathe, ye gales,
And urge with gentle speed to Albion's strand
A household fair, amidst the fairest land, 24
In every decency of life polite,
A freight of virtues, wafting from my sight:

And

E P I S T L E S.

57

And now farewell, O early in renown,
 Illustrious, young, in labours for the crown, 28
 Just, and benign, and vigilant, in power,
 And elegant to grace the vacant hour,
 Relaxing sweet ! Nor are we born to wear
 The brow still bent, and give up life to care : 32
 And thou, mild glory, beaming round his fame,
 Francisca, thou, his first, his latest flame ;
 Parent of bloom ! In pleasing arts refin'd !
 Farewel thy hand, and voice, in music join'd ; 36
 Thy courtesy, as soothing as thy song,
 And smiles soft-gleaming on the courtly throng :
 And thou, Charissa, hastening to thy prime,
 And Carolina, chiding tardy Time, 40
 Who every tender wish of mine divide,
 For whom I strung the lyre, once laid aside,
 Receive, and bear in mind, my fond farewell,
 Thrive on in life ! and, thriving on, excell ! 44
 Accept this token, Carteret, of good-will,
 The voice of nature, undebas'd by skill,
 These parting numbers, cadenc'd by my grief,
 For thy lov'd sake, and for my own relief, 48
 If aught, alas, thy absence may relieve,
 Now I am left, perhaps, through life to grieve :
 Yet would I hope, yet hope I know not why,
 (But hopes and wishes in one balance lie) 52
 Thou may'st revisit, with thy wonted smiles,
 Ierna, island set around with isles :
 May the same heart, that bids thee now adieu,
 Salute thy sails, and hail thee into view ! 56

O D E S.

O D E S.

S O N G.

I.

FROM White's and Will's
 To purling rills
 The love-sick Strephon flies ;
 There, full of woe,
 His numbers flow,
 And all in rhyme he dies.

II.

The fair coquet,
 With feign'd regret,
 Invites him back to town ;
 But, when in tears
 The youth appears,
 She meets him with a frown.

III.

Full oft the maid
 This prank had play'd,
 'Till angry Stephon swore,
 And, what is strange,
 Though loth to change,
 Would never see her more.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

WH Y we love, and why we hate,
 Is not granted us to know :
 Random chance, or wilful fate,
 Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

II.

If on me Zelinda frown,
 Madnefs 'tis in me to grieve :
 Since her will is not her own,
 Why should I uneasy live !

III.

If I for Zelinda die,
 Deaf to poor Mizella's cries,
 Ask not me the reason why :
 Seek the riddle in the skies.

TO SIGNORA CUZZONI.

MAY 25, 1724.

LITTLE Syren of the stage,
 Charmer of an idle age,
 Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
 Wanton gale of fond desire,
 Bane of every manly art,
 Sweet enfeeblor of the heart !

4

O, too

O, too pleasing in thy strain,
 Hence, to southern climes again; 8
 Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
 To this island bid farewell;
 Leave us as we ought to be,
 Leave the Britons rough and free. 12

To the MEMORY of the late
 EARL OF HALIFAX.

JUNE 30, 1718.

WEEPING o'er thy sacred urn,
 Ever shall the Muses mourn;
 Sadly shall their numbers flow,
 Ever elegant in woe. 4
 Thousands, nobly born, shall die,
 Thousands in oblivion lie,
 Names, which leave no trace behind,
 Like the clouds before the wind, 8
 When the dusky shadows pass,
 Lightly fleeting o'er the grass.
 But, O Halifax, thy name
 Shall through ages rise in fame: 12
 Sweet remembrance shalt thou find,
 Sweet in every noble mind.

To the HONOURABLE

MISS CARTERET.

BLOOM of beauty, early flower
Of the blisful bridal bower,

Thou, thy parents pride and care,

Fairest offspring of the fair,

4

Lovely pledge of mutual love,

Angel seeming from above,

Was it not thou day by day

Dost thy very sex betray,

8

Female more and more appear,

Female, more than angel dear,

How to speak thy face and mien,

(Soon too dangerous to be seen)

12

How shall I, or shall the Muse,

Language of resemblance chuse ?

Language like thy mien and face,

Full of sweetness, full of grace !

16

By the next returning spring,

When again the linnets sing,

When again the lambkins play,

Pretty sportlings full of May,

20

When the meadows next are seen,

Sweet enamel ! white and green,

And the year in fresh attire,

Welcomes every gay desire,

24

Blooming on shalt thou appear

More inviting than the year,

Fairer

Fairer sight than orchard shows,
 Which beside a river blows : 28
 Yet, another spring I see,
 And a brighter bloom in thee :
 And another round of time,
 Circling, still improves thy prime : 32
 And, beneath the vernal skies,
 Yet a verdure more shall rise,
 Ere thy beauties, kindling flow,
 In each finish'd feature glow, 36
 Ere, in smiles and in disdain,
 Thou exert thy maiden reign,
 Absolute to save, or kill,
 Fond beholders, at thy will. 40

Then the taper-moulded waste
 With a span of ribbon brac'd,
 And the swell of either breast,
 And the wide high-vaulted chest, 44
 And the neck so white and round,
 Little neck with brilliants bound,
 And the store of charms which shine
 Above, in lineaments divine, 48
 Crowded in a narrow space
 To complete the desperate face,
 These alluring powers, and more,
 Shall enamour'd youths adore ; 52
 These, and more, in courtly lays,
 Many an aking heart shall praise.
 Happy thrice, and thrice again,
 Happiest he of happy men, 56
 Who,

Who, in courtship greatly sped,
Wins the damsel to his bed,
Bears the virgin-prize away,
Counting life one nuptial day : 60
For the dark-brown dusk of hair,
Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,
Down the veiny temples growing,
O'er the sloping shoulders flowing, 64
And the smoothly pencil'd brow,
Mild to him in every vow,
And the fringed lid below,
Thin as thinnest blossoms blow, 68
And the hazely-lucid eye,
Whence heart-winning glances fly,
And that cheek of health, o'erspread
With soft-blended white and red, 72
And the witching smiles which break
Round those lips, which sweetly speak,
And thy gentleness of mind,
Gentle from a gentle kind, 76
These endowments, heavenly dower !
Brought him in the promis'd hour,
Shall for ever bind him to thee,
Shall renew him still to woo thee. 80

On the DEATH of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM EARL COWPER. 1723.

S T R O P H E I.

WAKE the British harp again,
 To a sad melodious strain;
 Wake the harp, whose every string,
 When Halifax resign'd his breath,
 Accus'd inexorable death;
 For I, once more, must in affliction sing,
 One song of sorrow more bestow,
 The burden of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe :
 Yet, O my soul, if aught may bring relief,
 Full many, grieving, shall applaud thy grief,
 The pious verse, that Cowper does deplore,
 Whom all the boasted powers of verse cannot restore.

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

Not to her, his fondest care,
 Not to his lov'd offspring fair,
 Nor his country ever dear,
 From her, from them, from Britain torn :
 With her, with them, does Britain mourn :
 His name, from every eye, calls forth a tear;
 And, intermingling, sighs with praise,
 All good men wish the number of his days

Had been to him twice told, and twice again,
 In that seal'd book, where all things which pertain
 To mortal man, whatever things befall,
 Are from eternity confirm'd, beyond recall: 24

E P O D E I.

Where every loss, and every gain,
 Where every grief, and every joy,
 Every pleasure, every pain,
 Each bitter, and each sweet alloy, 28
 To us uncertain though they flow,
 Are pre-ordain'd, and fix'd, above.
 Too wretched state, did man foreknow
 Those ills, which man cannot remove! 32
 Vain is wisdom for preventing
 What the wisest live lamenting.

S T R O P H E II.

Hither sent, who knows the day
 When he shall be call'd away? 36
 Various is the term assign'd:
 An hour, a day, some months, or years,
 The breathing soul on earth appears:
 But, through the swift succession of mankind, 40
 Swarm after swarm! a busy race,
 The strength of cities, or of courts the grace,
 Or who in camps delight, or who abide
 Diffus'd o'er lands, or float on oceans wide, 44
 Of them, though many here long-linging dwell,
 And see their children's children, yet, how few excel!

On the DEATH of the RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM EARL COWPER. 1723.

S T R O P H E I.

WAKE the British harp again,
To a sad melodious strain;
Wake the harp, whose every string,
When Halifax resign'd his breath,
Accus'd inexorable death;
For I, once more, must in affliction sing,
One song of sorrow more bestow,
The burden of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe:
Yet, O my soul, if aught may bring relief,
Full many, grieving, shall applaud thy grief,
The pious verse, that Cowper does deplore,
Whom all the boasted powers of verse cannot restore.

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

Not to her, his fondest care,
Not to his lov'd offspring fair,
Nor his country ever dear,
From her, from them, from Britain torn:
With her, with them, does Britain mourn:
His name, from every eye, calls forth a tear;
And, intermingling, sighs with praise,
All good men wish the number of his days

16
20
Had

Had been to him twice told, and twice again,
 In that seal'd book, where all things which pertain
 To mortal man, whatever things befall,
 Are from eternity confirm'd, beyond recall: 24

E P O D E I.

Where every loss, and every gain,
 Where every grief, and every joy,
 Every pleasure, every pain,
 Each bitter, and each sweet alloy, 28
 To us uncertain though they flow,
 Are pre-ordain'd, and fix'd, above.
 Too wretched state, did man foreknow
 Those ills, which man cannot remove! 32
 Vain is wisdom for preventing
 What the wisest live lamenting.

S T R O P H E II.

Hither sent, who knows the day
 When he shall be call'd away? 36
 Various is the term assign'd:
 An hour, a day, some months, or years,
 The breathing soul on earth appears:
 But, through the swift succession of mankind, 40
 Swarm after swarm! a busy race,
 The strength of cities, or of courts the grace,
 Or who in camps delight, or who abide
 Diffus'd o'er lands, or float on oceans wide, 44
 Of them, though many here long-linging dwell,
 And see their children's children, yet, how few excel!

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

Here we come, and hence we go,
 Shadows passing to and fro, 48
 Seen a while, forgotten soon :
 But thou, to fair distinction born,
 Thou, Cowper, beamy in the morn
 Of life, still brightening to the pitch of noon, 52
 Scarce verging to the steep decline,
 Hence summon'd while thy virtues radiant shine,
 Thou singled out the fosterling of fame,
 Secure of praise, nor less secur'd from blame, 56
 Shalt be remember'd with a fond applause,
 So long as Britons own the same indulgent laws.

E P O D E II.

United in one public weal,
 Rejoicing in one freedom, all, 60
 Cowper's hand apply'd the seal,
 And level'd the partition-wall.
 The chosen seeds of great events
 Are thinly sown, and slowly rise: 64
 And Time the harvest-scythe presents,
 In season, to the good and wise :
 Hymning to the harp my story,
 Fain would I record his glory. 68

S T R O P H E III.

Pouring forth, with heavy heart,
 Truth unleaven'd, pure of art,
 6 Like

O D E S.

67

Like the hallow'd Bard of yore,
 Who chaunted in authentic rhymes 72
 The worthies of the good old times,
 Ere living vice in verse was varnish'd o'er,
 And virtue died without a song.
 Support of friendless right, to powerful wrong 76
 A check, behold him in the judgment-seat!
 Twice, there, approv'd, in righteousness compleat:
 In just awards, how gracious! tempering law
 With mercy, and reproving with a winning awe. 80

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

Hear him speaking, and you hear
 Reason tuneful to the ear!
 Lips with thymy language sweet,
 Distilling on the hearer's mind 84
 The balm of wisdom, speech refin'd,
 Celestial gifts!---Oh, when the nobles meet,
 When next, thou sea-surrounded land,
 Thy nobles meet at Brunswick's high command, 88
 In vain they shall the charmer's voice desire!
 In vain those lips of eloquence require!
 That mild conviction, which the soul affails
 By soft alarms, and with a gentle force prevails! 92

E P O D E III.

To such persuasion, willing yields
 The liberal mind, in freedom train'd,
 Freedom, which, in crimson'd fields,
 By hardy toil our fathers gain'd, 96
 F 2 In

Inheritance of long descent!
 The sacred pledge, so dearly priz'd
 By that blest'd spirit we lament:
 Grief-easing lays, by grief devis'd,
 Plaintive numbers, gently flowing,
 Sooth the sorrows to him owing!

100

S T R O P H E IV.

Early on his growing heir,
 Stamp what time may not impair,
 As he grows, that coming years,
 Or youthful pleasures, or the vain
 Gigantic phantom of the brain
 Ambition, breeding monstrous hopes and fears,
 Or worthier cares, to youth unknown,
 Ennobling manhood, flower of life full-blown,
 May never wear the bosom-image faint:
 O, let him prove what words but weakly paint,
 The lively lovely semblance of his fire,
 A model to his son! that ages may admire!

104

108

112

A N T I S T R O P H E IV.

Every virtue, every grace,
 Still renewing in the race,
 Once thy father's pleasing hope,
 Thy widow'd mother's comfort now,
 No fuller bliss does heaven allow,
 While we behold yon wide-spread azure cope,
 With burning stars thick-luster'd o'er,
 Than to enjoy, and to deserve, a store

116

120

Of

Of treasur'd fame, by blameless deeds acquir'd,
 By all unenvied, and by all desired, 124
 Free-gift of men, the tribute of good-will!
 Rich in this patrimony fair, increase it still.

E P O D E IV.

The fullness of content remains
 Above the yet unfathom'd skies, 128
 Where, triumphant, gladness reigns,
 Where wishes cease, and pleasures rise
 Beyond all wish; where bitter tears
 For dying friends are never shed; 132
 Where, sighing, none desire pass'd years:
 Recall'd, or with the future fled.
 Mournful measures, O, relieve me!
 Sweet remembrance! cease to grieve me. 136

S T R O P H E V.

He the robe of justice wore
 Sully'd not, as heretofore,
 When the magistrate was sought
 With yearly gifts. Of what avail 140
 Are guilty hoards? for life is frail;
 And we are judg'd where favour is not bought.
 By him forewarn'd, thou frantic isle,
 How did the thirst of gold thy sons beguile! 144
 Beneath the specious ruin thousands groan'd,
 By him, alas, forewarn'd, by him bemoan'd.
 Where shall his like, on earth, be found? oh, when
 Shall I, once more, behold the most lov'd of men!

A N T I S T R O P H E V.

Winning aspect! winning mind!
 Soul and body aptly join'd!
 Searching thought, engaging wit,
 Enabled to instruct, or please, 152
 Uniting dignity with ease,
 By nature form'd for every purpose fit,
 Endearing excellence!--O, why
 Is such perfection born, and born to die? 156
 Or do such rare endowments still survive,
 As plants, remov'd to milder regions thrive,
 In one eternal spring? and we bewail
 The parting soul, new-born to life that cannot fail. 160

E P O D E V.

Where sacred friendship, plighted love,
 Parental joys, unmix'd with care,
 Through perpetual time improve?
 Or do the deathless blessed share 164
 Sublimar raptures, unreveal'd,
 Beyond our weak conception pure?
 But, while those glories lie conceal'd,
 The righteous count the promise sure, 168
 Trials to the last enduring,
 To the last their hope securing.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQUIRE.

MAY 1, 1723.

I.

WHO, much distinguish'd, yet is blest'd ?

Who, dignified above the rest,

Does, still, unenvied live ?

Not to the man whose wealth abounds,

4

Nor to the man whose fame resounds,

Does heaven such favour give,

Nor to the noble-born, nor to the strong,

Nor to the gay, the beautiful, or young,

8

II.

Whom then, secure of happiness,

Does every eye beholding bless,

And every tongue commend ?

Him, Pulteney, who, possessing store,

12

Is not solicitous of more,

Who, to mankind a friend,

Nor envies, nor is envied by, the great,

Polite in courts, polite in his retreat :

16

III.

Whose unambitious, active soul,

Attends the welfare of the whole,

When public storms arise,

And, in the calm, a thousand ways

20

Diversifies his nights and days,

Still elegantly wise ;

F 4

While

While books, each morn, the lightsome soul invite,
And friends, with season'd mirth, improve the night.

IV.

In him do men no blemish see ;
And factions in his praise agree,
When most they vex the state :
Distinguish'd favourite of the skies,
Belov'd he lives, lamented dies :

28

Yet, shall he not to fate
Submit entire; the rescuing Muse shall save
His precious name, and win him from the grave.

32

V.

Too frail is brass and polish'd stone;
Perpetual fame the Muse alone
On merit can bestow :
Yet, must the time-enduring song,
The verse unrival'd by the throng,
From Nature's bounty flow :
Th' ungifted tribe in metre pass away,
Oblivion's sport, the poets of a day.

36

40

VI.

What laws shall o'er the Ode preside?
In vain would art presume to guide
The chariot-wheels of praise,
When Fancy, driving, ranges free,
Fresh flowers selecting, like the bee,
And regularly strays,
While Nature does, disdaining aids of skill,
The mind with thought, the ears with numbers, fill.

44

48

VII. As

VII.

As when the Theban hymns divine
 Make proud Olympian victors shine
 In an eternal blaze,
 The varying measures, ever new, 52
 Unbeaten tracks of fame pursue,
 While through the glorious maze
 The poet leads his heroes to renown,
 And weaves in verse a never-fading crown. 56

To Miss MARGARET PULTENEY, Daughter of
 DANIEL PULTENEY, Esq. in the Nursery.

APRIL 27, 1727.

DIMPLY damsel, sweetly smiling,
 All caressing, none beguiling,
 Bud of beauty, fairly blowing,
 Every charm to Nature owing, 4
 This and that new thing admiring,
 Much of this and that enquiring,
 Knowledge by degrees attaining,
 Day by day some virtue gaining, 8
 Ten years hence, when I leave chiming,
 Beardless poets, fondly rhyming,
 (Fescued now, perhaps, in spelling,)
 On thy ripper beauties dwelling, 12
 Shall accuse each killing feature
 Of the cruel, charming, creature,
 Whom I knew complying, willing,
 Tender, and averse from killing. 16
 To

To Miss CHARLOTTE PULTENEY,
in her Mother's Arms.

MAY 1, 1724.

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
 Fondling of a happy pair,
 Every morn, and every night,
 Their solicitous delight, 4
 Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
 Pleasing, without skill to please,
 Little gossip, blithe and hale,
 Tattling many a broken tale, 8
 Singing many a tuneless song,
 Lavish of a heedless tongue,
 Simple maiden, void of art,
 Babbling out the very heart, 12
 Yet abandon'd to thy will,
 Yet imagining no ill,
 Yet too innocent to blush,
 Like the linnet in the bush. 16
 To the mother-linnet's note
 Moduling her slender throat,
 Chirping forth thy petty joys,
 Wanton in the change of toys, 20
 Like the linnet green, in May,
 Flitting to each bloomy spray,
 Wearied then, and glad of rest,
 Like the linnet in the nest. 24
 This

This thy present happy lot,
 This, in time, will be forgot :
 Other pleasures, other cares,
 Ever-busy time prepares ;
 And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
 This picture, once, resembled thee.

28

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT WALPOLE, ESQUIRE.

JUNE 15, 1724.

VOTARY to publick zeal,
 Minister of England's weal,
 Have you leisure for a song,
 Tripping lightly o'er the tongue,
 Swift and sweet in every measure,
 Tell me, Walpole, have you leisure ?
 Nothing lofty will I sing,
 Nothing of the favourite king,
 Something, rather, sung with ease,
 Simply elegant to please.

4

Fairy Virgin, British Muse,
 Some unhear'd-of story chuse :

12

Chuse the glory of the swain,
 Gifted with a magic strain,
 Swaging grief of every kind,
 Healing, with a verse, the mind :
 To him came a man of power,
 To him, in a cheerless hour ;

16

When

When the swain, by Druids taught,
 Soon divin'd his irksome thought,
 Soon the maple harp he strung,
 Soon, with silver-accent, sung.

20

“ Steerer of a mighty realm,

“ Pilot, waking o'er the helm,

24

“ Blessing of thy native soil,

“ Weary of a thankless toil,

“ Cast repining thought behind,

“ Give thy trouble to the wind.

28

“ Mortal, destin'd to excel,

“ Bear the blame of doing well,

“ Like the worthies great of old,

“ In the list of fame enroll'd.

32

“ What, though titles thou decline ?

“ Still the more thy virtues shine.

“ Envy, with her serpent eye,

“ Marks each praise that soars on high.

36

“ To thy lot resign thy will :

“ Every good is mix'd with ill.

“ See, the white unblemish'd rose

“ On a thorny bramble blows :

40

“ See, the torrent pouring rain

“ Does the limpid fountain stain :

“ See, the giver of the day

“ Urgeth on, through clouds, his way :

44

“ Nothing is, entirely, blest'd ;

“ Envy does thy worth attest.

“ Pleasing visions, at command,

“ Answer to my voice and hand ;

48

“ Quick,

- " Quick, the blissful scene prepare,
 " Sooth the patriot's heavy care :
 " Visions, cheering to the fight,
 " Give him earnest of delight. 52
 " Wise disposer of affairs,
 " View the end of all thy cares !
 " Forward cast thy ravish'd eyes,
 " See the gladdening harvest rise : 56
 " Lo, the people reap thy pain !
 " Thine the labor, theirs the gain.
 " Yonder turn, awhile, thy view,
 " Turn thee to yon spreading yew, 60
 " Once the gloomy tree of fate,
 " Once the plighted virgin's hate :
 " Now, no longer, does it grow,
 " Parent of the warring bow : 64
 " See, beneath the guiltless shade,
 " Peasants shape the plow and spade,
 " Rescued, ever, from the fear
 " Of the whistling shaft and spear. 68
 " Lo, where plenty comes, with peace !
 " Hear the breath of murmur cease :
 " See, at last, unclouded days ;
 " Hear, at last, unenvied praise. 72
 " Nothing shall thy soul molest ;
 " Labour is the price of rest.
 " Mortal, destin'd to excel,
 " Bless the toil of doing well !" 76

SUPPLICATION FOR MISS CARTERET
IN THE SMALL-POX.

DUBLIN, JULY 31, 1725.

POWER o'er every power supreme,
 Thou the poet's hallow'd theme,
 From thy mercy-seat on high,
 Hear my numbers, hear my cry.
 Breather of all vital breath,
 Arbiter of life and death,
 Oh, preserve this innocence,
 Yet unconscious of offence,
 Yet in life and virtue growing,
 Yet no debt to Nature owing.

4

8

Thou, who giv'st angelic grace
 To the blooming virgin face,
 Let the fell disease not blight
 What thou mad'st for man's delight :
 O'er her features let it pass
 Like the breeze o'er springing grass,
 Gentle as refreshing showers
 Sprinkled over opening flowers.
 O, let years alone diminish
 Beauties thou wast pleas'd to finish.

12

16

20

To the pious parents give
 That the darling fair may live :
 Turn to blessings all their care,
 Save their fondness from despair.

24

Mitigate

Mitigate the lurking pains
 Lodg'd within her tender veins;
 Soften every throb of anguish,
 Suffer not her strength to languish; 28
 Take her to thy careful keeping,
 And prevent the mother's weeping.

TO MISS GEORGIANA,
 YOUNGEST DAUGHTER TO
 LORD CARTERET.
 AUGUST 10, 1725.

LITTLE charm of placid mien,
 Miniature of beauty's queen,
 Numbering years, a scanty Nine,
 Stealing hearts without design, 4
 Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
 Prone to mirth, profuse in smiles,
 Yet a novice in disdain,
 Pleasure giving without pain, 8
 Still caressing, still carefs'd,
 Thou, and all thy lovers blest'd,
 Never teiz'd, and never teizing,
 O, for ever pleas'd and pleasing! 12
 Hither, British Muse of mine,
 Hither all the Grecian Nine,
 With the lovely Graces three,
 And your promis'd nurseling see: 16
 Figure

Figure on her waxen mind
 Images of life refin'd ;
 Make it, as a garden gay,
 Every bud of thought display, 20
 Till, improving year by year,
 The whole culture shall appear,
 Voice, and speech, and action, rising,
 All to human sense surprizing. 24
 Is the filken web so thin
 As the texture of her skin ?
 Can the lily and the rose
 Such unfully'd hue disclose ? 28
 Are the violets so blue
 As her veins expos'd to view ?
 Do the stars, in wintery sky,
 Twinkle brighter than her eye ? 32
 Has the morning lark a throat
 Sounding sweeter than her note ?
 Who e'er knew the like before thee ?
 They who knew the Nymph that bare thee. 36
 From thy pastime and thy toys,
 From thy harmless cares and joys,
 Give me now a moment's time :
 When thou shalt attain thy prime, 40
 And thy bosom feel desire,
 Love the likeness of thy fire,
 One ordain'd, through life, to prove
 Still thy glory, still thy love. 44
 Like thy Sister, and like thee,
 Let thy nurtur'd daughters be :

Semblance

Semblance of the fair who bore thee,
 Trace the pattern set before thee, 48
 Where the Liffy meets the main,
 Has thy Sister hear'd my strain:
 From the Liffy to the Thames,
 Minstrel echoes sing their names, 52
 Wafting to the willing ear
 Many a cadence sweet to hear,
 Smooth as gently breathing gales
 O'er the ocean and the vales, 56
 While the vessel calmly glides
 O'er the level glassy tides,
 While the summer flowers are springing,
 And the new-fledg'd birds are singing. 60

EPIGRAMS AND SHORT POEMS.

UPON THE TOASTS OF THE HANOVER CLUB.

THE reigning fair on polish'd crystal shine,
 Enrich our glasses, and improve our wine.
 The favourite names we to our lips apply,
 Indulge our thoughts, and drink with ecstasy. 4
 While these, the chosen beauties of our isle,
 Propitious on the cause of freedom smile,
 The rash Pretender's hopes we may despise,
 And trust Britannia's safety to their eyes. 8

ON A COMPANY OF BAD DANCERS
TO GOOD MUSIC*.

HOW ill the motion with the music suits!
 So Orpheus fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

* This Epigram is claimed by Mr. Jeffreys, and is printed in his Works.

E P I G R A M.

GEORGE came to the crown without striking a blow:
Ah, quoth the Pretender, would I could do so!

IN ANSWER to the QUESTION, What is THOUGHT?

THE hermit's solace in his cell,
The fire that warms the poet's brain,
The lover's heaven, or his hell,
The madman's sport, the wise man's pain.

TO MR. ADDISON ON CATO.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd,
And the true poet is a public good:
This Britain feels, while, by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd. 4
In Rome had your espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Inflam'd her senate and upheld her laws,
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And given the just success to Cato's sword, 8
O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd,
And the Muse triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

ON WIT AND WISDOM.

A FRAGMENT.

IN search of wisdom far from wit I fly:
Wit is a harlot beauteous to the eye,
In whose bewitching arms our early time
We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime: 4
But when reflection comes with riper years,
And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears,
We cast the mistress off to take a wife,
And, wed to wisdom, lead a happy life. 8

The following E P I T A P H on the Monument of my Kinswoman was written at the Request of her Husband.

WITHIN the Burial-Vault near this Marble, lieth the Body of PENELOPE, youngest Daughter (and Coheir with her Sister ELIZABETH) to ROBERT PHILIPS of Newton-Regis, in the County of Warwick, Esquire. She died in her Six and Thirtieth Year, on the 25th Day of January, 1726.

LET THIS INSCRIPTION,

(Appealing yet to testimonies manifold)

Recall to every surviving witness,

And, for ensample, record to posterity, 4

Her endowments,

Whether owing to the indulgency of nature,

Or to the assiduous lessons of education,

Or to the silent admonitions of reflection. 8

To her parents, husband, children,

In no care, no duty, no affection,

Was she wanting,

Receiving, deserving, winning, 12

From them respectively,

Equal endearments.

Of countenance and of disposition,

Open, chearful, modest; 16

G 2

Of

84 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Of behaviour, humble, courteous, easy;
 Of speech, affable, free, discreet;
 In civilities, punctual, sincere, and elegant;
 Prone to offices of kindness and good will; 20
 To enmity a stranger;
 Forward, earnest, impatient,
 To succour the distress'd,
 To comfort the afflicted; 24
 Solicitous for the poor,
 And rich in store of alms:
 Whereby she became
 The delight, the love, the blessing, of all. 28
 In her household flourished
 Chearfulness, due order, thrift, and plenty.
 In the closet retired,
 In the temple public. 32
 Morning and evening did she worship;
 By instruction, by example,
 Sedulous to nurture her children in godliness:
 So prevalent her love to them, 36
 Visited with that fore disease,
 Which too often kills or bites
 The mother's fondest hopes,
 That (regardless of self-preservation) 40
 In piously watching over their lives
 She, catching the infection, lost her own,
 Triumphing, through resignation,
 Over sickness, pain, anguish, agony, 44
 And (encompassed with tears and lamentations)
 Expiring in the fervour of prayer. To

To the MEMORY, ever dear and precious, of his most affectionate, most beloved, and most deserving Wife, is this Monument raised by HENRY VERNON, of Hilton, in the County of Stafford, Esquire; to him she bore five Sons and two Daughters, all surviving, save Elizabeth; who dying, in her second Year, of the Small-Pox, some few Days before, resteth by her Mother.

THE FABLE OF THULE,
UNFINISHED.

FAR northward as the Dane extends his sway,
Where the sun glances but a sloping ray,
Beneath the sharpest rigour of the skies,
Disdainful Thule's wintery island lies. 4
Unhappy maid! thy tale, forgotten long,
Shall virgins learn from my instructive song,
And every youth, who lingers in despair,
By thy example warn the cruel fair. 8
In Cyprus, sacred to the queen of love,
(Where stands her temple, and her myrtle grove,)
Was Thule born, uncertain how: 'tis said
Once Venus won Adonis to her bed, 12
And pregnant grew, the birth to chance assign'd
In woods, and foster'd by the feather'd kind.
With flowers some strew the helpless orphan round,
With downy moss some spread the carpet ground, 16

Some ripen'd fruits, some fragrant honey, bring;
 And some fetch water from the running spring;
 While others warble from the boughs, to cheer
 Their infant-charge, and tune her tender ear. 20

Soon as the sun forsakes the evening skies,
 And hid in shades the gloomy forest lies,
 The nightingales their tuneful vigils keep,
 And lull her, with their gentler strains, to sleep. 24

This the prevailing rumour: as she grew,
 No dubious tokens spoke the rumour true.
 In every forming feature might be seen
 Some bright resemblance of the Cyprian queen: 28
 Nor was it hard the hunter youth to trace,
 In all her early passion of the chase:

And when, on springing flowers reclin'd, she sung,
 The birds upon the bending branches hung, 32
 While, warbling, she express'd their various strains,
 And, at a distance, charm'd the listening swains:
 So sweet her voice resounding through the wood,
 They thought the Nymph some Syren from the flood.

Half human thus by lineage, half divine,
 In forests did the lonely beauty shine,
 Like woodland flowers, which paint the desert glades,
 And waste their sweets in unfrequented shades. 40
 No human face she saw, and rarely seen
 By human face: a solitary queen
 She rul'd, and rang'd, her shady empire round.
 No horn the silent huntress bears; no hound, 44
 With noisy cry, disturbs her solemn chase,
 Swift, as the bounding stag, she wings her pace;

And,

And, bend whene'er she will her ebon bow,
A speedy death arrests the flying foe. 48

The bow the hunting goddess first supply'd,
And ivory quiver crosses her shoulders ty'd.

Th' imperious queen of heaven, with jealous eyes,
Beholds the blooming virgin from the skies, 52

At once admires, and dreads her growing charms,
And sees the god already in her arms :

In vain, she finds, her bitter tongue reproves
His broken vows, and his clandestine loves : 56

Jove still continues frail : and all in vain
Does Thule in obscurest shades remain,

While Maja's son, the thunderer's winged spy,
Informs him where the lurking beauties lie. 60

What sure expedient then shall Juno find,
To calm her fears, and ease her boding mind ?

Delays to jealous minds a torment prove ;
And Thule ripens every day for love. 64

She mounts her car, and shakes the filken reins ;
The harness'd peacocks spread their painted trains,
And smoothe their glossy necks against the sun :
The wheels along the level azure run. 68

Eastward the goddess guides her gaudy team,
And perfects, as she rides, her forming scheme.

The various orbs now pass'd, adown the steep
Of heaven the chariot whirls, and plunges deep 72

In fleecy clouds, which o'er the mid-land main
Hang pois'd in air, to bless the isles with rain :

And here the panting birds repose a while :
Nor so their queen ; she gains the Cyprian isle, 76

88 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

By speedy zephyrs borne in thickned air :
Unseen she seeks, unseen she finds, the fair.

Now o'er the mountain tops the rising sun
Shot purple rays : now Thule had begun 80
Her morning chace, and printed in the dews
Her fleeting steps. The goddesses now pursues,
Now over-takes her in the full career,
And flings a javelin at the flying deer. 84
Amaz'd, the virgin huntress turns her eyes ;
When Juno, (now Diana in disguise,)
Let no vain terrors discompose thy mind ;
My second visit, like my first, is kind. 88
Thy ivory quiver, and thy ebon bow,
Did not I give ?—Here sudden blushes glow
On Thule's cheeks : her busy eyes survey
The dress, the crescent ; and her doubts give way. 92

I own thee, goddesses bright, the nymph replies,
Goddesses, I own thee, and thy favours prize :
Goddesses of woods, and lawns, and level plains,
Fresh in my mind thine image still remains. 96

Then Juno, beauteous ranger of the grove,
My darling care, fair object of my love,
Hither I come, urg'd by no trivial fears,
To guard thy bloom, and warn thy tender years. 100

TRANS-

T R A N S L A T I O N S.

THE FIRST OLYMPIONIQUE OF PINDAR.

TO HIERO of SYRACUSE, victorious in the
HORSE-RACE.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet praises Hiero for his justice, his wisdom, and his skill in music. He likewise celebrates the horse that won the race, and the place where the Olympick Games were performed. From the place (namely Peloponnesus) he takes an occasion of digressing to the known fable of Tantalus and Pelops; whence, returning to Hiero, he sets forth the felicity of the Olympian Victors. Then he concludes, by praying to the gods to preserve the glory and dignity of Hiero, admonishing him to moderation of mind, in his high station; and, lastly, glories in his own excellency in compositions of this kind.

S T R O P H E I. Measures 18.

EACH element to water yields;
And gold, like blazing fire by night,
Amidst the stores of wealth that builds
The mind aloft, is eminently bright;

But

But if, my soul, with fond desire
 To sing of games thou dost aspire, 5
 As thou by day canst not descry,
 Through all the liquid waste of sky,
 One burnish'd star, that like the sun does glow,
 And cherish every thing below, 10
 So, my sweet soul, no toil divine,
 In song, does like th' Olympian shine:
 Hence do the mighty poets raise
 A hymn, of every tongue the praise,
 The son of Saturn to resound, 15
 When far, from every land, they come
 To visit Hiero's regal dome,
 Where peace, where plenty, is for ever found:

A N T I S T R O P H E I. Measures 18.

Lord of Sicilia's fleecy plains,
 He governs, righteous in his power, 20
 And, all excelling while he reigns,
 From every lovely virtue crops the flower:
 In music, blossom of delight,
 Divinely skill'd, he cheers the night,
 As we are wont, when friends design 25
 To feast and wanton o'er their wine:
 But from the wall the Dorian harp take down,
 If Pisa, city of renown,
 And if the fleet victorious steed,
 The boast of his unrival'd breed, 30
 Heart-pleasing raptures did inspire,
 And warm thy breast with sacred fire,

When

TRANSLATIONS.

91

When late, on Alpheus' crouded shore,
Forth-springing quick, each nerve he strain'd,
The warning of the spur disdain'd, 35
And swift to victory his master bore.

E P O D E I. Measures 16.

The lov'd Syracusan, the prince of the course,
The king, who delights in the speed of the horse:
Great his glory, great his fame,
Throughout the land where Lydian Pelops came 40
To plant his men, a chosen race,
A land the ocean does embrace,
Pelops, whom Neptune, ruler of the main,
Was known to love, when into life again,
From the reviving cauldron warm, 45
Clotho produc'd him whole, his shoulder-blade,
And its firm brawn, of shining ivory made:
But truth, unvarnish'd, oft neglected lies,
When fabled tales, invented to surprize,
In miracles mighty, have power to charm, 50
Where fictions, happily combin'd,
Deceive and captivate the mind:

S T R O P H E II. Measures 18.

Thus Poësy, harmonious spell,
The source of pleasures ever new,
With dignity does wonders tell; 55
And we, amaz'd, believe each wonder true.
Day, after day, brings truth to light,
Unveil'd, and manifest to fight:
But,

But, of the blest'd, those lips which name
 Foul deeds aloud, shall suffer blame. 60
 Thee, son of Tantalus, my faithful song
 Shall vindicate from every wrong,
 The glories of thy house restore,
 And baffle falsehoods told before:
 Now, in his turn, thy fire prepar'd 65
 A banquet; when the gods appear'd
 At Sipylus, his sweet abode,
 To grace the due proportion'd feast:
 There, first, the trident-bearing guest
 Beheld thy lovely form; and now, he glow'd; 70

ANTISTROPHE II. Measures 18.

And now, his soul subdued by love,
 Thee in his golden car he bore
 Swift to the lofty towers of Jove,
 Whose name the nations all around adore:
 Thus Ganymede was caught on high, 75
 To serve the power who rules the sky.
 When thou no longer didst appear,
 And those, who fought a pledge so dear,
 Without thee to thy widow'd mother came,
 Some envious neighbour, to defame 80
 Thy father's feast, a rumour spread,
 The rumour through the country fled,
 That thou, to heighten the repast,
 Wast into seething water cast,
 Fierce bubbling o'er the raging fire, 85
 Thy limbs without compassion carv'd,

Thy

Thy sodden flesh in messes serv'd,
To gorge the gods, and a voracious fire:

E P O D E II. Measures 16.

But, in thought ever pure, shall I deem it amiss,
Vile gluttons to call the partakers of bliss: 90

Let me then refrain, and dread:

A curse hangs over the blasphemer's head.

If they, who supervise and ward

The heavens, did ever shew regard

To mortal man this Tantalus might boast, 95

Of mortal men that he was honour'd most:

But he not able to digest

The glut, the surfeit, of immortal joys,

One heinous forfeit all his bliss destroys:

For over him the godhead hung, in air, 100

A ponderous stone, a dreadful poise of care!

From his head to remove it, with terror oppress'd,

In vain he tries, and seeks in vain

One chearful moment to regain:

S T R O P H E III. Measures 18.

A life of woe, beyond relief, 105

His portion now; ordain'd before

To torments of a three-fold grief,

This fourth was added to compleat his store,

Since, high presuming in his soul,

He nectar and ambrosia stole, 110

To give to men; by which he knew

That, tasting, he immortal grew:

But

But be not man deceiv'd: the gods reveal
What most we labour to conceal:

For this the powers, who deathless reign,
To earth sent down his son again,

115

To dwell with men, a short-liv'd race,
Whose sudden fate come on apace.

His flowery age in all its pride,

When, o'er his chin, a blackening shade

120

Of down was cast, a vow he made,

Deep in his soul, to win the profer'd bride.

ANTISTROPHE III. Measures 18.

Hippodamia, boasted name,

From her great fire the Pisan proud.

Alone, by night, the lover came

125

Beside the hoary sea, and call'd aloud

On him who sways the triple spear,

And fills with din the deafen'd ear;

When, at his feet, the god arose:

Then Pelops, eager to disclose

130

His mighty care, "O Neptune, if thy mind

"In love did ever pleasure find,

"Let not Oenomaüs prevail,

"And let this brazen javelin fail:

"Oh! bear me hence, on wheels of speed,

135

"To Elis, to the glorious meed:

"To victory oh! whirl me, strait:

"Since, after ten, and other three,

"Bold suiters slain, yet still we see,

"From year to year, the promis'd nuptials wait 140

E P O D E

E P O D E III. Measures 16.

"Of his daughter. No perilous toil can excite
 "The dastard in heart, who despairs of his might.
 "Since we all are born to die,
 "Who, overcast, would in oblivion lie,
 "In unrepented age decay, 145
 "And meanly squander life away,
 "Cut off from every praise? Then let me dare
 "This conflict, in the dusty lists, to share;
 "And prosper thou my glowing wheels."
 Thus Pelops spoke; nor was his fervent prayer 150
 Pour'd forth in fruitless words, to waft in air:
 The deity his whole ambition grants;
 Nor shining car, nor courfers, now he wants:
 In the golden bright chariot new vigour he feels,
 Exulting in the horses' feet, 155
 Unwearied ever, ever fleet:

S T R O P H E IV. Measures 18.

Oenomaüs, he triumphs o'er
 Thy prowess, and, to share his bed,
 Claims the bright maid; who to him bore
 Six princely sons, to manly virtues bred. 160
 Now, solemniz'd with steaming blood,
 And pious rites, near Alpheus' flood
 Intomb'd, he sleeps, where th' altar stands,
 That draws the vows of distant lands:
 And round his tomb the circling racers strive: 165
 And round the wheeling chariots drive.

In

96 A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

In thy fam'd courses, Pelops, rise
 Th' Olympian glories to the skies,
 And shine afar: there we behold
 The stretch of manhood, strenuous, bold, 170
 In fore fatigues, and there the strife
 Of winged feet. Thrice happy he,
 Who overcomes! for he shall see
 Unclouded days, and taste the sweets of life.

ANTISTROPHE IV. Measures 18.

Thy boon, O victory! thy prize. 175
 The good that, in a day obtain'd,
 From day to day fresh joy supplies,
 Is the supreme of bliss to man ordain'd:
 But let me now the rider raise
 And crown him with Æolian lays, 180
 The victor's due: and I confide,
 Though every welcome guest were try'd,
 Not one, in all the concourse, would be found
 For fairest knowledge more renown'd,
 Nor yet a master more to twine, 185
 In lasting hymns, each wreathing line.
 The guardian god, who watchful guides
 Thy fortunes, Hiero, presides
 O'er all thy cares with anxious power:
 And soon, if he does not deny 190
 His needful aid, my hopes run high
 To sing more pleasing in the joyful hour,

EPODE

EPODE IV. Measures 16.

On thy chariot, triumphant when thou shalt appear,
 And fly o'er the course with a rapid career,
 Tracing paths of language fair, 195
 As I to Cronion's sunny mount repair.
 Even now the Muse prepares to raise,
 Her growth, the strongest dart of praise,
 For me to wield. Approv'd in other things,
 Do others rise, conspicuous, only kings, 200
 High mounting on the summit fix:
 There bound thy view, wide-spread, nor vainly try
 Farther to stretch the prospect of thine eye:
 Be, then, thy glorious lot to tread sublime,
 With steady steps, the measur'd tract of time; 205
 Be mine, with the prize-bearing worthies to mix,
 In Greece, throughout the learned throng,
 Proclaim'd unrival'd in my song.

THE SECOND OLYMPIONIQUE.

TO THERON of AGRIGENTUM, victorious
in the CHARIOT-RACE.

A R G U M E N T.

He praises Theron king of Agrigentum, on account of the victory obtained in the Olympic Games, with a chariot and four horses; likewise for his justice, his hospitality, his fortitude, and the illustriousness of his ancestors; whose adventures are occasionally mentioned: then he interweaves digressions to Semele, Ino, Peleus, Achilles, and others, and describes the future state of the righteous and of the wicked. Lastly, he concludes with extolling his own skill in panegyrick, and the benevolence and liberality of Theron.

S T R O P H E I. Measures 16.

SOVEREIGN hymns, whose numbers sway
The sounding harp, what god, what hero, say,
What man, shall we resound?
Is not Pisa Jove's delight?
And did not Hercules, with conquest crown'd 5
To him ordain
Th' Olympiad for an army slain,
Thank-offering of the war?
And must we not, in Theron's right,
Exert our voice, and swell our song? 10
Theron, whose victorious car
Four coursers whirl, fleeting along,
6 To

To stranger-guests indulgent host,
Of Agrigentum the support and boast,
Cities born to rule and grace,
Fair blossom of his ancient race,

15

A N T I S T R O P H E I. Measures 16.

Worthies fore perplex'd in thought,
Till, wandering far, they found, what long they fought,
A sacred seat, fast by
Where the stream does rapid run,
And reign'd, of Sicily the guardian eye,
When happy days,
And wealth, and favour, flow'd, and praise,
That in-born worth inflames.
Saturnian Jove, O! Rhea's son,
Who o'er Olympus doft preside,
And the pitch of lofty games,
And Alpheus, of rivers the pride,
Rejoicing in my songs, do thou
Incline thine ear, propitious to my vow,
Blessing, with a bounteous hand,
The rich hereditary land.

20

25

30

E P O D E I. Measures 10.

Through their late lineage down. No power can actions
past,
Whether deeds of right or wrong,
As things not done recall,
Not even Time, the father, who produces all;
Yet can Oblivion, waiting long,

35

Gathering strength
 Through the length
 Of prosperous times, forbid those deeds to last: 40
 Such force has sweet-healing joy
 The festering smart of evils to destroy,

S T R O P H E II. Measures 16.

When felicity is sent
 Down by the will supreme with full content:
 Thy daughters, Cadmus, they 45
 Greatly wretched here below,
 Bless'd evermore, this mighty truth display.
 No weight of grief,
 But, whelm'd in pleasures, find relief,
 Sunk in the sweet abyss. 50
 Thou, Semele, with hair a-flow,
 'Thou by thunder doom'd to die,
 Mingling with the gods in bliss,
 Art happy, for ever on high:
 Thee Pallas does for ever love, 55
 'Thee chiefly Jupiter, who rules above;
 Thee thy son holds ever dear,
 Thy son with the ivy-wreath'd spear.

A N T I S T R O P H E II. Measures 16.

Beauteous Ino, we are told,
 With the sea-daughters dwells of Nereus old, 60
 And has, by lot, obtain'd
 Lasting life, beneath the deep,
 A life within no bounds of time restrain'd.
 The hour of death,
 The day when we resign our breath, 65
 That

That offspring of the sun,
Which bids us from our labours sleep,
In vain do mortals seek to know,
Or who destin'd is to run
A life unintangled with woe;
For none are able to disclose
The seasons of th' uncertain ebbs and flows
Now of pleasures, now of pains,
Which hidden fate to men ordains :

E P O D E II. Measures 10.

Thus Providence, that to thy ancestry, long-fam'd,
Portions out a pleasing share
Of heaven-sprung happiness,
Does, ceasing in another turn of time to blefs,
Distribute some reverse of care,
As from years
Past appears,
Since the predestin'd son, at Pytho nam'd,
Did Laius, blindly meeting kill,
And the oracle, of old pronounc'd, fulfil :

S T R O P H E III. Measures 16.

Fell Erinnyes, quick to view
The deed, his warlike sons in battle flew,
Each by the other's rage :
But to Polynices slain
Surviv'd Thersander, glory of his age,
For feats of war,
And youthful contests, honour'd far,
The scion, kept alive
To raise th' Adrastian house again :

From whence Ænefidamus' heir
 Does his spreading root derive,
 'To branch out a progeny fair;
 Who, springing foremost in the chace
 Of fame, demands we should his triumph grace,
 'Tuning lyres to vocal lays,
 Sweet union of melodious praise;

95

100

ANTISTROPHE III. Measure 16.

For not only has he borne
 Th' Olympian prize, but, with his brother, worn
 The garland of renown,
 At Pytho and at Isthmus; where,
 Victorious both, they shar'd th' allotted crown,
 Joint-honour, won
 In twelve impetuous courses, run
 With four unwearied steeds.
 To vanquish in the strife severe
 Does all anxiety destroy:
 And to this, if wealth succeeds
 With virtues enamel'd, the joy
 Luxuriant grows; such affluence
 Does glorious opportunities dispense,
 Giving depth of thought to find
 Pursuits which please a noble mind.

105

110

115

E P O D E III. Measures 10.

Refulgent star! to man the purest beam of light!
 The possessor of this store,
 Far-future things discerning, knows
 Obdurate wretches, once deceas'd, to immediate woes
 Consign'd, too late their pains deplore;

121

For

For below
 Ere they go,
 Sits one in judgment, who pronounces right
 On crimes in this wide realm of Jove ;
 Whose dire decree no power can e'er remove :

125

S T R O P H E IV. Measures 16.

But the good, alike by night,
 Alike by day, the sun's unclouded light
 Beholding, ever blest'd,
 Live an unlaborious life,
 Nor anxious interrupt the hallow'd rest
 With spade and plow,
 The earth to vex, or with the prow
 The briny sea, to eat
 The bread of care in endless strife.
 The dread divinities among
 The few unaccustomed to wrong,
 Who never broke the vow they swore,
 A tearless age enjoy for ever-more ;
 While the wicked hence depart
 To torments which appall the heart :

130

135

140

A N T I S T R O P H E IV. Measures 16.

But the souls who greatly dare,
 Thrice try'd in either state, to persevere
 From all injustice pure,
 Journeying onward in the way
 Of Jupiter, in virtue still secure,
 Along his road
 Arrive at Saturn's rais'd abode ;

145

H 4

Where

Where soft sea-breazes breathe
 Round the island of the blest'd; where gay 150
 The trees with golden blossoms glow;
 Where, their brows and arms to wreath,
 Bright garlands on every side below;
 For, springing thick in every field,
 The earth does golden flowers spontaneous yield;
 And, in every limpid stream, 156
 The budding gold is seen to gleam :

E P O D E IV. Measures 10.

Fair heritage ! by righteous Rhadamanth's award;
 Who, coëqual, takes his seat
 With Saturn, fire divine, 160
 Thy consort, Rhea, who above the rest doth shine,
 High thron'd, thou matron-goddes great:
 These among
 (Blissful throng !)
 Does Peleus and does Cadmus find regard; 165
 And, through his mother's winning prayer
 To Jove, Achilles dwells immortal there :

S T R O P H E V. Measures 16.

He who Hector did destroy,
 The pillar firm, the whole support, of Troy,
 And Cycnus gave to die, 170
 And Aurora's Æthiop son.
 My arm beneath yet many darts have I,
 All swift of flight,
 Within my quiver, sounding right
 To every skilful ear: 174
 But, of the multitude, not one

Discerns

Discerns the mystery unexplain'd.
 He transcendent does appear
 In knowledge, from Nature who gain'd
 His store : but the dull-letter'd croud,
 In censure vehement, in nonsense loud,
 Clamour idly, wanting skill,
 Like crows, in vain, provoking still

180

ANTISTROPHE V. Measures 16.

The celestial bird of Jove :
 But, to the mark address thy bow, nor rove,
 My soul : and whom do I
 Single out with fond desire,
 At him to let illustrious arrows fly ?
 My fix'd intent,

185

My aim, on Agrigentum bent,
 A solemn oath I plight,
 Sincere as honest minds require,
 That through an hundred circling years,
 With recorded worthies bright,
 No rivaling city appears
 To boast a man more frank to impart
 Kind offices to friends with open heart,
 Or, with hand amidst his store,
 Delighting to distribute more

190

195

EPODE V. Measures 10.

Than Theron : yet foul calumny, injurious blame,
 Did the men of rancour raise
 Against his fair renown,
 Defamers who by evil actions strove to drown
 His good, and to conceal his praise.

200

Can

Can the fand,
 On the strand,
 Be number'd o'er ? Then, true to Theron's fame,
 His favours showering down delight
 On thousands who is able to recite ?

205

THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.
 ON HIS LUTE.

THE line of Atreus will I sing ;
 To Cadmus will I tune the string :
 But, as from string to string I move,
 My lute will only sound of Love.
 The chords I change through every screw,
 And model the whole lute anew.
 Once more, in song, my voice I raise,
 And, Hercules, thy toils I praise :
 My lute does still my voice deny,
 And in the tones of love reply.
 Ye heroes then, at once farewell :
 Loves only echo from my shell.

4

8

12

THE SECOND ODE.
 ON WOMEN.

NATURE the bull with horns supplies,
 The horse with hoofs she fortifies,
 The fleeting foot on hares bestows,
 On lions teeth, two dreadful rows !

4

Grants

TRANSLATIONS.

107

Grants fish to swim, and birds to fly,
And on their skill bids men rely.

Women alone defenceless live,
To women what does Nature give ?

8

Beauty she gives instead of darts,
Beauty, instead of shields, imparts ;
Nor can the sword, nor fire, oppose
The fair, victorious where she goes..

12

THE THIRD ODE. ON LOVE.

ONE midnight when the bear did stand
A-level with Böotes' hand,

And, with their labour fore oppress'd,
The race of men were laid to rest,

4

Then to my doors, at unawares,
Came Love, and tried to force the bars.

Who thus assails my doors, I cry'd ?
Who breaks my slumbers ? Love reply'd,
Open : a child alone is here !

8

A little child ! — you need not fear :
Here through the moonless night I stray,
And, drench'd in rain, have lost my way.

12

Then mov'd to pity by his plight,
Too much in haste my lamp I light,

And open : when a child I see,
A little child, he seem'd to me ;

16

Who bore a quiver, and a bow ;
And wings did to his shoulders grow.

Within

Within the earth I bid him stand,
 Then chafe and cherish either hand 20
 Between my palms, and wring, with care,
 The trickling water from his hair.

Now come, said he, no longer chill,
 We'll bend this bow, and try our skill, 24
 And prove the string, how far its power
 Remains unslacken'd by the shower.

He bends his bow, and culls his quiver,
 And pierces, like a breeze, my liver : 28
 Then leaping, laughing, as he fled,
 Rejoice with me, my host, he said :
 My bow is found in every part,
 And you shall rue it at your heart. 32

AN HYMN TO VENUS,

From the GREEK of SAPPHO.

I.

O VENUS, beauty of the skies,
 To whom a thousand temples rise,
 Gayly false in gentle smiles,
 Full of love-perplexing wiles, 4
 O, goddess ! from my heart remove
 The wasting cares and pains of love.

II.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
 A song in soft distress prefer'd, 8
 Propitious to my tuneful vow,
 O, gentle goddess ! hear me now.
 Descend,

Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confests'd.

12

III.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above :
The car thy wanton sparrows drew ;
Hovering in air they lightly flew ;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

16

IV.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again :
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smil'd,
And ask'd, what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid ?

20

24

V.

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what care to be assuag'd ?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure ?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who ?

28

VI.

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy flighted charms ;
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice ;
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

32

36

VII. Celest-

VII.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore !
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief :
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

40

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

I.

BLESS'D as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

4

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tofs'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

8

III.

My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame
Ran quickly through all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

12

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

16

T O

TO MR. AMBROSE PHILIPS,
ON HIS DISTREST MOTHER.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

LONG have the writers of this warlike age
With human sacrifices drench'd the stage;
That scarce one Hero dares demand applause,
Till, weltering in his blood, the ground he gnaws: 4
As if, like swans, they only could delight
With dying strains, and, while they please, affright.

Our Philips, though 'twere to oblige the fair,
Dares not destroy, where Horace bids him spare: 8
His decent scene like that of Greece appears;
No deaths our eyes offend, no fights our ears.
While he from nature copies every part,
He forms the judgment, and affects the heart. 12

Of't as Andromache renews her woe,
The mothers sadden, and their eyes o'erflow.
Hermione, with love and rage possess'd,
Now soothes, now animates, each maiden breast. 16
Pyrrhus, triumphant o'er the Trojan walls,
Is greatly perjur'd, and as greatly falls.
Love, and Despair, and Furies are combin'd
In poor Orestes, to distract his mind. 20
From first to last, alternate passions reign;
And we resist the Poet's will in vain.

ODES.

C

A.

L

The

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V

C O N T E N T S

O F

A. PHILIPPS'S POEMS.

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O D E S
OF
P I N D A R,
WITH SEVERAL OTHER
PI E C E S I N V E R S E,
TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
ORIGINAL POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

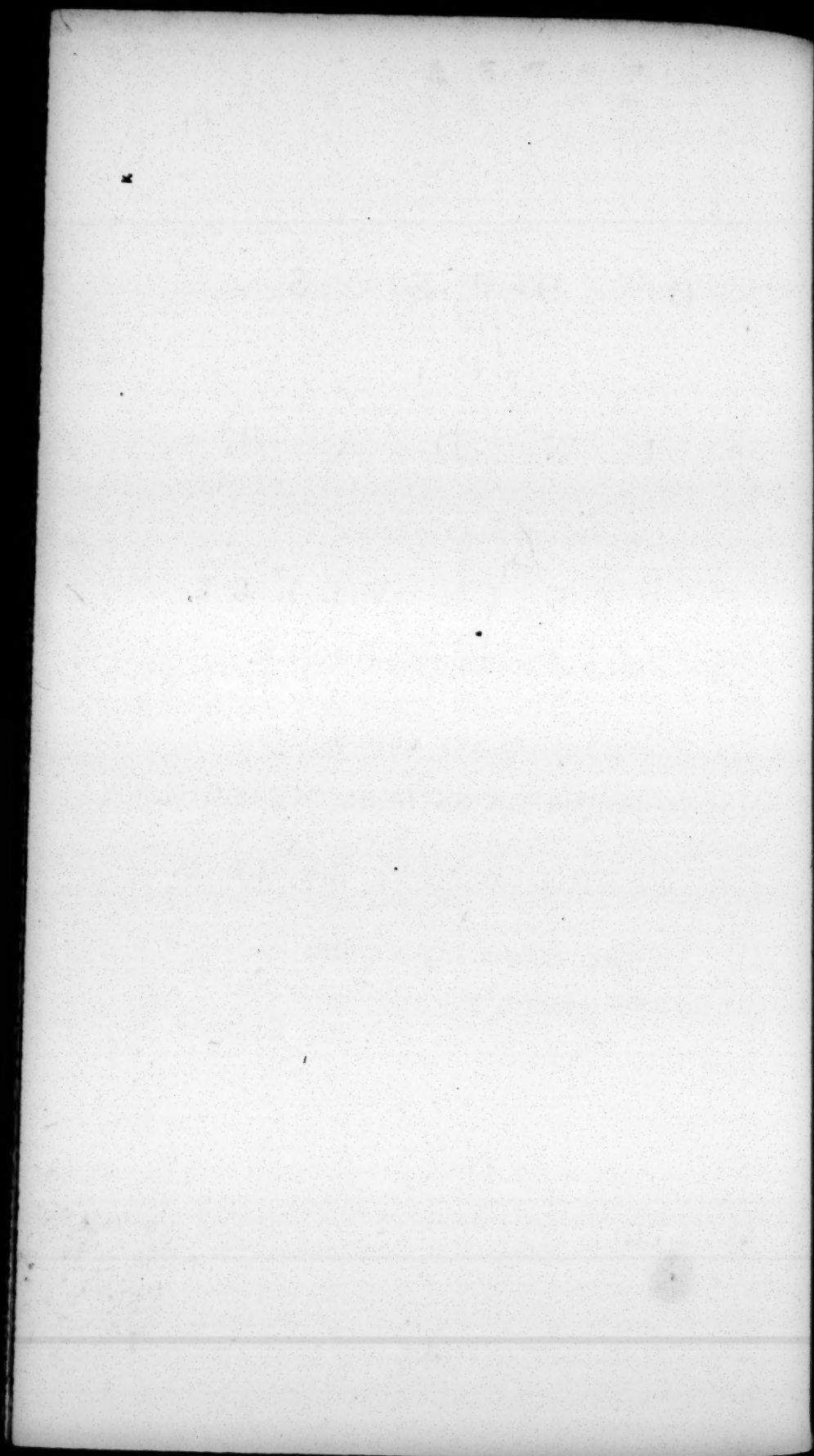
By GILBERT WEST, Esq. LL. D.

“ Res antiquæ laudis & artis
“ Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.”

VIRG. Georg. ii.

VOL. LVII.

I



O

S

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V

T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

W I L L I A M P I T T, Esq.

Paymaster-General of his Majesty's Forces,
One of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council;

And to the HONOURABLE

SIR GEORGE LYTTTELTON, BART.

One of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury;

T H E S E P O E M S

Are inscribed by the Author;

Who is desirous that the Friendship,

With which they have for many Years honoured him,

And the sincere Affection and high Esteem,

Which he hath conceived for them,

From a long and intimate Knowledge
of their Worth and Virtue,

May be known

Wherever the Publication of the ensuing Pieces

Shall make known the Name of

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P R E F A C E.

OF all the great Writers of Antiquity, no one was ever more honoured and admired while living, as few have obtained a larger and fairer portion of fame after death, than Pindar. Pausanias tells us, that the character of Poet was really and truly consecrated in his person, by the God of Poets himself*, who was pleased by an express oracle to order the inhabitants of Delphi to set apart for Pindar one half of the first-fruit offerings brought by the religious to his shrine; and to allow him a place in his temple; where in an iron chair he was used to sit and sing his hymns, in honour of that God. This chair was remaining in the time of † Pausanias (several hundred years after) to whom it was shewn as a relick not unworthy the sanctity and magnificence of that holy place. Pan ‡ likewise, another Musical Divinity, is reported to have skipped and jumped for joy, while the Nymphs were dancing in honour of the birth of this Prince of Lyrick Poetry; and to have been afterwards so much delighted with his compositions, as to have sung his Odes in the hearing even of the Poet himself §. Unhappily for us, and indeed for Pindar, those parts of his works, which procured him these extraordinary testimonies from the Gods (or from Mortals rather, who by the invention

* Paus. in Bœot.

† Paus. in Phoc.

‡ Philostratus in Icon.

§ Plut. in Numa.

of these fables meant only to express the high opinion they entertained of this great Poet) are all lost: I mean his Hymns to the several Deities of the Heathen World. And even of those writings, to which his less extravagant, but more serious and more lasting glory is owing, only the least, and, according to some people, the worst part is now remaining. These are his Odes inscribed to the Conquerors in the Four sacred Games of Greece. By these Odes therefore are we now left to judge of the merit of Pindar, as they are the only living evidences of his character.

Among the moderns * those men of learning of the truest taste and judgment, who have read and considered the writings of this Author in their original language, have all agreed to confirm the great character given of him by the Ancients. And to such who are still able to examine Pindar himself, I shall leave him to stand or fall by his own merit; only bespeaking their candour in my own behalf, if they should think it worth their while to peruse the following translations of some of his Odes: which I here offer chiefly to the English reader, to whom alone I desire to address a few considerations, in order to prepare him to form a right judgment, and indeed to have any relish of the Compositions of this great Lyrick Poet, who notwithstanding

* See Abbé Fraguier's Character of Pindar, printed in the 3d Vol. of *Memoire de l'Academie Royale*, &c. and Kennet's *Life of Pindar*, in the *Lives of the Greek Poets*.

ing must needs appear before him under great disadvantages.

To begin with removing some prejudices against this Author, that have arisen from certain writings known by the name of Pindarick Odes ; I must insist that very few, which I remember to have read under that title, not excepting even those written by the admired Mr. Cowley, whose wit and fire first brought them into reputation, have the least resemblance to the manner of the Author, whom they pretend to imitate, and from whom they derive their Name ; or, if any, it is such a resemblance only as is expressed by the Italian word *caricatura*, a monstrous and distorted likeness. This observation has been already made by Mr. Congreve in his Preface * to two admirable Odes, written professedly in imitation of Pindar ; and I may add, so much in his true manner and spirit, that he ought by all means to be excepted out of the number of those who have brought this author into discredit by pretending to resemble him.

Neither has Mr. Cowley, though he drew from the life, given a much truer picture of Pindar in the Translations he made of two of his Odes. I say not this to detract from Mr. Cowley, whose genius, perhaps, was not inferior to that of Pindar himself, or either of those other two great Poets, Horace and Virgil, whose names have been bestowed upon him, but chiefly to apologize for my having ventured to translate the same Odes ; and to prepare the Reader for

* Preserved in the present collection.

the wide difference he will find between many parts of *his* Translations and *mine*.

Mr. Cowley and his Imitators (for all the Pindarick Writers since his time have only mimicked him, while they fancied they were imitating Pindar) have fallen themselves, and by their examples have led the world, into two mistakes with regard to the character of Pindar : both which are pointed out by Mr. Congreve in the Preface above-mentioned, and in the following words :

“ The character of these late Pindaricks is a bundle
 “ of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like
 “ parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of
 “ such another complication of disproportioned, un-
 “ certain, and perplexed verses and rhymes. And
 “ I appeal to any Reader, if this is not the condition
 “ in which these titular Odes appeared.

“ On the contrary (adds he) there is nothing more
 “ regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the
 “ exact observation of the measures and numbers of
 “ his stanzas and verses, and the perpetual coherence
 “ of his thoughts : for though his digressions are fre-
 “ quent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever
 “ some secret connection, which, though not always
 “ appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate it-
 “ self to the understanding of the reader.”

Upon these two points, namely, the regularity of measure in Pindar's Odes, and the connection of his thoughts, I shall beg leave to make a few observations.

These

These Odes were all composed to be sung by a Chorus, either at the entertainments given by the Conquerors (to whom they were inscribed) or their friends, on account of their victories, or at the solemn sacrifices made to the Gods upon those occasions. They consist generally of three stanzas, of which the following account was communicated to me by a learned and ingenious Friend.

“ Besides what is said of the Greek Ode in the Scholiast upon Pindar, I find (says he) the following passage in the Scholia on Hephæstion ; it is the very last paragraph of those Scholia.”

The passage cited by him is in Greek, instead of which I shall insert the Translation of it in English.

You must know that the Ancients (in their Odes) framed two larger stanzas, and one less ; the first of the larger stanzas they called Strophé, singing it on their festivals at the altars of the Gods, and dancing at the same time. The second they called Antistrophé, in which they inverted the dance. The lesser stanza was named the Epode, which they sung standing still. The Strophé, as they say, denoted the motion of the higher Sphere, the Antistrophé that of the Planets, the Epode the fixed station and repose of the Earth.

“ From this passage it appears evident that these Odes were accompanied with dancing ; and that they danced one way while the Strophé was singing, and then danced back again while the Antistrophé was sung : Which shews why those two Parts consisted of the same length and measure ; then, when
“ the

“ the Dancers were returned to the place whence they
 “ fet out, before they renewed the dance they stood
 “ ftill while the Epode was fung.

“ If the fame perfons both danced and fung, when
 “ we confider how much breath is required for a full
 “ Song, perhaps one may incline to think, that the
 “ Strophé and Antistrophé partook fomewhat of the
 “ Recitative manner, and that the Epode was the
 “ more compleat Air.

“ There is a paffage in the ancient Grammarian,
 “ Marius Viâtorinus, which is much to the fame pur-
 “ pofe as this above, though he does not diftinctly
 “ fpeak of dancing. The paffage is this:

“ Pleraque Lyricorum carminum, quæ verfu, co-
 “ lifque & commatibus componuntur, ex Strophé,
 “ Antistrophé, & Epodo, ut Græci appellant, ordinata
 “ fubfiftunt. Quorum ratio talis eft. Antiqui Deo-
 “ rum laudes carminibus comprehenfâs, circum aras
 “ eorum euntes canebant. Cujus primum ambitum,
 “ quem ingrediebantur ex parte dextrâ, Strophén
 “ vocabant; reversionem autem finiftrofum factam,
 “ completo priore orbe, Antistrophén appellabant.
 “ Deinde in confpectu Deorum foliti confiftere cantici,
 “ reliqua confequebantur, apellantes id Epodon.

“ The Writers I have quoted fpeak only of Odes,
 “ fung in the temples: but Demetrius Triclinius,
 “ upon the meafures of Sophocles, fays the fame
 “ thing upon the Odes of the Tragick Chorus.

“ What the Scholiaft upon Hephæftion, cited above,
 “ adds about the Heavenly Motions, &c. is alfo faid
 “ by

"by Victorinus, and by Demetrius Triclinius, and,
 "likewise by the Scholiast on Pindar. Yet I consider
 "this in no other light than I do the fantastical con-
 "ceits with which the Writers on Music abound.
 "Ptolemy, out of his three Books of Harmonics,
 "employs one almost entirely upon comparing the
 "principles of Music with the motions of the Planets,
 "the faculties of the mind, and other such ridiculous
 "imaginations. And Aristides Quintilianus, sup-
 "posed an older Author, is full of the same fooleries.
 "Marius Victorinus has another scheme also, viz.
 "that the dancing forwards and backwards was in-
 "vented by Theseus, in memory of the labyrinth
 "out of which he escaped. But all this is taking
 "much unnecessary pains to account why, when
 "Dancers have gone as far as they can one way,
 "they should return back again; or at least not dance
 "in the same circle till they are giddy."

Such was the structure of the Greek Ode, in which
 the Strophé and the Antistrophé, i. e. the first and
 second stanzas, contained always the same number and
 the same kind of verses. The Epode was of a differ-
 ent length and measure; and if the Ode ran out into
 any length, it was always divided into Triplets of
 stanzas, the two first being constantly of the same length
 and measure, and all the Epodes in like manner cor-
 responding exactly with each other: from all which
 the regularity of this kind of compositions is sufficiently
 evident. There are indeed some Odes, which consist
 of Strophés, and Antistrophés without any Epode;

and

and others which are made up of Strophés only, of different lengths and measures. But the greatest number of Pindar's Odes are of the first kind.

I have in the translation retained the names of Strophé and Antistrophé, on purpose to imprint the more strongly on the Mind of the English reader, the exact regularity observed by Pindar in the structure of his Odes; and have even followed his example in one, which in the original consists only of two Strophés.

Another charge against Pindar relates to the supposed wildness of his imagination, his extravagant digressions, and sudden transitions, which leads me to consider the second point, viz. the *connection of his thoughts*. Upon which I shall say but little in this place, having endeavoured to point out the *connection*, and account for many of the *digressions*, in my Arguments and Notes* to the several Odes which I have translated. Here therefore I shall only observe in general, that whoever imagines the *victories* and *praises* of the Conquerors are the proper *subjects* of the Odes inscribed to them, will find himself mistaken. These *victories* indeed gave occasion to these songs of triumph, and are therefore constantly taken notice of by the Poet, as are also any particular and remarkable circumstances relating to *them*, or to the lives and characters of the Conquerors themselves: but, as such circumstances could rarely furnish out matter sufficient for an Ode of any length, so would it have been an indecency unknown to the

* See p. 126.

civil equality and freedom, as well as to the simplicity of the age in which Pindar lived, to have filled a poem intended to be sung in public, and even at the altars of the gods, with the praises of one man only; who, besides, was often no otherwise considerable, but as the victory which gave occasion to the Ode had made him. For these reasons, the Poet, in order to give his poem its due extent, was obliged to have recourse to other circumstances, arising either from the family or country of the Conqueror, from the Games in which he had come off victorious, or from the particular deities who had any relation to the occasion, or in whose temples the Ode was intended to be sung. All these, and many other particulars, which the reading the Odes of Pindar may suggest to an attentive observer, gave hints to the Poet, and led him into those frequent digressions, and quick transitions; which it is no wonder should appear to us at this distance of time and place both extravagant and unaccountable.

Upon the whole, I am persuaded that whoever will consider the Odes of Pindar with regard to the manners and customs of the age in which they were written, the occasions which gave birth to them, and the places in which they were intended to be recited, will find little reason to censure Pindar for want of order and regularity in the plans of his compositions. On the contrary, perhaps, he will be inclined to admire him, for raising so many beauties from such trivial hints, and for kindling, as he sometimes does, so great a flame from a single spark, and with so little fuel.

There

There is still another prejudice against Pindar, which may arise in the minds of those people who are not thoroughly acquainted with ancient History, and who may therefore be apt to think meanly of Odes, inscribed to a set of Conquerors, whom possibly they may look upon only as so many Prize-fighters and Jockeys. To obviate this prejudice, I have prefixed to my translation of Pindar's Odes a Dissertation * on the Olympick Games: in which the reader will see what kind of persons these Conquerors were, and what was the nature of those famous Games; of which every one, who has but just looked into the history of Greece, must know enough to desire to be better acquainted with them. The collection is as full as I have been able to make it, assisted by the labours of a learned Frenchman, Pierre du Faur, who, in his Book intituled *Agonisticon*, hath gathered almost every thing that is mentioned in any of the Greek or Latin Writers relating to the Grecian Games, which he has thrown together in no very clear order; as is observed by his Countryman Mons. Burette, who hath written several pieces on the subject of the Gymnastick Exercises, inserted in the Second Volume of "*Memoires de l'Academie Royale, &c.*" printed at Amsterdam, 1719. In this Dissertation I have endeavoured to give a complete History of the Olympick Games: of which kind

* For this Dissertation, and the learned Author's copious notes in the following Odes, we must refer the curious reader to the work at large. N.

there is not, that I know of, any treatise now extant; those written upon this subject by some of the Ancients being all lost, and not being supplied by any learned Modern, at least not so fully as might have been done, and as so considerable an article of the Grecian Antiquities seemed to demand. As I flatter myself that even the learned Reader will in this Dissertation meet with many points which have hitherto escaped his notice, and much light reflected from thence upon the Odes of Pindar in particular, as well as upon many passages in other Greek Writers, I shall rather desire him to excuse those errors and defects which he may happen to discover in it, than apologize for the length of it.

Having now removed the chief prejudices and objections which have been too long and too generally entertained against the Writings of Pindar, I need say but little of his real character, as the principal parts of it may be collected from the very faults imputed to him; which are indeed no other than the excesses of great and acknowledged beauties, such as a poetical imagination, a warm and enthusiastic genius, a bold and figurative expression, and a concise and sententious style. These are the characteristical beauties of Pindar; and to these his greatest blemishes, generally speaking, are so near allied, that they have sometimes been mistaken for each other. I cannot however help observing, that he is so entirely free from any thing like the far-fetched thoughts, the witty extravagances,

6

and

and puerile *concetti* of Mr. Cowley and the rest of his Imitators, that I cannot recollect so much as even a single *antithesis* in all his Odes.

Longinus indeed confesses, that Pindar's flame is sometimes extinguished, and that he now and then sinks unexpectedly and unaccountably; but he prefers him, with all his faults, to a Poet who keeps on in one constant tenour of mediocrity, and who, though he seldom falls very low, yet never rises to those astonishing heights, which sometimes make the head even of a great Poet giddy, and occasion those slips which they at the same time excuse.

But, notwithstanding all that has or can be said in favour of Pindar, he must still appear, as I before observed, under great disadvantages, especially to the English Reader. Much of this fire, which formerly warmed and dazzled all Greece, must necessarily be lost even in the best Translation. Besides, to say nothing of many Beauties peculiar to the Greek, which cannot be expressed in English, and perhaps not in any other language, there are in these Odes so many references to secret history, so many allusions to persons, things, and places, now altogether unknown, and which, were they known, would very little interest or affect the Reader, and withal such a mixture of Mythology and Antiquity, that I almost despair of their being relished by any, but those who have, if not a great deal of *classical learning*, yet somewhat at least of an *antique* and *classical taste*.

Every

Every Reader, however, may still find in Pindar something to make amends for the loss of those beauties, which have been set at too great a distance, and in some places worn off and obliterated by time; namely, a great deal of good sense, many wise reflections, and many moral sentences, together with a due regard to religion; and from hence he may be able to form to himself some idea of Pindar as a Man, though he should be obliged to take his character as a Poet from others.

But that he may not for this rely altogether upon my opinion, I shall here produce the testimonies of two great Poets, whose excellent writings are sufficient evidences both of their taste and judgment. The first was long and universally admired, and is still as much regretted, by the present age: the latter, who wrote about seventeen hundred years ago, was the delight and ornament of the politest and most learned age of Rome. And though even to him, Pindar, who lived some centuries before him, must have appeared under some of the disadvantages above mentioned, yet *he* had the opportunity of seeing all his works which were extant in his time, and of which he hath given a sort of catalogue, together with their several characters: an advantage which the *former* wanted, who must therefore be understood to speak only of those Odes which are now remaining. And indeed he alludes to those only, in the following passage of his "Temple of Fame." *Pope's Works, small Edit. Vol. III. p. 17. ver. 210.*

Vol. LVII.

K

"Four

“ Four Swans * sustain a car of silver bright,
 “ With heads advanc’d, and pinions stretch’d for flight:
 “ Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 “ And seem’d to labour with th’ inspiring God.
 “ Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 “ And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
 “ The figur’d Games of Greece the column grace,
 “ Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race :
 “ The youths hang o’er their chariots as they run ;
 “ The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone :
 “ The champions in distorted postures threat ;
 “ And all appear’d irregularly great.”

The other Passage is from Horace, lib. IV. Ode ii.
viz.

“ Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.”

which, for the benefit of the English Reader, I have thus translated :

He, who aspires to reach the towering height
 Of matchless Pindar’s heaven-ascending strain,
 Shall sink, unequal to the arduous flight,
 Like him, who falling nam’d th’ Icarian main ;

* *Four swans sustain, &c.*] Pindar, being seated in a Chariot, alludes to the Horse-races he celebrated in the Grecian Games. The swans are emblems of poetry ; their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian Games. This note is of the same Author.

Prefumptuous youth ! to tempt forbidden skies !
And hope above the clouds on *waxen* plumes to rise !

Pindar, like some fierce torrent swoln with showers,
Or sudden cataracts of melting snow,
Which from the Alps its headlong deluge pours,
And foams and thunders o'er the vales below,
With desultory fury borne along,
Rolls his impetuous, vast, unfathomable song.

The Delphick laurel ever sure to gain ;
Whether with lawless Dithyrambick rage
Wild and tumultuous flows the founding strain ;
Or in more order'd verse sublimely sage
To Gods and Sons of Gods his lyre he strings,
And of fierce Centaurs slain, and dire Chimæra sings.

Or whether Pifa's Victors be his theme,
The valiant champion and the rapid steed ;
Who from the banks of Alpheus, sacred stream,
Triumphant bear Olympia's olive meed ;
And from their Bard receive the tuneful boon,
Richer than sculptur'd brassy, or imitating stone.

Or whether with the widow'd mourner's tear,
He mingles soft his Elegiac song ;
With Dorian strains to deck th' untimely bier
Of some disastrous bridegroom fair and young ;
Whose virtues, in his deifying lays,
Through the black gloom of death with star-like
radiance blaze.

When to the clouds, along th' æthereal plain,
 His airy way the Theban Swan pursues,
 Strong rapid gales his sounding plumes sustain :
 While, wondering at his flight, my timorous Muse
 In short excursions tires her feeble wings,
 And in sequester'd shades and flowery gardens sings.

There, like the bee, that, from each odorous bloom,
 Each fragrant offspring of the dewy field,
 With painful art, extracts the rich perfume,
 Solicitous her honied dome to build,
 Exerting all her industry and care,
 She toils with humble sweets her meaner verse to rear.

The remainder of this Ode has no relation to the present subject, and is therefore omitted.

The following Collection of Poems (to borrow the metaphor made use of by Horace) consists wholly of sweets, drawn from the rich and flowery fields of Greece. And if in these Translations any of the native spirit and fragrancy of the Originals shall appear to be transfused, I shall content myself with the humble merit of the little laborious insect above mentioned. But I must not here omit acquainting the Reader, that among these, immediately after the Odes of Pindar, is inserted a translation of an Ode * of Horace, done by

* This Ode, in full conformity to Mr. West's intention, is still (though restored to its proper writer) preserved in the present volume.

a Gen-

a Gentleman, the peculiar excellence of whose genius hath often revealed what his modesty would have kept a secret. And to this I might have trusted to inform the world, that the Translation I am now speaking of, though inserted amongst mine, was not done by me, were I not desirous of testifying the pride and pleasure I take in seeing, in this and some other instances, his admirable pieces blended and joined with mine; an evidence and emblem at the same time of that friendship, which hath long subsisted between us, and which I shall always esteem a singular felicity and honour to myself.

The Authors, from whom the other pieces are translated, are so well known, that I need say nothing of them in this place; neither shall I detain the Reader with any farther account of the translations themselves, than only to acquaint him, that I translated the Dramatic Poem of Lucian upon the Gout, when I was myself under an attack of that incurable distemper, which I mention by way of excuse; and that all the other pieces, excepting only the Hymn of Cleanthes, were written many years ago, at a time when I read and wrote, like most other people, for amusement only. If the Reader finds they give any to him, I shall be very glad of it; for it is doing some service to human society, *to amuse innocently*; and they know very little of human nature, who think it can bear to be always employed either in the exercise of its duties, or in high and important meditations.

O D E

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. WEST'S TRANSLATION OF PINDAR.

By the Reverend Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

I. 1.

ALBION, exult! thy sons a voice divine have heard,
 The Man of Thebes hath in thy vales appear'd!
 Hark! with fresh rage and undiminish'd fire,
 The sweet enthusiast smites the British lyre;
 The sounds that echoed on Alphéus' streams,
 Reach the delighted ear of listening Thames;
 Lo! swift across the dusty plain
 Great Theron's foaming courfers strain!
 What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
 Such full impetuous tides of nervous song?

I. 2.

The fearful, frigid lays of cold and creeping art,
 Nor touch, nor can transport th' unfeeling heart;
 Pindar, our inmost bosom piercing, warms
 With glory's love, and eager thirst of arms:
 When freedom speaks in his majestic strain,
 The patriot-passions beat in every vein:
 We long to fit with heroes old,
 'Mid groves of vegetable gold,
 * Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,
 And still of daring deeds and dangers tell.

* See 2 Olymp. Od.

I. 3. Away,

I. 3.

Away, enervate Bards, away,
 Who spin the courtly, filken lay,
 * As wreaths for some vain Louis' head,
 Or mourn some soft Adonis dead :
 No more your polish'd Lyricks boast,
 In British Pindar's strength o'erwhelm'd and lost :
 As well might ye compare
 The glimmerings of a waxen flame
 (Emblem of Verse correctly tame)
 † To his own Ætna's sulphur-spouting caves,
 When to Heaven's vault the fiery deluge raves,
 When clouds and burning rocks dart through the trou-
 bled air.

II. 1.

In roaring Cataracts down Andes' channel'd steeps
 Mark how enormous Orellana sweeps !
 Monarch of mighty Floods ! supremely strong,
 Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
 Swoln with an hundred hills' collected snows :
 Thence over nameless regions widely flows,
 Round fragrant isles, and citron-groves,
 Where still the naked Indian roves,
 And safely builds his leafy bower,
 From slavery far, and curst Iberian power ;

* Alluding to the French and Italian Lyrick Poets.

† See 1 Pyth. Od.

II. 2.

So rapid Pindar flows.—O Parent of the Lyre,
 Let me for ever thy sweet sons admire !
 O ancient Greece, but chief the Bard whose lays
 The matchless tale of Troy divine emblaze ;
 And next Euripides, soft pity's priest,
 Who melts in useful Woes the bleeding breast ;
 And him, who paints th' incestuous king,
 Whose soul amaze and horror wring ;
 Teach me to taste their charms refin'd,
 The richest banquet of th' enraptur'd mind :

II. 3.

For the blest man, the Muse's child *,
 On whose auspicious birth she smil'd,
 Whose soul she form'd of purer fire,
 For whom she tun'd a golden lyre,
 Seeks not in fighting fields renown :
 No widows' midnight shrieks, nor burning town,
 The peaceful Poet please :
 Nor ceaseless toils for sordid gains,
 Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
 Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor statesman's
 schemes,
 Nor all deceiv'd ambition's feverish dreams,
 Lure his contented heart from the sweet vale of ease.

* Hor. lib. IV. Od. iii.

O D E S

O F

P I N D A R.

"Olympiacæ miratus præmia palmæ."

VIRG. Georg. l. iii.

THE FIRST OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Hiero of Syracuse, who, in the Seventy-third Olympiad, obtained the Victory in the Race of Single Horses.

A R G U M E N T.

THE subject of this Ode being a victory obtained by Hiero in the Olympick Games, Pindar sets out with shewing the superiority and pre-eminence of those Games over all others; among which, he says, they hold the same rank, as water (which, according to the opinion of Thales and other Philosophers, was the original of all things) among the elements, and Gold among the gifts of Fortune. Wherefore, continues he, O my heart, if thou art inclined to sing of Games, it would be as absurd to think of any other but the Olympick

Olympick Games, as to look for stars in the sky when the sun is shining in his meridian glory; especially as all the Guests at Hiero's table (among which number it is not improbable that Pindar was one at this time) are singing Odes upon that subject. From the mention of Hiero, he falls into a short panegyrick upon his virtues, and then passes to what gave occasion to this Ode, *viz.* his Olympick victory; under which head he makes honourable mention of his horse Phrenicus (for that was his name), who gained the victory, and spread his master's glory as far as Pisa, or Olympia, the ancient residence of Pelops the son of Tantalus; into a long account of whom he digresses: and ridiculing, as absurd and impious, the story of his having been cut in pieces by his father Tantalus, boiled and served up at an entertainment given by him to the gods, relates another story, which he thought more to the honour both of Pelops and the Gods. This relation he concludes with the account of Pelops vanquishing Oenomaus, king of Pisa, in the chariot-race, and by that victory gaining his daughter Hippodamia, settling at Pisa, and being there honoured as a God. From this relation the Poet falls again naturally into an account of the Olympick Games, and, after a short reflection upon the felicity of those who gained the Olympick crown, returns to the praises of Hiero; with which, and some occasional reflections on the prosperity of Hiero, to whom he wishes a continuance of his good fortune and a long reign, he closes his Ode.

S T R O-

S T R O P H E I.

CHIEF of Nature's works divine,
 Water claims the highest praise :
 Richest offspring of the mine,
 Gold, like fire, whose flashing rays
 From afar conspicuous gleam,
 Through the night's involving cloud,
 First in lustre and esteem,
 Decks the treasures of the proud :
 So among the lists of fame
 Pifa's honour'd games excell ;
 Then to Pifa's glorious name
 Tune, O Muse, thy sounding shell.

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

Who along the desert air
 Seeks the faded starry train,
 When the sun's meridian car
 Round illumines th' ætherial plain ?
 Who a nobler theme can chuse
 Than Olympia's sacred Games ?
 What more apt to fire the Muse,
 When her various songs she frames ?
 Songs in strains of wisdom drest
 Great Saturnius to record,
 And by each rejoicing guest
 Sung at Hiero's feastful board.

E P O D E

E P O D E I.

In pastoral Sicilia's fruitful soil
 The righteous sceptre of imperial power
 Great Hiero wielding, with illustrious toil
 Plucks every blooming virtue's fairest flower,
 His royal splendour to adorn:
 Nor doth his skilful hand refuse
 Acquaintance with the tuneful Muse,
 When round the mirthful board the harp is borne.

S T R O P H E II.

Down then from the glittering nail
 Take, O Muse, thy Dorian lyre;
 If the love of Pisa's vale
 Pleasing transports can inspire;
 Or the rapid-footed steed
 Could with joy thy bosom move,
 When, unwhipp'd with native speed
 O'er the dusty course he drove;
 And where deck'd with olives flows,
 Alpheus, thy immortal flood,
 On his lord's triumphant brows
 The Olympick wreath bestow'd:

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

Hiero's royal brows, whose care
 Tends the courser's noble breed;
 Pleas'd to nurse the pregnant mare,
 Pleas'd to train the youthful steed.

Now

Now on that heroic land
 His far-beaming glories beat,
 Where with all his Lydian band
 Pelops fix'd his honour'd feat:
 Pelops, by the god belov'd,
 Whose strong arms the globe embrace;
 When by Jove's high orders mov'd
 Clotho blest'd the healing vase.

E P O D E II.

Forth from the cauldron to new life restor'd,
 Pleas'd with the lustre of his ivory arm
 Young Pelops rose; so ancient tales record,
 And oft these tales unheeding mortals charm;
 While gaudy Fiction, deck'd with art,
 And dress'd in every winning grace,
 To Truth's unornamented face
 Preferr'd, seduces oft the human heart.

S T R O P H E III.

Add to these sweet Poesy,
 Smooth inchantress of mankind,
 Clad in whose false majesty
 Fables easy credit find.
 But ere long the rolling year
 The deceitful tale explodes;
 Then, O man, with holy fear
 Touch the characters of Gods.
 Of their heavenly natures say
 Nought unseemly, nought profane,
 So shalt thou due honour pay,
 So be free from guilty stain.

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE III.

Differing then from ancient fame

I thy story will record :

How the Gods invited came

To thy father's genial board ;

In his turn the holy feast

When on Sipylus he spread ;

To the tables of the blest

In his turn with honour led.

Neptune then thy lovely face,

Son of Tantalus, survey'd,

And with amorous embrace

Far away the prize convey'd.

EPODE III.

To the high palace of all-honour'd Jove

With Pelops swift the golden chariot rolls.

There, like more ancient Ganymede, above

For Neptune he prepares the nectar'd bowls.

But for her vanquish'd son in vain

When long his tender mother sought,

And tidings of his fate were brought

By none of all her much-inquiring train ;

STROPHE IV.

O'er the envious realm with speed

A malicious rumour flew,

That, his heavenly guests to feed,

Thee thy impious father flew :

In a cauldron's seething flood
 That thy mangled limbs were cast,
 Thence by each voracious God
 On the board in messes plac'd.
 But shall I the blest abuse?
 With such tales to stain her song
 Far, far be it from my Muse!
 Vengeance waits th' unhallow'd tongue.

A N T I S T R O P H E IV.

Sure, if e'er to man befel
 Honour from the powers divine,
 Who on high Olympus dwell,
 Tantalus, the lot was thine.
 But, alas! his mortal sense
 All too feeble to digest
 The delights of bliss immense,
 Sicken'd at the heavenly feast,
 Whence, his folly to chastise,
 O'er his head with pride elate,
 Jove, great father of the skies,
 Hung a rock's enormous weight.

E P O D E IV.

Now vainly labouring with incessant pains
 Th' impending rock's expected fall to shun,
 The fourth distressful instance he remains
 Of wretched man by impious pride undone;
 Who to his mortal guests convey'd
 Th' incorruptible food of Gods,
 On which in their divine abodes
 Himself erst feasting was immortal made.

STROPHE V.

Vain is he, who hopes to cheat
 The all-seeing eyes of Heaven:
 From Olympus' blissful feat,
 For his father's theft, was driven
 Pelops, to reside once more
 With frail man's swift-passing race,
 Where (for now youth's blowing flower
 Deck'd with opening pride his face;
 And with manly beauty sprung
 On each cheek the downy shade)
 Ever burning for the young,
 Hymen's fires his heart invade.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Anxious then th' Elean bride
 From her royal fire to gain,
 Near the billow-beaten side
 Of the foam-besilver'd main,
 Darkling and alone he stood,
 Invocating oft the name
 Of the Trident-bearing god
 Strait the Trident-bearer came:
 " If the sweet delights of love,
 " Which from Beauty's Queen descend,
 " Can thy yielding bosom move,
 " Mighty God, my cause befriend.

EPODE

E P O D E V.

- “ With strong prevention let thy hand control
 “ The brazen lance of Pisa’s furious king ;
 “ And to the honours of th’ Elean goal
 “ Me with unrival’d speed in triumph bring.
 “ Transfix’d by his unerring spear,
 “ Already thirteen youths have dy’d,
 “ Yet he persists with cruel pride,
 “ Hippodamîa’s nuptials to defer.

S T R O P H E VI.

- “ In the paths of dangerous fame
 “ Trembling cowards never tread :
 “ Yet since all of mortal frame
 “ Must be number’d with the dead,
 “ Who in dark inglorious shade
 “ Would his useless life consume,
 “ And, with deedless years decay’d,
 “ Sink unhonour’d to the tomb ?
 “ I that shameful lot disdain ;
 “ I this doubtful list will prove ;
 “ May my vows from thee obtain
 “ Conquest, and the prize of love !”

A N T I S T R O P H E VI.

Thus he pray’d, and mov’d the God ;
 Who, his bold attempt to grace,
 On the favour’d youth bestow’d
 Steeds unwearied in the race ;

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L

Steeds,

Steeds, with winged speed endued,
 Harnes'd to a golden carr.
 So was Pifa's king subdued;
 Pelops so obtain'd the fair;
 From whose womb a noble brood,
 Six illustrious brothers came,
 All with virtuous minds endow'd,
 Leaders all of mighty fame.

E P O D E VI.

Now in the solemn service of the dead,
 Rank'd with immortal Gods, great Pelops shares;
 While to his altar, on the watery bed
 Of Alpheus rais'd, from every clime repairs
 The wondering stranger, to behold
 The glories of th' Olympick plain;
 Where, the resplendent wreath to gain,
 Contend the swift, the active, and the bold.

S T R O P H E VII.

Happy he, whose glorious brow
 Pifa's honour'd chaplets crown!
 Calm his stream of life shall flow,
 Shelter'd by his high renown.
 That alone is bliss supreme,
 Which, unknowing to decay,
 Still with ever-shining beam
 Gladdens each succeeding day.
 Then for happy Hiero weave
 Garlands of Æolian strains;
 Him these honours to receive
 The Olympick law ordains.

A N T I-

ANTISTROPHE VII.

No more worthy of her lay
 Can the Muse a mortal find;
 Greater in imperial sway,
 Richer in a virtuous mind;
 Heaven, O king, with tender care
 Waits thy wishes to fulfil.
 Then ere long will I prepare,
 Plac'd on Chronium's sunny hill,
 Thee in sweeter verse to praise,
 Following thy victorious steeds;
 If to prosper all thy ways
 Still thy Guardian God proceeds.

EPODE VII.

Fate hath in various stations rank'd mankind:
 In royal power the long gradations end.
 By that horizon prudently confin'd,
 Let not thy hopes to farther views extend.
 Long may'st thou wear the regal crown!
 And may thy Bard his wish receive,
 With thee, and such as thee to live,
 Around his native Greece for wisdom known!

THE SECOND OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Theron King of Agrigentum, who came off Conqueror in the Race of Chariots drawn by four Horses, in the Seventy-seventh Olympiad.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet, in answer to the question, What God, what Hero, and what Mortal he should sing (with which words this Ode immediately begins) having named Jupiter and Hercules, not only as the first of gods and heroes, but as they were peculiarly related to his subject; the one being the Protector, and the other the Founder of the Olympick Games; falls directly into the praises of Theron: by this method artfully insinuating, that Theron held the same rank among all mortals, as the two former did among the gods and heroes. In enumerating the many excellencies of Theron, the Poet having made mention of the nobility of his family (a topick seldom or never omitted by Pindar) takes occasion to lay before him the various accidents and vicissitudes of human life, by instances drawn from the history of his own ancestors, the founders of Agrigentum; who, it seems, underwent many difficulties, before they could build, and settle themselves in that city; where afterwards, indeed, they made a very considerable figure, and were rewarded for their past sufferings

sufferings with wealth and honour; according to which method of proceeding, the Poet (alluding to some misfortunes that had befallen Theron) beseeches Jupiter to deal with their posterity, by recompensing their former afflictions with a series of peace and happiness for the future; in the enjoyment of which they would soon lose the memory of whatever they had suffered in times past: the constant effect of prosperity being to make men forget their past adversity; which is the only reparation that can be made to them for the miseries they have undergone. The truth of this position he makes appear from the history of the same family; by the farther instances of Semele, Ino, and Thersander; and lastly, of Theron himself, whose former cares and troubles, he insinuates, are repaid by his present happiness and victory in the Olympick Games: for his success in which, the Poet however intimates, that Theron was no less indebted to his riches than to his virtue, since he was enabled by the one, as well as disposed by the other, to undergo the trouble and expence that was necessary to qualify him for a candidate for the Olympick crown in particular, and, in general, for the performance of any great and worthy action: for the words are general. From whence he takes occasion to tell him, that the man who possesses these treasures, viz. Riches and Virtue, that is, the means and the inclination of doing good and great actions, has the farther satisfaction of knowing, that he shall be rewarded for it hereafter; and go

among the heroes into the Fortunate Islands (the Paradise of the Ancients), which he here describes; some of whose inhabitants are likewise mentioned by way of inciting Theron to an imitation of their actions; as Peleus, Cadmus, and Achilles. Here the Poet, finding himself, as well from the abundance of matter, as from the fertility of his own genius, in danger of wandering too far from his subject, recalls his Muse, and returns to the praise of Theron; whose beneficence and generosity, he tells us, were not to be equalled: with which, and with some reflections upon the enemies and maligners of Theron, he concludes.

S T R O P H E I.

YE choral hymns, harmonious lays,
 Sweet rulers of the Lyrick string,
 What god? what hero's god-like praise?
 What mortal shall we sing?
 With Jovè, with Pisa's Guardian God,
 Begin, O Muse, th' Olympick Ode.
 Alcides, Jove's heroick son,
 The second honours claims;
 Who, offering up the spoils from Augeas won,
 Establish'd to his sire th' Olympick Games;
 Where bright in wreaths of Conquest Theron shone.
 Then of victorious Theron sing!
 Of Theron hospitable, just, and great!
 Fam'd Agrigentum's honour'd king,
 The prop and bulwark of her towering state;
 A righ-

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A righteous prince! whose flowering virtues grace
The venerable stem of his illustrious race:

ANTISTROPHE I.

A race, long exercis'd in woes,
Ere, smiling o'er her kindred flood,
The mansion of their wish'd repose,
Their sacred city stood;
And through amaz'd Sicilia shone
The lustre of their fair renown.
Thence, as the milder Fates decreed,
In destin'd order born,
Auspicious hours with smoother pace succeed;
While Power and Wealth the noble line adorn,
And Public Favour, Virtue's richest meed.
O Son of Rhea, God supreme!
Whose kingly hands th' Olympian sceptre wield!
Rever'd on Alpheus' sacred stream!
And honour'd most in Pisa's lifted field!
Propitious listen to my soothing strain!
And to the worthy sons their father's rights maintain!

EPODE I.

Peace on their future life, and wealth bestow;
And bid their present moments calmly flow.
The deed once done no power can abrogate,
Not the great Sire of all Things, Time, nor Fate.
But sweet oblivion of disastrous care,
And good succeeding, may the wrong repair.

Loft in the brightness of returning day,
 The gloomy terrors of the night decay;
 When Jove commands the Sun of Joy to rife,
 And opens into fmiles the cloud-invelop'd fkyes.

S T R O P H E II.

Thy haplefs daughters' various fate
 This moral truth, O Cadmus, fhows;
 Who vefted now with god-like ftate
 On heavenly thrones repofe;
 And yet Affliction's thorny road
 In bitter anguifh once they trod.
 But blifs fuperior hath eras'd
 The memory of their woe;
 While Semele, on high Olympus plac'd,
 'To heavenly zephyrs bids her trefles flow,
 Once by devouring lightnings all defac'd.
 There, with immortal charms improv'd,
 Inhabitant of Heaven's ferene abodes
 She dwells, by virgin Pallas lov'd,
 Lov'd by Saturnius, father of the gods;
 Lov'd by her youthful fon, whose brows divine,
 In twifting ivy bound, with joy eternal fhine.

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

To Ino, Goddefs of the Main,
 The Fates an equal lot decree,
 Rank'd with old Ocean's Nereid train,
 Bright daughters of the fea.

Deep

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Deep in the pearly realms below,
Immortal happiness to know.
But here our day's appointed end
To mortals is unknown;
Whether distress our period shall attend,
And in tumultuous storms our sun go down,
Or to the shades in peaceful calms descend.
For various flows the tide of life,
Obnoxious still to Fortune's veering gale;
Now rough with anguish, care, and strife,
O'erwhelming waves the shatter'd bark assail:
Now glide serene and smooth the limpid streams;
And on the surface play Apollo's golden beams.

E P O D E II.

Thus, Fate, O Theron, that with bliss divine
And glory once enrich'd thy ancient line,
Again reversing every gracious deed,
Woe to thy wretched fires and shame decreed;
What time, encountering on the Phocian plain,
By luckless Oedipus was Laius slain.
To parricide by Fortune blindly led,
His father's precious life the hero shed;
Doom'd to fulfill the oracles of heaven,
To Thebes' ill-destin'd king by Pythian Phœbus given.

S T R O P H E III.

But with a fierce avenging eye
Erinnys the foul murder view'd,
And bade his warring offspring die,
By mutual rage subdued.

Pierc'd

Pierc'd by his brother's hateful steel
 Thus haughty Polynices fell.
 Thersander, born to calmer days,
 Surviv'd his falling fire,
 In youthful games to win immortal praise ;
 Renown in martial combats to acquire,
 And high in power th' Adrastian house to raise.
 Forth from this venerable root
 Ænesidamus and his Theron spring ;
 For whom I touch my Dorian flute,
 For whom triumphant strike my founding string.
 Due to his glory is th' Aonian strain,
 Whose virtue gain'd the prize in fam'd Olympia's plain.

A N T I S T R O P H E I I I .

Alone in fam'd Olympia's sand
 The victor's chaplet Theron wore ;
 But with him on the Isthmian strand,
 On sweet Castalia's shore,
 The verdant crowns, the proud reward
 Of victory, his brother shar'd,
 Copartner in immortal praise,
 As warm'd with equal zeal
 The light-foot courser's generous breed to raise,
 And whirl around the goal the fervid wheel.
 The painful strife Olympia's wreath repays :
 But wealth with nobler virtue join'd
 The means and fair occasions must procure ;
 In glory's chace must aid the mind,
 Expence, and toil, and danger to endure ;

With

With mingling rays they feed each other's flame,
And shine the brightest lamp in all the sphere of fame.

E P O D E III.

The happy mortal, who these treasures shares,
Well knows what fate attends his generous cares ;
Knows, that beyond the verge of life and light,
In the sad regions of infernal night,
The fierce, impracticable, churlish mind
Avenging gods and penal woes shall find ;
Where strict inquiring justice shall bewray
The crimes committed in the realms of day.
Th' impartial Judge the rigid law declares,
No more to be revers'd by penitence or prayers.

S T R O P H E IV.

But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus with an equal ray
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudless day,
In peaceful, unmolested joy,
The good their smiling hours employ.
Them no uneasy wants constrain
To vex th' ungrateful soil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their strength with unabating toil,
A frail disastrous being to maintain.
But in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompence of justice they receive ;
And in the fellowship of gods
Without a tear eternal ages live.

While, banish'd by the Fates from joy and rest,
Intolerable woes the impious soul infest.

A N T I S T R O P H E IV.

But they who, in true virtue strong,
The third purgation can endure ;
And keep their minds from fraudulent wrong
And guilt's contagion pure ;
They through the starry paths of Jove
To Saturn's blissful seat remove ;
Where fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the blest island from corroding cares,
And fan the bosom of each verdant plain:
Whose fertile soil immortal fruitage bears ;
Trees, from whose flaming branches flow
Array'd in golden bloom refulgent beams ;
And flowers of golden hue, that blow
On the fresh borders of their parent streams.
These, by the blest in solemn triumph worn,
Their unpolluted hands and clustering locks adorn.

E P O D E IV.

Such is the righteous will, the high behest,
Of Rhadamanthus, ruler of the blest ;
The just assessor of the throne divine,
On which, high rais'd above all gods, recline,
Link'd in the golden bands of wedded love,
The great progenitors of thundering Jove.

There,

There, in the number of the blest enroll'd,
Live Cadmus, Peleus, heroes fam'd of old;
And young Achilles, to those isles remov'd,
Soon as, by Thetis won, relenting Jove approv'd:

S T R O P H E V.

Achilles, whose resistless might
Troy's stable pillar overthrew,
The valiant Hector, firm in fight,
And hardy Cygnus flew,
And Memnon, offspring of the morn,
In torrid Æthiopia born—
Yet in my well-stor'd breast remain
Materials to supply
With copious argument my moral strain,
Whose mystic sense the wise alone descry,
Still to the vulgar sounding harsh and vain.
He only, in whose ample breast
Nature hath true inherent genius pour'd,
The praise of wisdom may contest;
Not they who, with loquacious learning stor'd,
Like crows and chattering jays, with clamorous cries
Pursue the bird of Jove, that sails along the skies.

A N T I S T R O P H E V.

Come on! thy brightest shafts prepare,
And bend, O Muse, thy sounding bow;
Say, through what paths of liquid air
Our arrows shall we throw?

On

On Agrigentum fix thine eye,
Thither let all thy quiver fly.
And thou, O Agrigentum, hear,
While, with religious dread,
And taught the laws of justice to revere,
To heavenly vengeance I devote my head,
If aught to truth repugnant now I swear,
Swear, that no state, revolving o'er
The long memorials of recorded days,
Can shew in all her boasted store
A name to parallel thy Theron's praise;
One to the acts of friendship so inclin'd,
So fam'd for bounteous deeds, and love of human kind.

E P O D E V.

Yet hath obstreperous envy sought to drown
The goodly musick of his sweet renown;
While, by some frantic spirits borne along
To mad attempts of violence and wrong,
She turn'd against him faction's raging flood,
And strove with evil deeds to conquer good.
But who can number every sandy grain
Wash'd by Sicilia's hoarse-resounding main?
Or who can Theron's generous works express,
And tell how many hearts his bounteous virtues bless!

THE

THE THIRD OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is likewise inscribed to Theron King of Agrigentum, upon the Occasion of another Victory obtained by him in the Chariot-Race at Olympia; the Date of which is unknown.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Scholiast acquaints us, that as Theron was celebrating the Theoxenia (a festival instituted by Castor and Pollux in honour of all the gods) he received the news of a victory obtained by his chariot in the Olympick Games: from this circumstance the Poet takes occasion to address this Ode to those two deities and their sister Helena, in whose temple, the same Scholiast informs us, some people with greatest probability conjectured, it was sung, at a solemn sacrifice there offered by Theron to those deities, and to Hercules, also, as may be inferred from a passage in the third Strophe of the Translation. But there is another, and a more poetical propriety in Pindar's invoking these divinities, that is suggested in the Ode itself: for, after mentioning the occasion of his composing it, namely, the Olympick victory of Theron, and saying that a triumphal song was a tribute due to that person upon whom the Hellanodick, or Judge of the Games, bestowed the sacred Olive, according

According to the institution of their first founder Hercules, he proceeds to relate the fabulous, but legendary story, of that Hero's having brought that plant originally from Scythia, the country of the Hyperboreans, to Olympia; having planted it there near the temple of Jupiter, and ordered that the victors in those games should, for the future, be crowned with the branches of this sacred tree. To this he adds, that Hercules, upon his being removed to heaven, appointed the twin-brothers, Castor and Pollux, to celebrate the Olympick Games, and execute the office of bestowing the Olive-crown upon those who obtained the victory; and now, continues Pindar, he comes a propitious guest, to this sacrifice of Theron, in company with the two sons of Leda, who, to reward the piety and zeal of Theron and his family, have given them success and glory; to the utmost limits of which he insinuates that Theron is arrived, and so concludes with affirming, that it would be in vain for any man, wise or unwise, to attempt to surpass him.

T O

THERON KING OF AGRIGENTUM.

S T R O P H E I.

W H I L E to the fame of Agragas I fing,
 For Theron wake th' Olympick string,
 And with Aonian garlands grace
 His steeds unwearied in the race,
 O may the hospitable twins of Jove,
 And bright-hair'd Helena, the song approve !
 For this the Muse bestow'd her aid,
 As in new measures I essay'd
 To harmonize the tuneful words,
 And set to Dorian airs my sounding chords.

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

And lo ! the conquering steeds, whose tossing heads
 Olympia's verdant wreath bespreads,
 The Muse-imparted tribute claim,
 Due, Theron, to thy glorious name ;
 And bid me temper in their master's praise
 The flute, the warbling lyre, and melting lays.
 Lo ! Pifa too the song requires !
 Elean Pifa, that inspires
 The glowing Bard with eager care
 His heaven-directed present to prepare :

E P O D E I.

The present offer'd to his virtuous fame,
 On whose enobled brows
 The righteous umpire of the sacred game,
 Th' Ætolian judge, bestows
 The darksome olive, studious to fulfill
 The mighty founder's will,
 Who this fair ensign of Olympick toil
 From distant Scythia's fruitful soil,
 And Hyperborean Ister's woody shore,
 With fair entreaties gain'd, to Grecian Elis bore.

S T R O P H E II.

The blameless servants of the Delphick God
 With joy the valued gifts bestow'd;
 Mov'd by the friendly chief to grant,
 On terms of peace, the sacred plant,
 Destin'd at once to shade Jove's honour'd shrine
 And crown heroick worth with wreaths divine.
 For now full-orb'd the wandering moon
 In plenitude of brightness shone,
 And on the spacious eye of night
 Pour'd all the radiance of her golden light:

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

Now on Jove's altars blaz'd the hallow'd flames,
 And now were fix'd the mighty games,
 Again, when e'er the circling sun,
 Four times his annual course had run,
 Their period to renew, and shine again
 On Alpheus' craggy shores and Pisa's plain:

But

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But subject all the region lay
To the fierce sun's insulting ray,
While upon Pelops' burning vale
No shade arose his fury to repell.

E P O D E II.

Then traversing the hills, whose jutting base
Indents Arcadia's meads,
To where the virgin goddess of the chace
Impells her foaming steeds,
To Scythian Ister he directs his way,
Doom'd by his father to obey
The rigid pleasures of Mycenæ's king,
And thence the rapid hind to bring,
Whom, sacred present for the Orthian maid,
With horns of branching gold, Tägeta array'd.

S T R O P H E III.

There as the longsome chace the chief pursued,
The spacious Scythian plains he view'd;
A land beyond the chilling blast
And northern caves of Boreas cast:
There too the groves of olive he survey'd,
And gaz'd with rapture on the pleasing shade,
Thence by the wondering hero borne
The goals of Elis to adorn.
And now to Theron's sacred feast
With Leda's twins he comes, propitious guest!

ANTISTROPHE III.

To Leda's twins (when heaven's divine abodes
He fought, and mingled with the gods)
He gave th' illustrious Games to hold,
And crown the swift, the strong, and bold.
Then, Muse, to Theron and his house proclaim
The joyous tidings of success and fame,
By Leda's twins bestow'd to grace,
Emmenides, thy pious race,
Who, mindful of heaven's high behests,
With strictest zeal observe their holy feasts.

EPODE III.

As water's vital streams all things surpass,
As gold's all-worship'd ore
Holds amid fortune's stores the highest class;
So to that distant shore,
To where the pillars of Alcides rise,
Fame's utmost boundaries,
Theron, pursuing his successful way,
Hath deck'd with glory's brightest ray
His lineal virtues.—Farther to attain,
Wife, and unwise, with me despair: th' attempt were
vain.

THE

THE FIFTH OLYMPICK ODE.

THIS Ode is inscribed to Psaumis of Camarina (a town in Sicily, who, in the eighty-second Olympiad, obtained three victories; one in the race of chariots drawn by four horses; a second in the race of the Apené, or chariot drawn by mules, and a third in the race of single horses.

Some people (it seems) have doubted, whether this Ode be Pindar's, for certain reasons, which, together with the arguments on the other side, the learned reader may find in the Oxford edition and others of this author; where it is clearly proved to be genuine. But, besides the reasons there given for doubting if this Ode be Pindar's, there is another (though not mentioned, as I know of, by any one) which may have helped to bias people in their judgment upon this question. I shall therefore beg leave to consider it a little, because what I shall say upon that head, will tend to illustrate both the meaning and the method of Pindar in this Ode. In the Greek editions of this Author there are two Odes (of which this is the second) inscribed to the same Psaumis, and dated both in the same Olympiad. But they differ from each other in several particulars, as well in the matter as the manner. In the second Ode, notice is taken of three victories obtained by Psaumis; in the first, of only one, viz. that ob-

tained by him in the race of chariots drawn by four horses : in the second, not only the city of Camarina, but the lake of the same name, many rivers adjoining to it, and some circumstances relating to the present state, and the rebuilding of that city (which had been destroyed by the Syracusians some years before) are mentioned ; whereas in the first, Camarina is barely named, as the country of the conqueror, and as it were out of form : from all which I conclude, that these two Odes were composed to be sung at different times, and in different places ; the first at Olympia, immediately upon Psaumis's being proclaimed conqueror in the chariot-race, and before he obtained his other two victories. This may with great probability be inferred, as well from no mention being there made of those two victories, as from the prayer which the poet subjoins immediately to his account of the first, viz. that heaven would in like manner be favourable to the rest of the victor's wishes ; which prayer, though it be in general words, and one frequently used by Pindar in other of his Odes, yet has a peculiar beauty and propriety, if taken to relate to the other two exercises, in which Psaumis was still to contend ; and in which he afterwards came off victorious. That it was the custom for a conqueror, at the time of his being proclaimed, to be attended by a chorus, who sung a song of triumph in honour of his victory, I have observed in the Dissertation prefixed to these

these Odes*. In the second, there are so many marks of its having been made to be sung at the triumphal entry of Psaumis into his own country, and those so evident, that, after this hint given, the reader cannot help observing them as he goes through the Ode. I shall therefore say nothing more of them in this place; but that they tend, by shewing for what occasion this Ode was calculated, to confirm what I said relating to the other; and jointly with that to prove, that there is no reason to conclude from there being two Odes inscribed to the same person, and dated in the same Olympiad, that the latter is not Pindar's, especially as it appears, both in the style and spirit, altogether worthy of him.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet begins with addressing himself to Camarina, a sea nymph, from whom the city and lake were both named, to bespeak a favourable reception of his Ode, a present which he tells her was made to her by Psaumis, who rendered her city illustrious at the Olympick Games; where having obtained three victories, he consecrated his fame to Camarina, by ordering the herald, when he proclaimed him conqueror, to style him of that city. This he did at Olympia; but now, continues Pindar, upon his coming home, he is more particular, and inserts in

* See Mr. West's Preface, p. 126.

his triumphal song the names of the principal places and rivers belonging to Camarina; from whence the Poet takes occasion to speak of the rebuilding of that city, which was done about this time, and of the state of glory, to which, out of her low and miserable condition, she was now brought by the means of Pfaumis, and by the lustre cast on her by his victories; victories (says he) not to be obtained without much labour and expence, the usual attendants of great and glorious actions; but the man who succeeded in such-like undertakings, was sure to be rewarded with the love and approbation of his country. The Poet then addresses himself to Jupiter in a prayer, beseeching him to adorn the city and state of Camarina with virtue and glory; and to grant to the victor Pfaumis a joyful and contented old age, and the happiness of dying before his children: after which he concludes with an exhortation to Pfaumis, to be contented with his condition; which he insinuates was as happy as that of a mortal could be, and it was to no purpose for him to wish to be a god.

S T R O P H E.

FAIR Camarina, daughter of the main,
 With gracious smiles this choral song receive,
 Sweet fruit of virtuous toils; whose noble strain
 Shall to th' Olympick wreath new lustre give:

This

This Psaumis, whom on Alpheus' shore
 With unabating speed
 The harness'd mules to conquest bore,
 This gift to thee decreed;

Thee, Camarina, whose well-peopled towers
 Thy Psaumis render'd great in fame,
 When to the twelve Olympian powers
 He fed with victims the triumphal flame.

When, the double altars round,
 Slaughter'd Bulls bestrew'd the ground;
 When, on five selected days,
 Jove survey'd the list of praise;
 While along the dusty course
 Psaumis urg'd his straining horse,
 Or beneath the social yoke
 Made the well-match'd coursers smoke;
 Or around th' Elean goal
 Taught his mule-drawn car to roll.

Then did the victor dedicate his fame
 To thee, and bade the herald's voice proclaim
 Thy new-establish'd walls, and Acron's honour'd name.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

But now return'd from where the pleasant seat
 Once of Oenomaus and Pelops stood,
 Thee, Civick Pallas, and thy chaste retreat,
 He bids me sing, and fair Oanus' flood,

And

And Camarina's sleeping wave,
 And those sequester'd shores,
 Through which the thirsty town to lave
 Smooth flow the watery stores
 Of fishy Hipparis, profoundest stream,
 Adown whose wood-envelop'd tide
 The solid pile and lofty beam,
 Materials for the future palace, glide.
 Thus, by war's rude tempests torn,
 Plung'd in misery and scorn,
 Once again, with power array'd,
 Camarina lifts her head,
 Gayly brightening in the blaze,
 Pfaumis, of thy hard-earn'd praise.
 Trouble, care, expence, attend
 Him who labours to ascend
 Where, approaching to the skies,
 Virtue holds the sacred prize,
 That tempts him to atchieve the dangerous deed:
 But, if his well-concerted toils succeed,
 His country's just applause shall be his glorious meed.

E P O D E.

O Jove! protector of mankind!
 O cloud-enthroned king of gods!
 Who, on the Chronian mount reclin'd,
 With honour crown'ft the wide-stream'd floods
 Of Alpheus, and the solemn gloom
 Of Ida's cave! to thee I come

Thy

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Thy suppliant, to soft Lydian reeds,
Sweet breathing forth my tuneful prayer,
That, grac'd with noble, valiant deeds,
This state may prove thy guardian care;
And thou, on whose victorious brow
Olympia bound the sacred bough,
Thou whom Neptunian steeds delight,
With age, content, and quiet crown'd,
Calm may'st thou sink to endless night,
Thy children, Psaumis, weeping round.
And since the gods have given thee fame and wealth,
Join'd with that prime of earthly treasures, health,
Enjoy the blessings they to man assign,
Nor fondly sigh for happiness divine.

T H E

THE SEVENTH OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Diagoras, the son of Damagetus of Rhodes, who in the Seventy-ninth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exercise of the cæstus. This Ode was in such esteem among the ancients, that it was deposited in a temple of Minerva, written in letters of gold.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet begins this noble song of triumph with a simile, by which he endeavours to shew his great esteem for those who obtain the victory in the Olympick and other games; as also the value of the present that he makes them upon that occasion; a present always acceptable, because fame and praise is that which delights all mortals; wherefore the Muse, says he, is perpetually looking about for proper objects to bestow it upon; and seeing the great actions of Diagoras, takes up a resolution of celebrating him, the Isle of Rhodes his country, and his father Damagetus (according to the form observed by the herald in proclaiming the conquerors); Damagetus, and consequently Diagoras, being descended from Tlepolemus, who led over a colony of Grecians from Argos to Rhodes, where he settled, and obtained the dominion of that island. From Tlepolemus, therefore, Pindar declares he will deduce his song; which he addresses to all the Rhodians in common

mon with Diagoras, who were descended from Tlepolemus, or from those Grecians that came over with him; that is, almost all the people of Rhodes, who indeed are as much (if not more) interested in the greatest part of this Ode, as Diagoras the conqueror. Pindar accordingly relates the occasion of Tlepolemus's coming to Rhodes, which he tells was in obedience to an oracle, that commanded him to seek out that island; which, instead of telling us its name, Pindar, in a more poetical manner, characterizes by relating of it some legendary stories (if I may so speak) that were peculiar to the isle of Rhodes; such as the Golden Shower, and the occasion of Apollo's chusing that island for himself; both which stories he relates at large with such a flame of Poetry as shews his imagination to have been extremely heated and elevated with his subjects. Neither does he seem to cool in the short account that he gives, in the next place, of the passion of Apollo for the Nymph Rhodos, from whom the island received its name, and from whom were descended its original inhabitants (whom just before the Poet therefore called the sons of Apollo): and particularly the three brothers, Camirus, Lindus, and Jalyfus; who divided that country into three kingdoms, and built the three principal cities which retained their names. In this island Tlepolemus (says the Poet, returning to the story of that hero) found rest, and a period to all his misfortunes, and at length grew into such esteem with the Rhodians, that they worshiped him as a God, appointing sacri-

sacrifices to him, and instituting games in his honour. The mention of those games naturally brings back the Poet to Diagoras; and gives him occasion, from the two victories obtained by Diagoras in those games, to enumerate all the prizes won by that famous conqueror in all the games of Greece: after which enumeration, he begs of Jupiter, in a solemn prayer, to grant Diagoras the love of his country, and the admiration of all the world, as a reward for the many virtues for which he and his family had always been distinguished, and for which their country had so often triumphed: and then, as if he had been a witness of the extravagant transports of the Rhodians (to which, not the festival only occasioned by the triumphal entry of their countryman, and the glory reflected upon them by his victories, but much more the flattering and extraordinary eulogiums bestowed upon the whole nation in this Ode, might have given birth), the Poet on a sudden changes his hand, and checks their pride by a moral reflection on the vicissitude of fortune, with which he exhorts them to moderation, and so concludes.

HEROIC STANZAS.

I.

AS when a father in the golden vase,
 The pride and glory of his wealthy stores,
 Bent his lov'd daughter's nuptial torch to grace,
 The vineyard's purple dews profusely pours;

II.

Then to his lips the foaming chalice rears,
 With blessings hallow'd, and auspicious vows,
 And, mingling with the draught transporting tears,
 On the young bridegroom the rich gift bestows;

III.

The precious earnest of esteem sincere,
 Of friendly union and connubial love:
 The bridal train the sacred pledge revere,
 And round the youth in sprightly measures move.

IV.

He to his home the valued present bears,
 The grace and ornament of future feasts;
 Where, as his father's bounty he declares,
 Wonder shall seize the gratulating guests.

V.

Thus on the valiant, on the swift, and strong,
 Castalia's genuine nectar I bestow;
 And, pouring forth the Muse-descended song,
 Bid to their praises the rich numbers flow.

VI.

Grateful to them resounds th' harmonick Ode,
 The gift of friendship and the pledge of fame.
 Happy the mortal, whom th' Aonian God
 Cheers with the musick of a glorious name!

VII.

The Muse her piercing glances throws around,
 And quick discovers every worthy deed:
 And now she wakes the lyre's enchanting sound,
 Now fills with various strains the vocal reed:

VIII. But

VII.

But here each instrument of song divine,
The vocal reed and lyre's enchanting string,
She tunes; and bids their harmony combine
Thee, and thy Rhodes, Diagoras, to sing;

IX.

Thee and thy country, native of the flood,
Which from bright Rhodos draws her honour'd name,
Fair nymph, whose charms subdued the Delphic God,
Fair blooming daughter of the Cyprian dame:

X.

To sing thy triumphs in th' Olympick sand,
Where Alpheus saw thy giant-temples crown'd;
Fam'd Pythia too proclaim'd thy conquering hand,
Where sweet Castalia's mystic currents sound.

XI.

Nor Damagetus will I pass unsung,
Thy fire, the friend of Justice and of Truth;
From noble ancestors whose lineage sprung,
The chiefs who led to Rhodes the Argive youth.

XII.

There near to Asia's wide-extended strand,
Where jutting Embolus the waves divides,
In three divisions they possess'd the land,
Enthron'd amid the hoarse-resounding tides.

XIII.

To their descendants will I tune my lyre,
The offspring of Alcides bold and strong;
And from Tlepolemus, their common fire,
Deduce the national historick song.

XIV. Tlepole.

XIV.

Tlepolemus of great Alcides came,
 The fruits of fair Aftydameïa's love,
 Jove-born Amyntor got the Argive dame:
 So either lineage is deriv'd from Jove.

XV.

But wrapt in error is the human mind,
 And human blifs is ever infecure:
 Know we what fortune yet remains behind?
 Know we how long the present fhall endure?

XVI.

For lo! the * founder of the Rhodian ftate,
 Who from Saturnian Jove his being drew,
 While his fell bofom fwelld with vengeful hate,
 The baftard-brother of Alcmena flew.

XVII.

With his rude mace, in fair Tiryntha's walls,
 Tlepolemus inflicts the horrid wound:
 Ev'n at his mother's door Licymnius falls,
 Yet warm from her embrace, and bites the ground.

XVIII.

Paflion may oft the wifeft heart furprize:
 Confcious and trembling for the murderous deed,
 To Delphi's Oracle the hero flies,
 Sollicitous to learn what Heaven decreed.

* Tlepolemus.

XIX.

Him bright-hair'd Phœbus, from his odorous fane,
Bade set his flying sails from Lerna's shore,
And, in the bosom of the Eastern Main,
That sea-girt region hasten to explore;

XX.

That blissful island, where a wonderous cloud
Once rain'd, at Jove's command, a golden shower;
What time, assisted by the Lemnian God,
The King of Heaven brought forth the Virgin Power.

XXI.

By Vulcan's art the father's teeming head
Was open'd wide, and forth impetuous sprung,
And shouted fierce and loud, the warrior Maid:
Old Mother Earth and Heaven affrighted rung.

XXII.

Then Hyperion's son, pure fount of day,
Did to his children the strange tale reveal:
He warn'd them strait the sacrifice to slay,
And worship the young Power with earliest zeal.

XXIII.

So would they sooth the mighty father's mind,
Pleas'd with the honours to his daughter paid;
And so propitious ever would they find
Minerva, warlike, formidable maid.

XXIV.

On staid precaution, vigilant and wise,
True virtue and true happiness depend;
But oft Oblivion's darkening clouds arise,
And from the destin'd scope our purpose bend.

XXV. The

XXV.

The Rhodians, mindful of their fire's behest,
 Strait in the citadel an altar rear'd;
 But with imperfect rites the power address'd,
 And without fire their sacrifice prepar'd.

XXVI.

Yet Jove approving o'er th' assembly spread
 A yellow cloud, that dropp'd with golden dews;
 While in their opening hearts the blue-ey'd maid
 Deign'd her celestial science to infuse.

XXVII.

Thence in all arts the sons of Rhodes excel,
 Though best their forming hands the chissel guide;
 This in each street the breathing marbles tell,
 The stranger's wonder, and the city's pride.

XXVIII.

Great praise the works of Rhodian artists find,
 Yet to their heavenly mistress much they owe;
 Since art and learning cultivate the mind,
 And make the seeds of genius quicker grow.

XXIX.

Some say, that when by lot th' immortal gods
 With Jove these earthly regions did divide,
 All undiscover'd lay Phœbean Rhodes,
 Whelm'd deep beneath the salt Carpathian tide;

XXX.

That, absent on his course, the God of Day
 By all the heavenly synod was forgot,
 Who, his incessant labours to repay,
 Nor land nor sea to Phœbus did allot;

XXXI.

That Jove reminded would again renew
Th' unjust partition, but the God deny'd;
And said, beneath yon hoary furge I view
An isle emerging through the briny tide:

XXXII.

A region pregnant with the fertile seed
Of plants, and herbs, and fruits, and foodful grain;
Each verdant hill unnumber'd flocks shall feed;
Unnumber'd men possess each flowery plain.

XXXIII.

Then strait to Lachesis he gave command,
Who binds in golden cauls her jetty hair;
He bade the fatal sister stretch her hand,
And by the Stygian rivers bade her swear;

XXXIV.

Swear to confirm the Thunderer's decree,
Which to his rule that fruitful island gave,
When from the ouzy bottom of the sea
Her head she rear'd above the Lycian wave.

XXXV.

The fatal sister swore, nor swore in vain;
Nor did the tongue of Delphi's Prophet err;
Up-sprung the blooming island through the main;
And Jove on Phœbus did the boon confer.

XXXVI.

In this fam'd isle, the radiant fire of light,
The god whose reins the fiery steeds obey,
Fair Rhodos saw, and, kindling at the sight,
Seiz'd, and by force enjoy'd the beauteous prey:

XXXVII. From

XXXVII.

From whose divine embraces sprung a race
Of mortals, wisest of all human-kind ;
Seven sons, endow'd with every noble grace ;
The noble graces of a sapient mind.

XXXVIII.

Of these Ialysus and Lindus came,
Who with Camirus shar'd the Rhodian lands ;
Apart they reign'd, and sacred to his name
Apart each brother's royal city stands.

XXXIX.

Here a secure retreat from all his woes
Astydamia's hapless offspring found ;
Here, like a God in undisturb'd repose,
And like a God with heavenly honours crown'd,

XL.

His priests and blazing altars he surveys,
And hecatombs, that feed the odorous flame ;
With games, memorial of his deathless praise ;
Where twice, Diagoras, unmatch'd in fame,

XLI.

Twice on thy head the livid poplar shone,
Mix'd with the darksome pine, that binds the brows
Of Isthmian victors, and the Nemean crown,
And every palm that Attica bestows.

XLII.

Diagoras th' Arcadian vase obtain'd ;
Argos to him adjudg'd her brazen shield ;
His mighty hands the Theban tripod gain'd,
And bore the prize from each Boeotian field.

XLIII.

Six times in rough Ægina he prevail'd;
 As oft Pellene's robe of honour won;
 And still at Megara in vain assail'd,
 He with his name hath fill'd the victor's stone.

XLIV.

O thou, who, high on Atabyrius thron'd,
 See'st from his summits all this happy isle,
 By thy protection be my labours crown'd;
 Vouchsafe, Saturnius, on my verse to smile!

XLV.

And grant to him, whose virtue is my theme,
 Whose valiant heart th' Olympick wreaths proclaim,
 At home his country's favour and esteem,
 Abroad, eternal, universal fame.

XLVI.

For well to thee Diagoras is known;
 Ne'er to injustice have his paths declin'd:
 Nor from his fires degenerates the son;
 Whose precepts and examples fire his mind.

XLVII.

Then from obscurity preserve a race,
 Who to their country joy and glory give;
 Their country, that in them views every grace,
 Which from their great forefathers they receive.

XLVIII.

Yet as the gales of Fortune various blow,
 To-day tempestuous, and to-morrow fair,
 Due bounds, ye Rhodians, let your transports know;
 Perhaps to-morrow comes a storm of care.

THE

THE ELEVENTH OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Agefidamus of Locris, who, in the Seventy-fourth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exercise of the Cæstus, and in the class of boys.

The preceding Ode in the original is inscribed to the same person; and in that we learn, that Pindar had for a long time promised Agefidamus an Ode upon his victory, which he at length paid him, acknowledging himself to blame for having been so long in his debt. To make him some amends for having delayed payment so long, he sent him by way of interest together with the preceding Ode, which is of some length, the short one that is here translated, and which in the Greek title is for that reason styled τὸν or interest.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet, by two comparisons, with which he begins his Ode, insinuates how acceptable to successful merit those songs of triumph are, which give stability and duration to their fame: then declaring that these songs are due to the Olympick Conquerors, he proceeds to celebrate the victory of Agefidamus, and the praises of the Locrians, his countrymen, whom he commends for their having been always reputed a brave, wise, and hospitable nation; from whence he insinuates, that their virtues being hereditary

ditary and innate, there was no more likelihood of their departing from them, than there was of the fox and lion's changing their natures.

S T R O P H E.

TO wind-bound mariners most welcome blow
The breezy zephyrs through the whistling
 frouds:

Most welcome to the thirsty mountains flow
 Soft showers, the pearly daughters of the clouds;
And when on virtuous toils the gods bestow
 Success, most welcome found mellifluous odes,
Whose numbers ratify the voice of Fame,
And to illustrious worth insure a lasting name.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

Such fame, superior to the hostile dart
 Of canker'd envy, Pisa's Chiefs attends.
Fain would my Muse th' immortal boon impart,
 Th' immortal boon which from high Heaven
 descends.
And now inspir'd by Heaven thy valiant heart,
 Agefidamus, she to Fame commends:
Now adds the ornament of tuneful praise,
And decks thy olive-crown with sweetly-sounding lays.

E P O D E.

But while thy bold atchievements I rehearse,
 Thy youthful victory in Pisa's sand,
With thee partaking in the friendly verse
 Not unregarded shall thy Locris stand.

Then

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Then haste, ye Muses, join the choral band
Of festive youths upon the Locrian plain ;
To an unciviliz'd and savage land
Think not I now invite your virgin train,
Where barbarous ignorance and foul disdain
Of social Virtue's hospitable lore
Prompts the unmanner'd and inhuman swain
To drive the stranger from his churlish door.
A nation shall ye find, renown'd of yore
For martial valour and for worthy deeds ;
Rich in a vast and unexhausted store
Of innate wisdom, whose prolific seeds
Spring in each age. So Nature's laws require :
And the great laws of Nature ne'er expire.
Unchang'd the lion's valiant race remains,
And all his father's wiles the youthful fox retains.

THE

THE TWELFTH OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Ergoteles the Son of Philanor of Himera, who, in the Seventy-seventh Olympiad, gained the prize in the Foot-Race called Dolichos or the Long Course.

A R G U M E N T.

Ergoteles was originally of Crete, but being driven from thence by the fury of a prevailing faction, he retired to Himera, a town of Sicily, where he was honourably received, and admitted to the freedom of the city; after which he had the happiness to obtain, what the Greeks esteemed the highest pitch of glory, the Olympick Crown. Pausanias says he gained two Olympick Crowns; and the same number in each of the other three sacred Games, the Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean. From these remarkable vicissitudes of Fortune in the life of Ergoteles, Pindar takes occasion to address himself to that powerful directress of all human affairs, imploring her protection for Himera, the adopted country of Ergoteles. Then, after describing in general terms the universal influence of that deity upon all the actions of mankind, the uncertainty of events, and the vanity of Hope, ever fluctuating in
igno-

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ignorance and error, he assigns a reason for that vanity, viz. That the gods have not given to mortal men any certain evidence of their future fortunes, which often happen to be the very reverse both of their hopes and fears. Thus, says he, it happened to Ergoteles, whose very misfortunes were to him the occasion of happiness and glory; since, had he not been banished from his country, he had probably passed his life in obscurity, and wasted in domestick broils and quarrels that strength and activity, which his more peaceful situation at Himera enabled him to improve, and employ for the obtaining the Olympick crown.

This Ode, one of the shortest, is, at the same time, in its order and connection, the clearest and most compact of any to be met with in Pindar.

S T R O P H E.

DAUGHTER of Eleutherian Jove,

To thee my supplications I prefer !

For potent Himera my suit I move ;

Protectress fortune, hear !

Thy deity along the pathless main

In her wild course the rapid vessel guides ;

Rules the fierce conflict on th' embattled plain,

And in deliberating states presides.

Toss'd by thy uncertain gale

On the seas of error fail

Human

Human hopes, now mounting high
 On the swelling surge of joy ;
 Now with unexpected woe
 Sinking to the depths below.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

For sure presage of things to come
 None yet on mortals have the gods bestow'd ;
 Nor of futurity's impervious gloom
 Can wisdom pierce the cloud.
 Oft our most sanguine views th' event deceives,
 And veils in sudden grief the smiling ray :
 Oft, when with woe the mournful bosom heaves,
 Caught in a storm of anguish and dismay,
 Pass some fleeting moments by,
 All at once the tempests fly :
 Instant shifts the clouded scene ;
 Heaven renews its smiles serene ;
 And on Joy's untroubled tides
 Smooth to port the vessel glides.

E P O D E.

* Son of Philanor ! in the secret shade
 Thus had thy speed unknown to fame decay'd ;
 Thus, like the † crested bird of Mars, at home
 Engag'd in foul domestick jars,
 And wasted with intestine wars,

* Ergoteles.

† The cock.

Inglorious

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Inglorious hadst thou spent thy vigorous bloom ;
Had not sedition's civil broils
Expell'd thee from thy native Crete,
And driven thee with more glorious toils
Th' Olympick crown in Pisa's plain to meet.
With olive now, with Pythian laurels grac'd,
And the dark chaplets of the Isthmian pine,
In Himera's adopted city plac'd,
To all, Ergoteles, thy honours shine,
And raise her lustre by imparting thine.

THE

THE FOURTEENTH OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Asophicus, the Son of Cleodemus of Orchomenus ; who, in the Seventy-sixth Olympiad, gained the victory in the simple Foot-Race, and in the Class of Boys.

A R G U M E N T.

ORCHOMENUS, a city of Bœotia, and the country of the victor Asophicus, being under the protection of the Graces, her tutelary deities, to them Pindar addresses this Ode ; which was probably sung in the very temple of those goddesses, at a sacrifice offered by Asophicus on occasion of his victory. The Poet begins this invocation with stiling the Graces queens of Orchomenus, and guardians of the children of Minyas, the first king of that city ; whose fertile territories, he says, were by lot assigned to their protection. Then, after describing in general the properties and operations of these deities, both in earth and heaven, he proceeds to call upon each of them by name to assist at the singing of this Ode ; which was made, he tells them, to celebrate the victory of Asophicus, in the glory of which Orchomenus had her share. Then addressing himself to Echo, a nymph that formerly resided on the banks of Cephissus, a river of that country,

country, he charges her to repair to the mansion of Proserpine, and impart to Cleodemus, the father of Asophticus (who from hence appears to have been dead at that time) the happy news of his son's victory; and so concludes.

MONOSTROPHAIK.

STROPHE I.

YE powers, o'er all the flowery meads,
Where deep Cephifus rolls his lucid tide,
Allotted to preſide,

And haunt the plains renown'd for beauteous ſteeds,

Queens of Orchomenus the fair,

And ſacred guardians of the ancient line

Of Minyas divine,

Hear, O ye Graces, and regard my prayer!

All that's ſweet and pleaſing here

Mortals from your hands receive:

Splendor ye and fame confer,

Genius, wit, and beauty give.

Nor, without your ſhining train,

Ever on th' æthereal plain

In harmonious meaſures move

The celeftial choirs above;

When the figur'd dance they lead,

Or the nectar'd banquet ſpread.

But with thrones immortal grac'd,

And by Pythian Phœbus plac'd,

Ordering

Ordering through the blest abodes
 All the splendid works of gods,
 Sit the sisters in a ring,
 Round the golden-shafted king :
 And with reverential love
 Worshiping th' Olympian throne,
 The majestick brow of Jove,
 With unfading honours crown.

S T R O P H E II.

Aglaia, graceful virgin, hear !
 And thou, Euphrosyne, whose ear
 Delighted listens to the warbled strain !
 Bright daughters of Olympian Jove,
 The best, the greatest power above ;
 With your illustrious presence deign
 To grace our choral song !
 Whose notes to victory's glad sound
 In wanton measures lightly bound.
 Thalia, come along !
 Come, tuneful maid ! for, lo ! my string
 With meditated skill prepares
 In softly soothing Lydian airs
 Asophicus to sing ;
 Asophicus, whose speed by thee sustain'd
 The wreath for his Orchomenus obtain'd.
 Go then, sportive Echo, go,
 To the sable dome below,

Proserpine's

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Proserpine's black dome, repair,
There to Cleodemus bear
Tidings of immortal fame :
Tell, how in the rapid game
O'er Pifa's vale his son victorious fled ;
Tell, for thou saw'st him bear away
The winged honours of the day ;
And deck'd with wreaths of fame his youthful head.

THE FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Hiero of Ætna, King of Syracuse, who, in the Twenty-ninth Pythiad, (which answers to the seventy-eighth Olympiad) gained the victory in the Chariot-Race.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet, addressing himself in the first place to his harp, launches out immediately into a description of the wonderful effects produced in heaven by the enchanting harmony of that divine instrument, when played upon by Apollo, and accompanied by the Muses; these effects, says he, are to celestial minds delight and rapture; but the contrary to the wicked, who cannot hear, without horror, this heavenly music. Having mentioned the wicked, he falls into an account of the punishment of Typhœus, an impious giant; who, having presumed to defy Jupiter, was by him cast into Tartarus, and then chained under Mount Ætna, whose fiery eruptions he ascribes to this giant, whom he therefore styles Vulcanian Monster. The description of these eruptions of Mount Ætna, he closes with a short prayer to Jupiter, who had a temple upon that mountain, and from thence passes to, what indeed is more properly the subject of this Ode, the Pythian victory of Hiero. This part of the Poem is connected with what went before by the means of Ætna, a city built by Hiero, and

and named after the mountain in whose neighbourhood it stood. Hiero had ordered himself to be styled of Ætna by the herald who proclaimed his victory in the Pythian Games; from which glorious beginning, says Pindar, the happy city presages to herself all kinds of glory and felicity for the future. Then addressing himself to Apollo, the patron of the Pythian Games, he beseeches him to make the citizens of Ætna great and happy; all human excellencies being the gifts of heaven. To Hiero, in like manner, he wishes felicity and prosperity for the future, not to be disturbed by the return or remembrance of any past afflictions. The toils indeed and troubles which Hiero had undergone, before he and his brother Gelo obtained the sovereignty of Syracuse, having been crowned with success, will doubtless, says Pindar, recur often to his memory with great delight: and then taking notice of the condition of Hiero, who, it seems, being at that time troubled with the stone, was carried about in the army in a litter, or chariot, he compares him to Philoctetes: this hero, having been wounded in the foot by one of Hercules's arrows, staid in Lemnos to get cured of his wound; but it being decreed by the Fates, that Troy should not be taken without those arrows, of which Philoctetes had the possession, the Greeks fetched him from Lemnos, lame and wounded as he was, and carried him to the siege. As Hiero resembled Philoctetes in one point, may he also, adds the Poet, resemble him in another, and re-

cover his health by the assistance of a divinity. Then addressing himself to Dinomenes, the son of Hiero, whom that prince intended to make king of Ætna, he enters into an account of the colony, which Hiero had settled in that city: the people of this colony being originally descended from Sparta, were, at their own request, governed by the laws of that famous commonwealth. To this account Pindar subjoins a prayer to Jupiter, imploring him to grant that both the king and people of Ætna may, by answerable deeds, maintain the glory and splendor of their race; and that Hiero, and his son Dinomenes, taught to govern by the precepts of his father, may be able to dispose their minds to peace and unity. For this purpose, continues he, do thou, O Jupiter, prevent the Carthaginians and the Tuscans from invading Sicily any more, by recalling to their minds the great losses they had lately sustained from the valour of Hiero and his brothers; into a more particular detail of whose courage and virtue, Pindar insinuates he would gladly enter, was he not afraid of being too prolix and tedious; a fault which is apt to breed in the reader satiety and disgust; and though, continues he, excessive fame produces often the same effects in envious minds, yet do not thou, O Hiero! upon that consideration, omit doing any great or good action; it being far better to be envied than to be pitied. With this, and some precepts useful to all kings in general, and others more peculiarly adapted to the temple of Hiero, whom, as
he

he was somewhat inclined to avarice, he encourages to acts of generosity and munificence, from the consideration of the fame accruing to the princes of that character, and the infamy redounding to tyrants, he concludes; winding up all with observing, that the first of all human blessings consists in being virtuous; the second in being praised; and that he, who has the happiness to enjoy both these at the same time, is arrived at the highest point of earthly felicity.

DECADE I.

HAIL, golden lyre! whose heaven-invented string
To Phœbus and the black-hair'd Nine belongs;
Who in sweet chorus round their tuneful king
Mix with thy sounding chords their sacred songs.
The dance, gay queen of pleasure, thee attends;
Thy jocund strains her listening feet inspire:
And each melodious tongue its voice suspends
Till thou, great leader of the heavenly quire,
With wanton art preluding giv'st the sign—
Swells the full concert then with harmony divine.

DECADE II.

Then, of their streaming lightnings all disarm'd,
The smouldering thunderbolts of Jove expire:
Then, by the musick of thy Numbers charm'd,
The birds' fierce monarch * drops his vengeful ire;

* The eagle.

O 3

Perch'd

Perch'd on the sceptre of th' Olympian king,
 The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
 And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
 While gentle sleep his closing eyelid seals;
 And o'er his heaving limbs in loose array
 To every balmy gale the ruffling feathers play.

D E C A D E III.

Ev'n Mars, stern god of violence and war,
 Soothes with thy lulling strains his furious breast,
 And, driving from his heart each bloody care,
 His pointed lance consigns to peaceful rest.
 Nor less enraptur'd each immortal mind
 Owns the soft influence of enchanting song,
 When, in melodious symphony combin'd,
 Thy son, Latona, and the tuneful throng
 Of Muses, skill'd in wisdom's deepest lore,
 The subtle powers of verse and harmony explore.

D E C A D E IV.

But they, on earth, or the devouring main,
 Whom righteous Jove with detestation views,
 With envious horror hear the heavenly strain,
 Exil'd from praise, from virtue, and the Muse.
 Such is Typhœus, impious foe of gods,
 Whose hundred-headed form Cilicia's cave
 Once foster'd in her infamous abodes;
 Till daring with presumptuous arms to brave
 The might of thundering Jove, subdued he fell,
 Plung'd in the horrid dungeons of profoundest hell.

D E C A D E

DECADE V.

Now under sulphurous Cuma's sea-bound coast,
And vast Sicilia lies his shaggy breast;
By snowy *Ætna*, nurse of endless frost,

The pillar'd prop of heaven, for ever press'd :
Forth from whose nitrous caverns issuing rise

Pure liquid fountains of tempestuous fire,
And veil in ruddy mists the noon-day skies,

While wrapt in smoke the eddying flames aspire,
Or gleaming through the night with hideous roar
Far o'er the reddening main huge rocky fragments pour.

DECADE VI.

But he, Vulcanian Monster, to the clouds

The fiercest, hottest inundations throws,
While, with the burthen of incumbent woods

And *Ætna*'s gloomy cliffs o'erwhelm'd, he glows.
There on his flinty bed out-stretch'd he lies,

Whose pointed rock his tossing carcase wounds :
There with dismay he strikes beholding eyes,

Or frights the distant ear with horrid sounds.

O save us from thy wrath, Sicilian Jove !

Thou, that here reign'st, ador'd in *Ætna*'s sacred grove !

DECADE VII.

Ætna, fair forehead of this fruitful land !

Whose borrow'd name adorns the royal town,
Rais'd by illustrious Hiero's generous hand,

And render'd glorious with his high renown.

By Pythian heralds were her praises sung,
 When Hiero triumph'd in the dusty course,
 When sweet Castalio with applauses rung,
 And glorious laurels crown'd the conquering horse.
 The happy city for her future days
 Prefages hence increase of victory and praise.

D E C A D E VIII.

Thus when the mariners to prosperous winds,
 The port forsaking, spread the swelling sails;
 The fair departure cheers their jocund minds
 With pleasing hopes of favourable gales,
 While o'er the dangerous desarts of the main,
 To their lov'd country they pursue their way.
 Ev'n so, Apollo, thou, whom Lycia's plain,
 Whom Delus, and Castalia's springs obey,
 These hopes regard, and Ætna's glory raise
 With valiant sons, triumphant steeds, and heavenly lays!

D E C A D E IX.

For human virtue from the gods proceeds;
 They the wise mind bestow'd, and smooth'd the
 tongue
 With elocution, and for mighty deeds
 The nervous arm with manly vigour strung.
 All these are Hiero's: these to rival lays
 Call forth the Bard: arise then, Muse, and speed
 To this contention; strive in Hiero's praise,
 Nor fear thy efforts shall his worth exceed;
 Within the lines of truth secure to throw,
 Thy dart shall still surpass each vain attempting foe.

D E C A D E

DECADE X.

So may succeeding ages, as they roll,
Great Hiero still in wealth and bliss maintain,
And, joyous health recalling, on his soul
Oblivion pour of life-consuming pain.
Yet may thy memory with sweet delight
The various dangers and the toils recount,
Which in intestine wars and bloody fight
Thy patient virtue, Hiero, did surmount;
What time, by heaven above all Grecians crown'd,
The prize of sovereign sway with thee thy * brother
found.

DECADE XI.

Then like the son of Pæan didst thou war,
Smit with the arrows of a sore disease;
While, as along slow rolls thy sickly car,
Love and amaze the haughtiest bosoms seize,
In Lemnos pining with th' envenom'd wound
The son of Pæan, Philoctetes, lay:
There, after tedious quest, the heroes found,
And bore the limping archer thence away;
By whom fell Priam's towers (so fate ordain'd)
And the long harrafs'd Greeks their wish'd repose
obtain'd.

DECADE XII.

May Hiero too, like Pæan's son, receive
Recover'd vigour from celestial hands!
And may the healing god proceed to give
The power to gain whate'er his wish demands.

* Gelo.

But

But now, O Muse, address thy sounding lays
 To young Dinomenes, his virtuous heir.
 Sing to Dinomenes, his father's praise;
 His father's praise shall glad his filial ear.
 For him hereafter shalt thou touch the string,
 And chant in friendly strains fair Ætna's future king.

D E C A D E XIII.

Hiero for him th' illustrious city rear'd,
 And fill'd with sons of Greece her stately towers,
 Where, by the free-born citizen rever'd,
 The Spartan laws exert their virtuous powers.
 For by the statutes, which their fathers gave,
 Still must the restive Dorian youth be led;
 Who dwelling once on cold Eurotas' wave,
 Where proud Táygetus exalts his head,
 From the great stock of Hercules divine
 And warlike Pamphilus deriv'd their noble line.

D E C A D E XIV.

These, from Thessalian Pindus rushing down,
 The walls of fam'd Amyclæ once possess'd,
 And, rich in fortune's gifts and high renown,
 Dwelt near the twins of Leda, while they press'd
 Their milky courfers, and the pastures o'er
 Of neighbouring Argos rang'd, in arms supreme.
 To king and people on the flowery shore
 Of lucid Amena, Sicilian stream,
 Grant the like fortune, Jove, with like desert
 The splendor of their race and glory to assert.

D E C A D E

D E C A D E X V.

And do thou aid Sicilia's hoary Lord
 To form and rule his son's obedient mind;
 And still in golden chains of sweet accord,
 And mutual peace the friendly people bind,
 Then grant, O Son of Saturn, grant my prayer!
 The bold Phœnician on his shore detain;
 And may the hardy Tuscan never dare
 To vex with clamorous war Sicilia's main;
 Remembering Hiero, how on Cuma's coast
 Wreck'd by his stormy arms their groaning fleets were
 lost.

D E C A D E X V I.

What terrors! what destruction them assail'd!
 Hurl'd from their riven decks what numbers dy'd!
 When o'er their might Sicilia's Chief prevail'd,
 Their youth o'erwhelming in the foamy tide;
 Greece from impending servitude to save.
 Thy favour, glorious Athens! to acquire,
 Would I record the Salaminian wave
 Fam'd in thy triumphs: and my tuneful lyre
 To Sparta's sons with sweetest praise should tell,
 Beneath Cithæron's shade what Medish archers fell.

D E C A D E X V I I.

But on fair Himera's wide-water'd shores
 Thy sons, Dinomenes, my lyre demand,
 To grace their virtues with the various stores
 Of sacred verse, and sing th' illustrious band

Of

Of valiant brothers, who from Carthage won
 The glorious meed of conquest, deathless praise.
 A pleasing theme ! but censure's dreaded frown
 Compels me to contract my spreading lays.
 In verse conciseness pleases every guest,
 While each impatient blames and loaths a tedious feast.

D E C A D E XVIII.

Nor less distastful is excessive fame
 To the four palate of the envious mind;
 Who hears with grief his neighbour's goodly name,
 And hates the fortune that he ne'er shall find.
 Yet in thy virtue, Hiero, persevere !
 Since to be envied is a nobler fate
 Than to be pitied : Let strict Justice steer
 With equitable hand the helm of state,
 And arm thy tongue with truth : O King, beware
 Of every step ! a Prince can never lightly err.

D E C A D E XIX.

O'er many nations art thou set, to deal
 The goods of Fortune with impartial hand ;
 And, ever watchful of the public weal,
 Unnumber'd witnesses around thee stand.
 Then, would thy virtuous ear for ever feast
 On the sweet melody of well-earn'd fame,
 In generous purposes confirm thy breast,
 Nor dread expences that will grace thy name ;
 But, scorning sordid and unprincely gain,
 Spread all thy bounteous sails, and launch into the Main.

D E C A D E

D E C A D E XX.

When in the mouldering urn the monarch lies,
 His fame in lively characters remains,
 Or grav'd in monumental histories,
 Or deck'd and painted in Aonian strains.
 Thus fresh, and fragrant, and immortal, blooms
 The virtue, Cræsus, of thy gentle mind :
 While fate to infamy and hatred dooms
 Sicilia's tyrant, scorn of human kind ;
 Whose ruthless bosom swell'd with cruel pride,
 When in his brazen bull the broiling wretches dy'd.

D E C A D E XXI.

Him therefore nor in sweet society
 The generous youth conversing ever name ;
 Nor with the harp's delightful melody
 Mingle his odious inharmonious fame.
 The first, the greatest bliss on man conferr'd
 Is, in the acts of virtue to excel ;
 The second, to obtain their high reward,
 The soul-exalting praise of doing well.
 Who both these lots attains, is blest'd indeed,
 Since Fortune here below can give no richer meed.

THE

THE FIRST NEMEAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Chromius of Ætna (a city of Sicily) who gained the victory in the Chariot-Race, in the Nemean Games.

A R G U M E N T.

FROM the praises of Ortygia (an island near Sicily, and part of the city of Syracuse, to which it was joined by a bridge) Pindar passes to the subject or occasion of this Ode, viz. the Victory obtained by Chromius in the Nemean Games; which, as it was the first of that kind gained by him, the Poet styles the basis of his future fame, laid by the co-operation of the Gods, who assisted and seconded his divine virtues; and, adds he, if Fortune continues to be favourable, he may arrive at the highest summit of glory: by which is meant chiefly, though not solely, the gaining more prizes in the Great or Sacred Games (particularly the Olympick), where the Muses constantly attend to celebrate and record the Conquerors. From thence, after a short digression to the general praise of Sicily, he comes to an enumeration of the particular virtues of Chromius, viz. his hospitality, liberality, prudence in council, and courage in war. Then, returning to the Nemean Victory, he takes occasion from so auspicious a beginning, to promise Chromius a large increase of glory, in like manner

as Tiresias, the famous Poet and Prophet of Thebes (the country of Pindar) upon viewing the first exploit of Hercules, which was killing in his cradle the two serpents sent by Juno to devour him, foretold the subsequent achievements of that hero; and the great reward he should receive for all his labours, by being admitted into the number of the Gods, and married to Hebe; with which story he concludes the Ode.

S T R O P H E I.

SISTER of Delos! pure abode
Of Virgin Cynthia, Goddess of the Chace!
In whose recesses rests th' emerging flood
Of Alpheus, breathing from his amorous race!
Divine Ortygia! to thy name
The Muse preluding tunes her strings,
Pleas'd with the sweet preamble of thy fame,
To usher in the verse, that sings
Thy triumphs, Chromius; while Sicilian Jove
Hears with delight through Ætna's sounding grove
The gratulations of the hymning choir,
Whom thy victorious carr and Nemea's palms inspire.

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

The basis of his future praise
Assisted by the Gods hath Chromius laid;
And to its height the towering pile may raise,
If Fortune lends her favourable aid:

Assur'd

Assur'd that all th' Aonian train
 Their wonted friendship will afford,
 Who with delight frequent the list'd plain,
 The toils of Virtue to record,
 Mean time around this isle, harmonious Muse!
 The brightest beams of shining verse diffuse:
 This fruitful island, with whose flowery pride
 Heaven's awful King endow'd great Pluto's beauteous
 bride.

E P O D E I.

Sicilia with transcendent plenty crown'd
 Jove to Proserpina consign'd;
 Then with a nod his solemn promise bound,
 Still farther to enrich her fertile shores
 With peopled cities, stately towers,
 And sons in arts and arms refin'd;
 Skill'd to the dreadful works of war
 The thundering steed to train;
 Or mounted on the whirling carr
 Olympia's all-priz'd olive to obtain.—
 Abundant is my theme; nor need I wrong
 The fair occasion with a flattering song.

S T R O P H E II.

To Chromius no unwelcome guest
 I come, high sounding my Dircean chord;
 Who for his Poet hath prepar'd the feast,
 And spread with luxury his friendly board,

For

For never from his generous gate
Unentertain'd the stranger flies.

While Envy's scorching flame, that blasts the great,
Quench'd with his flowing bounty, dies.

But Envy ill becomes the human mind ;
Since various parts to various men assign'd

All to perfection and to praise will lead,

Would each those paths pursue, which Nature bids him
tread.

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

In action thus heroick might,

In council shines the mind sagacious, wise,

Which to the future casts her piercing sight,

And sees the train of consequences rise,

With either talent Chromius blest

Suppresses not his active powers.

I hate the miser, whose unsocial breast

Locks from the world his useless stores.

Wealth by the bounteous only is enjoy'd,

Whose treasures in diffusive good employ'd

The rich returns of fame and friends procure ;

And 'gainst a sad reverse, a safe retreat insure.

E P O D E II.

Thy early virtues, Chromius, deck'd with praise,

And these first-fruits of Fame inspire

The Muse to promise for thy future days

A large increase of merit and renown.

So when of old Jove's mighty son,

Worthy his great immortal fire,

Forth from Alcmena's teeming bed
 With his twin-brother came,
 Safe through life's painful entrance led
 To view the dazzling Sun's reviving flame,
 Th' imperial cradle Juno quick survey'd,
 Where slept the twins in saffron bands array'd.

S T R O P H E III.

Then, glowing with immortal rage,
 The gold-enthroned Empress of the Gods
 Her eager thirst of vengeance to assuage,
 Strait to her hated rival's curs'd abodes
 Bade her vindictive serpents haste.
 They through the opening valves with speed
 On to the chamber's deep recesses past,
 To perpetrate their murderous deed:
 And now in knotty mazes to infold
 Their destin'd prey, on curling spires they roll'd,
 His dauntless brow when young Alcides rear'd,
 And for their first attempt his infant arms prepar'd.

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

Fast by the azure necks he held
 And grip'd in either hand his scaly foes;
 Till from their horrid carcases expell'd,
 At length the poisonous soul unwilling flows.
 Mean time intolerable dread
 Congeal'd each female's curdling blood,
 All who, attendant on the genial bed,
 Around the languid mother stood.

She

She with distracting fear and anguish stung,
 Forth from her sickly couch impatient sprung ;
 Her cumberous robe regardless off she threw,
 And to protect her child with fondest ardour flew.

E P O D E III.

But, with her shrill, distressful cries alarm'd,
 In rush'd each bold Cadmean Lord,
 In brass refulgent, as to battle arm'd ;
 With them Amphitryon, whose tumultuous breast
 A croud of various cares infest :
 High brandishing his gleaming sword
 With eager, anxious step he came ;
 A wound so near his heart
 Shook with dismay his inmost frame,
 And rous'd the active spirits in every part.
 To our own sorrows serious heed we give ;
 But for another's woe soon cease to grieve.

S T R O P H E IV.

Amaz'd the trembling father stood,
 While doubtful pleasure, mix'd with wild surprize,
 Drove from his troubled heart the vital flood :
 His son's stupendous deed with wondering eyes
 He view'd, and how the gracious will
 Of Heaven to joy had chang'd his fear
 And falsify'd the messengers of ill.
 Then strait he calls th' unerring seer,
 Divine Tiresias, whose prophetick tongue
 Jove's sacred mandates from the Tripod sung ;
 Who then to all th' attentive throng explain'd
 What fate th' immortal Gods for Hercules ordain'd.

A N T I S T R O P H E IV.

What fell despoilers of the land
 The Prophet told, what monsters of the Main
 Should feel the vengeance of his righteous hand:
 What savage, proud, pernicious tyrant slain
 To Hercules should bow his head,
 Hurl'd from his arbitrary throne,
 Whose glittering pomp his curs'd ambition fed,
 And made indignant nations groan.
 Last, when the giant sons of earth shall dare
 To wage against the gods rebellious war,
 Pierc'd by his rapid shafts on Phlegra's plain
 With dust their radiant locks the haughty foe shall
 stain.

E P O D E IV.

Then shall his generous toils for ever cease,
 With fame, with endless life repaid;
 With pure tranquillity and heavenly peace:
 Then led in triumph to his starry dome,
 To grace his spousal bed shall come,
 In Beauty's glowing bloom array'd,
 Immortal Hebe, ever young.
 In Jove's august abodes
 Then shall he hear the bridal song;
 Then, in the blest society of Gods,
 The nuptial banquet share, and, rapt in praise
 And wonder, round the glittering mansion gaze.

THE

THE ELEVENTH NEMEAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Aristagoras, upon occasion of his entering on his office of President or Governor of the island of Tenedos; so that, although it is placed among the Nemean Odes, it has no sort of relation to those games, and is indeed properly an Inauguration-Ode, composed to be sung by a Chorus at the Sacrifices and the Feast made by Aristagoras and his colleagues, in the Town-hall, at the time of their being invested with the Magistracy, as is evident from many expressions in the first Strophe and Antistrophe.

A R G U M E N T.

Pindar opens this Ode with an invocation to Vesta (the Goddess who presided over the Courts of Justice, and whose statue and altar were for that reason placed in the Town-halls, or Prytanæums, as the Greeks called them); beseeching her to receive favourably Aristagoras and his colleagues, who were then coming to offer sacrifices to her, upon their entering on their office of Prytans or Magistrates of Tenedos; which office continuing for a year, he begs the Goddess to take Aristagoras under her protection during that time, and to conduct him to the end of it without trouble or disgrace. From Aristagoras Pindar turns himself, in the next place, to his father Arcefilas, whom he pronounces happy, as well upon

account of his son's merit and honour, as upon his own great endowments, and good fortune; such as beauty, strength, courage, riches, and glory resulting from his many victories in the games. But, lest he should be too much puffed-up with these praises, he reminds him at the same time of his mortality, and tells him that his cloathing of flesh is perishable, and that he must ere long be cloathed with earth, the end of all things; and yet, continues he, it is but justice to praise and celebrate the worthy and deserving, who from good citizens ought to receive all kinds of honour and commendation; as Aristagoras, for instance, who hath rendered both himself and his country illustrious by the many victories he hath obtained, to the number of sixteen, over the neighbouring youth, in the games exhibited in and about his own country. From whence, says the Poet, I conclude he would have come off victorious even in the Pythian and Olympick games, had he not been restrained from engaging in those famous lists by the too timid and cautious love of his parents; upon which he falls into a moral reflection upon the vanity of men's hopes and fears, by the former of which they are oftentimes excited to attempts beyond their strength, which accordingly issue in their disgrace; as, on the other hand, they are frequently restrained by unreasonable and ill-grounded fears, from enterprizes, in which they would, in all probability, have come off with honour. This reflection he applies to Aristagoras, by saying it was very
easy

easy to foresee what success he was like to meet with, who both by father and mother was descended from a long train of great and valiant men. But here again, with a very artful turn of flattery to his father Arcefilas, whom he had before represented as strong and valiant, and famous for his victories in the games, he observes, that every generation, even of a great and glorious family, is not equally illustrious, any more than the fields and trees are every year equally fruitful; that the gods had not given mortals any certain tokens, by which they might foreknow when the rich years of virtue should succeed; whence it comes to pass that men, out of self-conceit and presumption, are perpetually laying schemes, and forming enterprizes, without previously consulting Prudence or Wisdom, whose streams, says he, lye remote, and out of the common road. From all which he infers, that it is better to moderate our desires, and set bounds to our avarice and ambition; with which moral precept he concludes the Ode.

S T R O P H E I.

DAUGHTER of Rhea! thou, whose holy fire
Before the awful seat of Justice flames!

Sister of Heaven's Almighty Sire!

Sister of Juno, who co-equal claims

With Jove to share the empire of the gods!

O Virgin Vesta! To thy dread abodes,

Lo! Aristagoras directs his pace!

Receive, and near thy sacred scepter place

P 4

Him,

Him, and his colleagues, who with honest zeal
O'er Tenedos preside, and guard the publick weal.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo ! with frequent offerings they adore
Thee, first invok'd in every solemn prayer !
To thee unmix'd libations pour,
And fill with odorous fumes the fragrant air.
Around in festive songs the hymning choir
Mix the melodious voice and sounding lyre.
While still, prolong'd with hospitable love,
Are solemniz'd the rites of Genial Jove :
Then guard him, Vesta, through his long career,
And let him close in joy his ministerial year.

EPODE I.

But hail, Arcefilas ! all hail
To thee ! blest'd father of a son so great !
Thou, whom on Fortune's highest scale
The favourable hand of Heaven hath set,
Thy manly form with beauty hath refin'd,
And match'd that beauty with a valiant mind.
Yet let not man too much presume,
Though grac'd with Beauty's fairest bloom ;
Though for superior strength renown'd ;
Though with triumphal chaplets crown'd :
Let him remember, that in flesh array'd
Soon shall he see that mortal vestment fade ;
Till last imprison'd in the mouldering urn
To earth, the end of all things, he return.

STRO-

S T R O P H E II.

Yet should the worthy from the publick tongue
 Receive their recompence of virtuous praise;
 By every zealous patriot sung,
 And deck'd with every flower of heavenly lays.
 Such retribution in return for fame,
 Such, Aristagoras, thy virtues claim;
 Claim from thy country, on whose glorious brows
 The wrestler's chaplet still unfaded blows;
 Mix'd with the great Pancratiastick crown,
 Which from the neighbouring youth thy early valour
 won.

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

And (but his timid parents' cautious love,
 Distrusting ever his too forward hand,
 Forbade their tender son to prove
 The toils of Pythia' or Olympia's sand)
 Now by the gods I swear, his valorous might
 Had 'scap'd victorious in each bloody fight:
 And from Castalia, or where dark with shade
 The Mount of Saturn rears its olive-head,
 Great and illustrious home had he return'd;
 While by his fame eclips'd his vanquish'd foes had
 mourn'd.

E P O D E II.

Then his triumphal tresses bound
 With the dark verdure of th' Olympick grove,
 With joyous banquets had he crown'd
 The great Quinquennial Festival of Jove;

And

And cheer'd the solemn pomp with choral lays,
Sweet tribute, which the Muse to Virtue pays.

But, such is man's preposterous fate !

Now with o'er-weening pride elate

Too far he aims his shaft to throw,

And straining bursts his feeble bow.

Now pusillanimous, depress'd with fear,

He checks his virtue in the mid-career ;

And of his strength distrustful coward flies

The contest, though impower'd to gain the prize.

STROPHE III.

But who could err in prophecying good

Of him, whose undegenerating breast

Swells with a tide of Spartan blood,

From fire to fire in long succession trac'd

Up to Pisander ; who in days of yore

From old Amyclæ to the Lesbian shore

And Tenedos, collegued in high command

With great Orestes, led th' Æolian band ?

Nor was his mother's race less strong and brave,

Sprung from a stock that grew on fair Ismenus' wave.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Though for long intervals obscur'd, again

Oft-times the seeds of lineal worth appear.

For neither can the furrow'd plain

Full harvests yield with each returning year :

Nor in each period will the pregnant bloom

Invest the smiling tree with rich perfume.

So,

So, barren often and inglorious pass
 The generations of a noble race;
 While Nature's vigour, working at the root,
 In after-ages swells, and blossoms into fruit.

E P O D E III.

Nor hath Jove given us to foreknow
 When the rich years of virtue shall succeed;
 Yet bold and daring on we go,
 Contriving schemes of many a mighty deed.
 While Hope, fond inmate of the human mind,
 And self-opinion, active, rash, and blind,
 Hold up a false illusive ray,
 That leads our dazzled feet astray
 Far from the springs, where calm and slow
 The secret streams of wisdom flow.
 Hence should we learn our ardour to restrain:
 And limit to due bounds the thirst of gain.
 To rage and madness oft that passion turns,
 Which with forbidden flames despairing burns.

THE

THE SECOND ISTHMIAN ODE.

This Ode was written upon occasion of a victory obtained in the Chariot-Race by Xenocrates of Agrigentum in the Isthmian games; it is however addressed not to Xenocrates himself, but to his son Thrasylbulus; from whence, and from Pindar's always speaking of Xenocrates in the perfect tense, it is most probable it was written after the death of Xenocrates; and for this reason it has by some been reckoned among the *ἑρῳοί* or Elegies of Pindar.

A R G U M E N T.

THE introduction contains a sort of an apology for a Poet's taking money for his compositions; a thing, says Pindar, not practised formerly by the servants of the Muses, who drew their inspiration from love alone, and wrote only from the heart: but as the world is grown interested, so are the Poets become mercenary; observing the truth of that famous saying of Aristodemus the Spartan, "Money makes the man:" a truth, he says, which he himself experienced, having with his riches lost all his friends; and of this truth, continues Pindar, you, Thrasylbulus, are not ignorant, for you are a wise man: I shall therefore say no more about it, but
 proceed

proceed to celebrate the victories of Xenocrates:
 after an enumeration of which, he passes on to
 the mention of the virtues of Xenocrates, whom he
 praises for his benevolence, his public spirit, his de-
 votion to the gods, and his constant uninterrupted
 course of hospitality in all changes of fortune. These
 virtues of his father he encourages Thrasylbulus not
 to conceal through the fear of exciting the envy of
 mankind, and bids Nicasippus (by whom this Ode
 was sent to Thrasylbulus) to tell him to publish it;
 concluding with observing, that a Poem is not made
 to continue always, like a mute and motionless
 statue, in one place.

STROPHE I.

THEY, Thrasylbulus, who in ancient days
 Triumphant mounted in the Muses' car,
 Tuning their harps to soft and tender lays,
 Aim'd their sweet numbers at the young and fair;
 Whose beauties, ripe for love, with rapturous fires
 Their wanton hearts in flam'd, and waken'd strong desires.

ANTISTROPHE I.

As yet the Muse, despising fordid gain,
 Strung not for gold her mercenary lyre :
 Nor did Terpsichore adorn her strain
 In gilded courtesy and gay attire,
 With fair appearances to move the heart,
 And recommend to sale her prostituted art.

EPODE

E P O D E I.

But now she suffers all her tuneful train
 Far other principles to hold ;
 And with the Spartan Sage maintain,
 That Man is worthless without Gold.
 This truth himself by sad experience prov'd,
 Deserted in his need by those he lov'd.
 Nor to thy wisdom is this truth unknown,
 No longer therefore shall the Muse delay
 To sing the rapid steeds, and Isthmian crown,
 Which the great monarch of the briny flood
 On lov'd Xenocrates bestow'd
 His generous cares with honour to repay.

S T R O P H E II.

Him too, his Agrigentum's brightest star,
 Latona's son with favourable eyes
 At Crisa view'd, and blest'd his conquering car;
 Nor, when, contending for the noble prize,
 Nicomachus, on Athens' craggy plain,
 With dextrous art control'd the chariot-steering rein.

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

Did Phœbus blame the driver's skilful hand;
 But with Athenian palms his master grac'd:
 His master, greeted in th' Olympick sand;
 And evermore with grateful zeal embrac'd
 By the great priests, whose herald voice proclaims
 Th' Elean feasts of Jove, and Pisa's sacred games.

E P O D E

E P O D E II.

Him, on the golden lap of victory
 Reclining his illustrious head,
 They hail'd with sweetest melody;
 And through the land his glory spread,
 Through the fam'd Altis of Olympick Jove;
 Where in the honours of the sacred grove
 The children of Ænesidamus shar'd;
 For not unknown to victory and praise
 Oft, Thrasylulus, hath thy mansion heard
 The pleasing concerts of the youthful choir,
 Attemper'd to the warbling lyre,
 And the sweet mixture of triumphal lays.

S T R O P H E III.

In smooth and flowery paths th' encomiast treads,
 When to the mansions of the good and great
 In pomp the nymphs of Helicon he leads:
 Yet thee, Xenocrates, to celebrate,
 Thy all-surpassing gentleness to sing
 In equal strains, requires an all-surpassing string.

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

To all benevolent, revered, belov'd,
 In every social virtue he excell'd;
 And with his conquering steeds at Corinth prov'd,
 How sacred the decrees of Greece he held;
 With equal zeal th' immortals he ador'd,
 And spread with frequent feasts his consecrated board.

E P O D E

E P O D E III.

Nor did he e'er when rose a stormy gale
Relax his hospitable course,
Or gather in his swelling sail:
But, finding ever some resource
The fierce extremes of fortune to allay,
Held on with equal pace his constant way.
Permit not then, through dread of envious tongues,
Thy father's worth to be in silence lost;
Nor from the public keep these choral songs,
Not in one corner is the Poet's strain
Form'd, like a statue, to remain,
This, Nicasippus, tell my honour'd host.

TRANS.

TRANSLATIONS
 FROM THE
 ARGONAUTICKS
 OF
 APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

THE SONG OF ORPHEUS,
 AND THE SETTING OUT OF THE ARGO.

THEN too the jarring heroes to compose
 Th' enchanting Bard, Oeagrian Orpheus rose,
 And thus, attuning to the trembling strings :
 His soothing voice, of harmony he sings.
 In the beginning how heaven, earth, and sea,
 In one tumultuous chaos blended lay ;
 Till nature parted the conflicting foes,
 And beauteous order from disorder rose :
 How roll'd incessant o'er th' ethereal plain
 Move in eternal dance the starry train ;
 How the pale orb of night, and golden sun,
 Through months and years their radiant journeys run ;
 Whence rose the mountains clad with waving woods,
 The rushing rivers, and resounding floods,

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With

With all their nymphs; from what celestial feed
The various tribes of animals proceed.
Next how Ophion held his ancient reign,
With his fam'd consort, daughter of the main:
On high Olympus' snowy head enthron'd,
'The new-created world their empire own'd:
Till force superior, and successless war,
Divested of their crowns the regal pair;
On Saturn's head Ophion's honours plac'd,
And with his consort's glories Rhea grac'd.
Thence to old Ocean's watery kingdoms hurl'd
Thus they resign'd the sceptre of the world:
And Saturn rul'd the blest'd Titanian gods,
While infant Jove possess'd the dark abodes
Of Dicte's cave; his mind yet uninform'd
With heavenly wisdom, and his hand unarm'd:
Forg'd by the Cyclops, earth's gigantic race,
Flam'd not as yet the lightning's scorching blaze,
Nor roar'd the thunder through the realms above,
The strength and glory of almighty Jove.

This said, the tuneful Bard his lyre unstrung,
And ceas'd th' enchanting music of his tongue.
But, with the sound entranc'd, th' attentive ear
Thought him still singing, still stood fix'd to hear.
In silent rapture every chief remains,
And feels within his heart the thrilling strains.
Forthwith the bowl they crown with rosy wine,
And pay due honours to the power divine.
The pure libations on the fire they pour,
While rising flames the mystick tongues devour.

Now

Now sable night ascends her starry throne,
And Argo's chiefs her drowsy influence own.
But when the bright-ey'd morning rear'd her head,
And look'd o'er Pelion's summits ting'd with red;
Light skimm'd the breezes o'er the watery plain,
And gently swell'd the fluctuating main.
Then Tiphys rose, and, summon'd by his care,
Embark'd the heroes, and their oars prepare.
Portentous now along the winding shores
Hoarse-sounding Pagasæan Neptune roars.
Impatient Argo the glad signal took,
While from her vocal keel loud murmurs broke;
Her keel of sacred oak divinely wrought
Itonian Pallas from Didona brought.

On their allotted posts now rang'd along
In seemly order fate the princely throng:
Fast by each chief his glittering armour flames;
The midmost station bold Ancæus claims,
With great Alcides, whose enormous might
Arm'd with a massy club provokes the fight,
Now plac'd beside him: in the yielding flood
The keel deep-sinking feels the demi-god.

Their haufers now they loose, and on the brine
To Neptune pour the consecrated wine.
Then from his native shores sad Jason turns
His oft-reverted eye, and silent mourns.
As in Ortygia, or the Delphick Fane,
Or where Ismenus laves Bœotia's plain,
Apollo's Altars round, the youthful choir,
The dance according with the sounding lyre,

The hallow'd ground with equal cadence beat,
And move in measure their harmonious feet:
Together so Theſſalia's princes ſweep
With well-tim'd oars the ſilver-curling deep.
While, raiſing high the Thracian harp, preſides
Melodious Orpheus and the movement guides.
On either ſide the daſhing ſurges broke,
And fierce remurmur'd to each mighty ſtroke;
Thick flaſh'd the brazen arms with ſtreaming light,
While the ſwift bark purſues her rapid flight,
And ever as the ſea-green tide ſhe cleaves,
Foams the long tract behind, and whitens all the
waves:

So ſhines the path, acroſs ſome verdant plain
Trac'd by the footſteps of the village ſwain.

Jove on that day from his celeftial throne,
And all th' immortal powers of heaven look'd down,
'The godlike chiefs and Argo to ſurvey
As through the deep they urg'd their daring way.
'Then too on Pelion's cloud-top'd ſummit flood
The nymphs and fauns and ſiſters of the wood,
With wonder viewing the tall pine below,
That ſhaded once the mountain's ſhaggy brow,
Now fram'd by Pallas o'er the ſounding ſea
Theſſalia's mighty heroes to convey.

But, lo! from Pelion's higheſt clift deſcends,
And downward to the ſea his footſteps bends
The Centaur Chiron; on the beach he flood
And dipp'd his fetlocks in the hoary flood.

Then

Then waving his broad hand, the bark he hales,
 And speeds with prosperous vows the parting sails.
 With him advanc'd his consort to the shore;
 The young Achilles in her arms she bore:
 Then, raising high in air the pleasing load,
 To his fond fire the smiling infant shew'd.

THE STORY OF PHINEUS.

THE following day Bithynia's coast they reach,
 And fix their hausers to the sheltering beach.
 There on the margin of the beating flood
 The mournful mansions of sad Phineus stood,
 Agenor's son; whom heaven ordain'd to bear
 The grievous burden of unequal'd care.
 For taught by wise Apollo to descry
 Th' unborn events of dark futurity,
 Vain of his science, the presumptuous seer
 Deign'd not Jove's awful secrets to revere;
 But wantonly divulg'd to frail mankind
 The sacred purpose of th' omniscient mind.
 Hence Jove indignant gave him length of days,
 But quench'd in endless shade his visual rays.
 Nor would the vengeful God permit him taste
 The chearful blessings of the genial feast;
 Though the large tribute of the nations round
 Their prophet's board with wealth and plenty crown'd.
 For, lo! descending sudden from the sky,
 Round the pil'd banquet shrieking harpies fly,

Who with rapacious claws incessant tear
Forth from his famish'd lips th' untast'd fare.
Yet would some slender pittance oft remain,
What might suffice to keep up life and pain.
But then such odours the foul scraps exhal'd,
That with the stench the loathing stomach fail'd,
Aloof the hungry guests and wondering stood
While their sick hearts abhorr'd the putrid food.

But now the princely crew approaching near,
The welcome sound invades the prophet's ear.
Taught by th' inspiring God that now was come
The long-wish'd period of heaven's vengeful doom,
That by these heroes destin'd aid restor'd,
Peace should thenceforward bless his feastful board.
Then heaves he from the couch his haggard head,
Like some pale, lifeless, visionary shade,
And leaning on his staff with faltering steps,
Along the walls his way exploring creeps.
Diseas'd, enfeebled, and by age unbrac'd,
Trembled his tottering limbs as forth he pass'd.
Shrunk was his form, adust with want and care,
And bursting through his hide the pointed bones appear.
But faint and breathless as he reach'd the gate,
Down on the threshold over-toil'd he fate.
In dizzy fumes involv'd, his brain runs round,
And swims beneath his feet the solid ground.
No more their functions the frail senses keep,
And speechless sinks the seer in death-like sleep.

This saw the chiefs amaz'd, and gather'd round;
When from his labouring lungs a hollow sound,

With

With breath and utterance scarce recover'd broke,
And thus th' enlighten'd seer prophetic spoke:
" Princes of Greece, attend; if ye be they
Whom o'er the main Thessalia's pines convey,
And Jafon leads to Colchos' magic land,
Such is your cruel tyrant's stern command.
Yes, ye be they; for yet my mental eye
Undimm'd past, present, future, can descry.
Thanks to thy son, Latona, who bestows
This grace, this only solace of my woes.
By Jove, to whom the suppliant's cause belongs,
Who hates the merciless, who avenges wrongs,
By Phœbus, by Saturnia wife of Jove,
By all the bless'd immortal powers above,
Who lead you o'er the main with watchful care,
O help! O save from famine and despair
A wretch ill-fated, to affliction born,
Nor leave me here unpitied and forlorn.
For not these orbs alone depriv'd of sight
Vindictive heaven hath veil'd in doleful night;
But to extreme old age his cruel law
Dooms me th' unwasting thread of life to draw,
Nor end my sorrows here; a heavy chain
Of woes succeeds, and pain still link'd to pain.
From secret haunts ærial, unexplor'd,
Flights of devouring harpies vex my board.
Swift, instantaneous, sudden they descend,
And from my mouth the tasteful morsel rend.
Mean while my troubled soul, with woes oppress'd,
No means of aid, no comfort can suggest.

For when the feast I purpose to prepare,
 They see that purpose, and prevent my care.
 But cloy'd and glutted with the luscious spoil
 With noisome ordure parting they defile
 Whate'er remains, if ought perchance remain,
 That none approaching may the stench sustain,
 Though his strong heart were wrapt in plated mail,
 The filthy fragments such dire steams exhale:
 Yet me fell hunger's all subduing pain
 Compells, reluctant, loathing, to remain;
 Compells the deadly odours to endure,
 And gorge the craving maw with food impure.
 From these invaders (so hath fate decreed)
 By Boreas' offspring shall my board be freed.
 Nor on a stranger to your house and blood,
 O sons of Boreas, is your aid bestow'd.
 Phineus behold, Agenor's hapless son,
 Once for prophetic skill and riches known;
 Who, while I sway'd the Thracian sceptre, led
 Your dower'd sister to my spousal bed."
 Here Phineus ceas'd, each pitying hero groans,
 But chief, O Boreas, thy relenting sons
 Feel kind compassion swelling in their souls,
 While down their cheeks the generous torrent flows.
 Then Zetes near approaching, closely press'd
 His hand, and thus the laboring seer address'd:
 "O most disastrous of all human kind,
 Whence sprung the evils that o'erwhelm thy mind?
 Hast thou, intrusted with the book of fate,
 By folly merited celestial hate?

Hence

Hence falls this indignation on thy head ?
Fain would the sons of Boreas grant thee aid ;
Fain would they execute what heaven ordains,
But awful dread their willing hands restrains.
To frighted mortals well thy sufferings prove,
How fierce the vengeance of the gods above.
Then swear, or never shall this righteous sword,
Though drawn for thy deliverance, aid afford ;
Swear, that th' assistance which our arms shall lend,
Shall no immortal angry God offend.”
He spoke; when straight tow'rd heaven disclosing wide
His fightless balls, the senior thus reply'd :

“ My son, th' injustice of thy tongue restrain,
Nor let such thoughts thy pious soul profane :
By Phœbus, heavenly Augur, who inspires
My conscious bosom with prophetic fires ;
By this my wretched lot of woe and care
These eyes involv'd in darkening clouds, I swear,
By the fell dæmons of the realms below,
Whom ever unpropitious may I know,
From their resentments not in death secure,
If falsely their dread godheads I adjure :
That your assisting hands shall never move
Wrath or displeasure in the powers above.”

Then acquiescing in the solemn prayer,
To aid the prophet Boreas' sons prepare.
The ready youth a banquet spread, the last
That those fell harpies were decreed to taste :
Nigh stand the brothers, ardent to oppose
With glittering faulchions their invading foes.

But

But scarce the first sweet morsel Phineus took,
When from the clouds with swift prevention broke,
Swift as the lightning's glance, or stormy blast
Whose rapid fury lays the forest waste,
Shrill clamouring for their prey the birds obscene,
The watchful heroes shouting rush'd between;
But they with speediest rage the cates devour'd,
And round intolerable odours pour'd;
Then o'er th' Ægean far away they flew;
Upspringing swift with threatening blades pursue
The feather'd chiefs. That day Saturnius steel'd
Their vigorous nerves with force untaught to yield;
And did not Jove their wearying strength sustain,
Their flitting pinions had they spread in vain:
For when to Phineus furious they repair,
Or quitting Phineus seek the fields of air,
The light-wing'd monsters, fleetest than the wind,
Leave the impetuous zephyrs far behind.
As when the hound experienc'd in the chace,
Through some wide forest o'er the scented grass
A bounding hind or horned goat pursues,
And near his panting prey, and nearer views;
Eager he stretches the short space to gain,
And, snapping, grinds his gnawing fangs in vain:
So ever-near th' insulting chiefs pursued;
The harpies so their catching hands elude.
But now far off in the Sicilian main,
By the wing'd brothers, sons of Boreas, slain,
The race of harpies (though heaven disallow'd)
Had stain'd the Plotian isles with sacred blood;

Their

Their fore distress had Iris not survey'd,
And darting from the skies the heroes staid.
O sons of Boreas, the dread laws above
Permit ye not to wound the Dogs of Jove.
And, lo! my oath I pledge, that never more
Shall those fell Dogs approach Bithynia's shore.
This said, adjuring the tremendous floods,
Most fear'd, most honour'd by th' immortal gods:
By the slow-dripping urn of Styx she swore,
The prophet's peaceful mansions evermore
From those rapacious spoilers should be free;
Such was the fatal sister's fixt decree.
The goddesses swear, the brothers straight obey,
And back to Argo wing their airy way.
The Strophades from thence derive their name,
The Plotian islands styl'd by ancient fame.
Then part the harpies and Thaumantian maid,
In thousand various mingling dyes array'd.
These to the grotts retir'd and dark retreat
Of Dicte's caverns in Minoian Crete.
While the gay goddesses of the watery bow
Gain'd in a moment high Olympus' brow.

Mean while the princes in the cleansing wave
With purifying rites the senior lave.
Next from the spoil, which on Bybricia's shore
From vanquish'd Amycus stern Pollux tore,
A victim they select with pious care;
And soothe the gods with sacrifice and prayer.
Then in the palace each heroic guest
Partakes the pleasures of the sumptuous feast.

With

With them fate Phineus, and refresh'd his soul
 With savory viands and the chearing bowl.
 Unfatiated he feeds, and bathes in streams
 Of extasy beyond the blifs of dreams.

THE HYMN OF * CLEANTHES.

O UNDER various sacred names ador'd !
 Divinity supreme ! all potent lord !
 Author of nature ! whose unbounded sway
 And legislative power all things obey !
 Majestic Jove ! all hail ! To thee belong
 The suppliant prayer, and tributary song :
 To thee from all thy mortal offspring due ;
 From thee we came, from thee our being drew ;
 Whatever lives and moves, great fire ! is thine,
 Embodied portions of the soul divine.
 Therefore to thee will I attune my string,
 And of thy wondrous power for ever sing.
 The wheeling orbs, the wandering fires above,
 That round this earthly sphere incessant move,

* Cleanthes, the author of this hymn, was a Stoick philosopher, a disciple of Zeno. He wrote many pieces, none of which are come down to us, but this and a few fragments, which are printed by H. Stephens, in a collection of philosophical poems. This hymn was translated at the request of a very learned and ingenious friend of mine, who was pleased to find such just sentiments of the Deity in a Heathen, and so much poetry in a philosopher.

Through

Through all this boundless world admit thy sway,
 And roll spontaneous where thou point'st the way.
 Such is the awe imprest on nature round
 When through the void thy dreadful thunders found,
 Those flaming agents of thy matchless power :
 Astonish'd worlds hear, tremble, and adore.
 Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
 Ruling that reason which through all convey'd
 Informs this general mass, thou reign'st ador'd,
 Supreme, unbounded, universal lord.
 For nor in earth, nor earth-encircling floods,
 Nor yon æthereal pole, the seat of gods,
 Is aught perform'd without thy aid divine ;
 Strength, wisdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine !
 Vice is the act of man, by passion tost,
 And in the shoreless sea of folly lost.
 But thou, what vice disorders, canst compose ;
 And profit by the malice of thy foes ;
 So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
 As hence to model one harmonious whole :
 One universal law of truth and right ;
 But wretched mortals shun the heavenly light ;
 And, though to bliss directing still their choice,
 Hear not, or heed not, reason's sacred voice,
 That common guide ordain'd to point the road
 That leads obedient man to solid good.
 Thence quitting Virtue's lovely paths they rove,
 As various objects various passions move.
 Some through opposing crowds and threatening war
 Seek power's bright throne, and fame's triumphal car.
Some,

Some, bent on wealth, pursue with endless pain
Oppressive, fordid, and dishonest gain :
While others, to soft indolence resign'd,
Drown in corporeal sweets th' immortal mind.
But, O great father, thunder-ruling god !
Who in thick darkness mak'st thy dread abode !
Thou, from whose bounty all good gifts descend,
Do thou from ignorance mankind defend !
The clouds of vice and folly, O control ;
And shed the beams of wisdom on the soul !
Those radiant beams, by whose all-piercing flame
Thy justice rules this universal frame.
That, honour'd with a portion of thy light,
We may essay thy goodness to requite
With honorary songs and grateful lays,
And hymn thy glorious works with ceaseless praise,
The proper task of man ; and sure to sing
Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty king,
Is bliss supreme. Let gods with mortals join !
The subject may transport a breast divine.

THE

THE
T R I U M P H S
O F T H E
G O U T.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF

L U C I A N.

"Tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram." OVID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GODDESS OF THE GOUT.

MESSENGER.

OCYPUS.

MOUNTEBANKS.

PHYSICIAN.

CHORUS.

NURSE.

SPIRITS.

SCENE LIES IN THEBES.

T H E

TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT.

SCENE, A CHAMBER.

Enter OCYPUS * lame, and leaning on the Nurse.

Ocy^p. W HENCE, without wound, proceeds this
horrid pain,

That robs me of the assistance of my feet ?
While, like a bow-string by the forceful arm
Of some bold archer strain'd, the cracking sinews
Labour and stretch ; and force me to complain,
That length of time but strengthens the disease.

* Ocypus, the son of Podalirius and Aftasia, was eminent for his strength and beauty, a great lover of hunting, and all gymnastick exercises. This young man, having been accustomed to insult and deride whomsoever he saw grievously afflicted with the gout, telling them at the same time that their pains were nothing, brought upon himself the indignation of the goddesses who presides over that distemper, and was at last, by the violence of the disease, driven to a recantation. Lucian had composed an entire drama upon this subject ; but as only the beginning of this piece remains, I have translated it, and, with very little alteration in either, have made it a part of his other drama, whose subject is the triumph of the gout over physic.

VOL. LVII.

R

Nur.

Nur. Raife thyself up, my son, nor bear so hard,
Lest, helpless as thou art, with thee I fall.

Ocy. Less weighty then, to humour thee, I'll lean,
And rest upon my foot, and bear my pain.
For shame it is, that youth should ask the aid
Of such a prating, old, decrepit wretch.

Nur. Forbear, vain boy, thy scoffing insolence.
Nor vaunt too much thy youth; for well thou
know'st,

In sickness youth is impotent as age.
Be govern'd; for this arm should I withdraw,
Thou fall'st, while my old feet unshaken stand.

Ocy. But if thou fall'st, through age thou fall'st, not
sickness:

Old age is weak, though prompt and willing ever—

Nur. Leave arguing; and tell me by what chance
This pain hath got possession of thy toe.

Ocy. As in the course I exercis'd, awry
My ankle turn'd, and thence the pain ensued.

Nur. Why, as the fellow said, who careless sat
Clipping his grisley beard, then run again.

Ocy. Or wrestling might I not the hurt receive,
When lock'd together were our grappling limbs?

Nur. A trusty champion by my troth thou art,
If all thy fury light upon thyself.
But this is a mere circle of evasions,
And I myself the like discourse have held
In former times, and try'd to varnish o'er,
Ev'n to my dearest friends, th' unpleasing truth;

But

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 243

But now when every swelling member speaks,
And burning dolours torture thy whole body—

Enter PHYSICIAN.

Phy. O! where is Ocypus, illustrious youth?
For lame, I hear, are his victorious feet.
And therefore to assist him am I come.
But see! where, careless on the couch diffus'd,
Supine he lies!—Heaven grant thee health, my son,
And to thy feet restore their wonted strength.
Declare to me, O Ocypus, the cause
Of thy complaint: perhaps my powerful art
May for thy anguish find some quick relief.

Ocyp. Intolerable pain my foot consumes.

Phy. Whence came it? how? what accident? explain.

Ocyp. Or in the straining race, or haply while
My gymnick exercises I perform'd,
Some hurt from my companions I receiv'd.

Phy. Then where's the sore and angry inflammation?
And why no fomentation on the part?

Ocyp. The woollen bandage I abhor.

Nur. Alas!

How baneful is the pride of handsome looks!

Phy. What therefore must be done? shall I lay open
Thy tumid foot? But, Ocypus, be sure
If once I seize upon it, I shall drain,
At many bleeding wounds, thy arteries.

Ocyp. Put all thy new devices now in practice,
So from this horrid pain my foot be freed.

Phy. Then, lo! my steely instrument I draw,
This crooked, sharp, blood-thirsting instrument.

Ocyp. Hey ! ho !

Nur. Physician, what dost thou intend ?
 Would'st thou with sharp incisions vex him more ?
 And, without knowing why, his foot endanger ?
 He hath abus'd thee with an idle tale.
 For neither in the straining race, nor while
 His gymnicks exercises he perform'd,
 From his companions did he hurt receive.
 Then listen to my tale. Healthful he came,
 And all unwounded home ; and greedily
 The evening feast devour'd, and drain'd the bowl ;
 Then falling on the couch securely slept.
 But at midnight awaking, loud he roar'd,
 As smitten by some god : fear seiz'd us all.
 And, Oh ! he cried, whence came this dire
 mischance ?

Some torturing dæmon seizes on my foot.
 Thus on his couch up-sitting all night long
 His foot in sad solemnity he moan'd.
 But when the cock's shrill-sounding trump proclaims
 The dawning day, lamenting forth he comes,
 And on my shoulder leans his feverish hand,
 While his disabled footsteps I upheld.
 All that he told thee is a forg'd device
 To veil the secret of his dire disease,
 Which now in every limb begins to rack him,
 Nor yet is able to extort the truth.

Ocyp. Old age is ever arm'd with mighty words ;
 Vaunting in speech, but impotent in action.
 He, who when sick his nursing friends deceives,
 Like

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 245

Like the starv'd wretch that hungry maffick *
chews,

But cheats himself, and fosters his disease.

Phy. Thou cheatest all ; now that, now saying this,
Confessing pain, but not explaining what.

Ocyp. And how shall I explain it ? I indeed
Know that I suffer pain ; and that is all.

Phy. When pain, without apparent cause, invades
The swelling foot, a man may please himself
In hunting after this and that solution,
But can't mistake the nature of his evil.
And now hear this, howe'er unpleasing truth,
At length, with vengeance due, 'tis come upon thee.

Ocyp. It ? what ? alas ! what terrible disease,
That needs such preface to its horrid name ?

Nur. The gout, O wretched Ocypus, whose pangs
And gnawing tortures thou didst once deride.

Ocyp. But what, O skilful artist, what say'st thou ?

Phy. Farewell, to serve thee I neglect myself.

Ocyp. What accident or business calls thee hence ?

Phy. Into a cureless evil thou art fall'n.

Ocyp. Must I then, ever lame, tormented ever,
Drag on a life of everlasting woe ?

* Maffick is a great strengthener of the stomach, and consequently promotes appetite ; which to a man dying of hunger is so far from being a relief, that it rather increases his complaint : this I take to be the meaning of this passage.

Phy. Fear not : thou shalt not be for ever lame.

Ocyph. What worse have I to fear ?

Phy. On either leg

Her galling fetters will the goddess bind.

Ocyph. Alas ! in t'other sympathizing foot

Methinks I feel a new unusual pain.

Or am I motionless ? Or wherefore dread I [*rising up.*

To place these once so nimble feet on earth ?

Seiz'd like a child with vain and sudden fear :

Now by the gods, th' immortal gods, I beg,

If aught thy art suggest of aid or comfort,

Thy friendly help impart, and heal my pain,

Or surely I shall die : within I feel

The secret venom, and the thrilling arrow

That pierces through my feet, and tears my sinews.

Phy. Not to amuse thee with unmeaning words,

Like some of those who call themselves physicians,

But of the healing science nothing know,

I'll briefly shew the state of thy complaint :

An unfurmountable and strong disease

Is fall'n upon thee : bonds more hard and stubborn

Than those steel-temper'd shackles, which the hand

Of justice fixes on the bold offender :

A dreadful, undiscover'd, secret ill,

Whose burden human nature scarce can bear.

Ocyph. Alas ! oh ! oh ! what inward smart is this,

That penetrates my foot ? oh ! on thy arm

Support me, ere I fall, and lead me on

As the young Satyrs reeling Bacchus lead.

[*falls on the couch.*

Phy.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 247

Phy. There leave him on the couch ; refreshing sleep
His much-exhausted spirits will recruit.

[*Exeunt Nurse and Physician.*]

Ocypus *solus.*

Ocyp. O horrid name ! detested by the gods !
Gout, rueful gout ! of sad Cocytus born !
Whom in the mirky caves of Tartarus
The fiend Megæra in her womb conceiv'd,
And nourish'd at her breast : Alecto too
With her fell milk the wayward infant fed.
But oh ! what god brought thy disastrous power
To taint this light, and harrafs human-kind ?
If punishment condign pursue the dead,
For crimes committed in their days of nature,
What need was there in Pluto's dreary realms
With streams forbidden Tantalus to vex ?
To whirl Ixion on the giddy wheel ?
And weary Sisyphus with fruitless toil ?
It sure had been sufficient punishment
Had each offender the sharp pains endur'd,
That tear this meagre miserable carcase :
While through th' obstructed pores the struggling
vapour
And bitter distillation force their way.
Ev'n through the bowels runs the scalding plague,
And wastes the flesh with floods of eddying fire.
So rage the flames in Ætna's sulphurous womb :
So 'twixt Charybdis and vex'd Scylla rave
Th' imprison'd tides, and in wild whirlpools tofs'd

R 4

Dash'd

Dash'd 'gainst the mouldering rocks the foaming
furge.

O evil unexplor'd! how oft in vain
We fondly try to mitigate thy woes,
And find no comfort, by false hopes abus'd. [*Sleeps.*

SCENE *changes, and discovers the Chorus, consisting
of Gouty Men and Women, marching in Procession to
the Temple of the Gout, with Music and Dancing.*

C H O R U S.

To tender Attis, beardless boy,
The howling Phrygian throng
On Cybele's high mountain chant
Th' enthusiastic song.

On yellow Tmolus' flowery top
The Lydian youth around
For Comus mix the warbling voice
And flute's melodious sound.

With clashing arms, in frantick mood,
The mad Idæan train
Attemper to the Cretan dance
Their holy ritual strain.

To Mars, the furious god of war,
The swelling trumpets breathe,
Preluding to contentious strife,
To battle, blood, and death.

But we, O Gout, afflictive power!
We thy sad votaries,
In sighs and groans to thee perform
Our annual sacrifice:

When

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 249

When usher'd by the blushing hours
The genial spring appears;
And every flower-embroider'd vale
Its verdant mantle wears:

When zephyr on each pregnant tree
Calls forth the tender leaves;
And her sad nest the swallow builds
Beneath the friendly eaves:

When in the grove, at midnight hour,
Disconsolate, alone,
For Itys lost th' Athenian bird
Renews her plaintive moan.

[*Exit Chorus.*]

SCENE, A CHAMBER.

O C Y P U S *solus.*

Ocy. Come, O my comfort, my supporter, come,
My staff, my third best leg, O! now uphold
My tottering footsteps, and direct my way,
That lightly on the earth my foot may tread.
Wretch, from thy pallet raise thy heavy limbs,
And quit the cover'd closeness of the room.
Dispel the cloud, that weighs thy eyelids down,
In open day, and in the golden sun
On purer air thy enliven'd spirit feast.
For now my willing mind invites me forth;
But the weak flesh refuses to comply.
Be resolute, my soul; for well thou know'st,

The

The gouty wretch, that would but cannot move,
Ought to be number'd with th' inactive dead.
Come on.

[Exit OCYPUS.]

SCENE changes.

Enter OCYPUS, who discovers the CHORUS before a Temple offering Sacrifices to the Gout, with Musick and Dancing. Dance.

Ocyp.—But who are they, whose hands with crutches
fill'd,

Whose tossing heads with eldern garlands bound,
Seem in wild dance some feast to celebrate?

Do they to thee, Apollo, Pæans sing?

Then would the Delphick laurel shade their brows.

Or chant they rather Bacchanalian hymns?

Then would their temples be with ivy wreath'd.

Whence are ye, strangers? speak: the truth declare.

Declare, O friends, what deity ye worship.

Chor. But who art thou, that mak'st us this demand?

Thou too, as from thy crutch may be inferr'd,

And hobbling pace, thou art a votary

Of the invincible divinity.

Ocyp. I am; nor am unworthy of the name.

Chorus. When Cyprian Venus, queen of love,

In pearly dew's fell from above,

Nereus amass'd her scatter'd frame,

And form'd the fair-proportion'd dame.

Fast

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 251

Fast by the fountains of the deep,
Where on their ouze the furies sleep,
On her broad bosom Tethys laid
The partner of Jove's regal bed.

Minerva, virgin bold and wise,
From the great Monarch of the skies,
Saturnian Jove, her birth receiv'd,
In his immortal brain conceiv'd.

But old Ophion, hoary god,
Our goddess first embrac'd;
First in his fond paternal arms
The mighty infant plac'd.

What time primæval Chaos ceas'd,
And Night eternal fled;
Bright rose the morning, and the sun
His new-born radiance shed.

Then from the womb of Fate sprung forth
The Gout's tremendous power,
Heaven with portentous thunders rung,
And hail'd her natal hour.

Clotho receiv'd and swath'd the babe,
Thence at the streaming breast
Of Wealth by fostering Plutus fed,
Her awful force increas'd.

Ocy. Say by what rites mysterious to her altar
Doth the dread power her votaries admit?

Cha.

Cho. Nor * with the biting steel ourselves we wound,
 Or sprinkle with our blood the hallow'd ground:
 Nor are our necks with galling collars worn;
 Or livid backs with sounding scourges torn:
 Nor at the altar, when the victim dies,
 Gorge we the raw and bleeding sacrifice:
 But when the Spring the rising sap impells,
 And the young elm with genial moisture swells.
 When in the hedges on the budding spray
 The black-bird modulates her various lay:
 Then unperceiv'd she drives her piercing dart,
 And wounds the inmost sense with secret smart;
 The hip, the nervous thigh, the ankles swell,
 The bending knee, and firm-supporting heel:
 The strong-knit shoulder and the finewy arm,
 And hand mechanick, feel th' intestine harm,
 Through every joint the thrilling anguish pours,
 And gnaws, and burns, and tortures, and devours;
 Till length of suffering the dire power appease,
 And the fierce torments at her bidding cease.

Oryp. Unweeting then her votary am I.
 Thou, goddess, gentle and benign, approach!
 And I, with these thy votaries, will begin
 Thy sacred, solemn, customary song.

[Dance.

* The Chorus here allude to several religious ceremonies performed by several Priests to their Gods. The Scripture mentions the Priests of Baal cutting and flashing themselves with knives, &c.

Chorus.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 253

Chorus. Thou air, be still; thou sky, serene;

Thy groans, thou gouty wretch, forbear:
Propt on her staff, behold the Queen
Deigns at our altars to appear!

[The Goddess of the Gout descends or enters.]

Hail! gentlest of the heavenly powers!

Propitious on thy servants smile;
And grant in Spring's fermenting hours
A quick deliverance from our toil.

Godd. Lives there on earth to whom I am unknown,
Unconquerable queen of mighty woes?
Whom nor the fuming censer can appease,
Nor victim's blood on blazing altars pour'd.
Me not Apollo's self with all his drugs,
High Heaven's divine Physician, can subdue;
Nor his learn'd son, wise Æsculapius.
Yet, ever since the race of man begun,
All have essay'd my fury to repel,
Racking th' invention of still-baffled physick.
Some this receipt 'gainst me, some that explore.
Plantane they bruise, the parsley's odorous herb,
The lenient lettuce, and the purslain wild.
These bitter horehound, and the watery plant
That on the verdant banks of rivers grows;
Those nettles crush, and comfrey's viscid root,
And pluck the lentils in the standing pools.
Some parsnips, some the glossy leaf apply
That shades the downy peach, benumbing
henbane,

The poppies soothing gum, th' emollient bulb,
Rind of the Punick apple, fleawort hot,

The

The costly frankincense, and searhing root
 Of potent hellebore, soft fenugreek
 Temper'd with rosy wine, collamphacum,
 Nitre and spawn of frogs, the Cypress-cone,
 And meal of bearded barley, and the leaf
 Of colworts unprepar'd, and ointments made
 Of pickled garus, and (O vain conceit !)
 The dung of mountain-goats, and human ordure,
 The flower of beans, and hot sarcophagus.
 The poisonous ruddock * some, and shrew-mouse
 boil,

The weasel some, the frog, the lizard green,
 The fell hyæna, and the wily fox,
 And branching stone-buck † bearded like a goat.
 What kind of metals have ye left untry'd?
 What juice? what weeping tree's medicinal tear?
 What beasts, what animals, have not bestow'd
 Their bones, or nerves, or hides, or blood, or
 marrow,

Or milk, or fat, or excrement, or urine?
 The draught of four-ingredients some compose,
 Some eight, but more from seven expect relief;
 Some from the purging hiera seek their cure,
 On mystick verses vainly some depend;
 The tricking Jew gulls other fools with charms;
 While to the cooling fountains others fly,
 And in the crystal current seek for health.

* A kind of red land-toad.

† A beast with shaggy hair and a beard like a goat, but
 otherwise like a stag.

But

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 255

But to all these fell anguish I denounce,
To all who tempt me ever more severe.
But they who patiently my visit take,
Nor seek to combat me with anodynes,
Still find me gentle and benevolent.
For in my rites whoe'er participates,
His tongue with eloquence I strait endow,
And teach him with facetious wit to please,
A merry, gay, jocose companion boon:
Round whom the noisy croud incessant laugh,
As to the baths the crippled wretch is borne.
For that dire Até, of whom Homer sings,
That dreaded powerful deity am I:
Who on the heads of men insulting tread,
And silent, soft, and unobserv'd, approach.
But as from me the acid drop descends,
The drop of anguish, I the Gout am call'd.
Now then, my votaries all, my orgies sing,
And praise with hymns th' unconquerable goddes.

Chorus. Hear, stubborn virgin, fierce and strong,
Impracticable maid!
O listen to our holy song!
And grant thy servants aid!

Thy power, imperious dame, dismays
The Monarch of the Dead,
And strikes the Ruler of the seas
And thundering Jove with dread.

Thee

Thou soft reposing beds delight
 And flannels warm embrace,
 And bandag'd legs nor swift in flight,
 Nor victors in the race.

Thy flames the tumid ankles feel,
 The finger maim'd, the burning heel,
 And toe that dreads the ground.
 Thy pains unclos'd our eye-lids keep,
 Or grant at best tumultuous sleep
 And slumbers never found.

Thy cramps our limbs distort,
 Thy knots our joints invade:
 Such is thy cruel sport!
 Inexorable maid!

Enter Messenger, with two Mountebanks bound.

Mef. O! Mistress, opportunely art thou met.
 Attend; no vain or idle tale I bring,
 But well supported by authentick facts.
 As through the town (for so thou didst enjoin)
 With slow and gentle pace I lately rang'd,
 Searching if haply I might chance to find
 A mortal bold enough to brave thy power;
 There quiet all, and patient, I beheld,
 Subdued, O goddess, by thy mighty arm.
 All but these two presumptuous daring wretches,
 Who to the gaping crowd with oaths deny'd
 To pay due reverence to thy deity,
 Boasting that they would banish thee from earth:
 Where-

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 257

Wherefore with fetters strong their legs I bound,
And after five days march have brought them
hither,

A weary march of twice five hundred feet.

Godd. Swift hast thou come, my winged messenger.
Say, from what regions, through what rugged paths,
Hast thou thy tedious longsome way pursued?
Explain, that I may comprehend thy speed?

Mef. Five stairs, whose weak and dislocated frame
Trembled beneath my tread, descending down,
First to the level pavement I arriv'd,
That 'gainst my feet its jarring surface turn'd;
Which having with uneasy footsteps cross'd,
I enter'd next the rough and flinty street,
Whose pointed stones the gouty foot abhors:
Here meeting with a smooth, though slippery path,
I hurried on, but with back-sliding haste,
The trodden slime my tottering ankle turn'd.
Thus as I journey'd, down on every side
The streaming sweat descended, and my legs
Faint and relax'd no longer firmly trod.
Thence laboring in each limb, and overtoil'd,
A broad, but dangerous way receiv'd me next:
For on each hand the whirling chariots flew,
And urg'd, and press'd, and drove me faster on;
But I with nimble action ply'd my feet,
And quick into an alley stept aside,
Till every rattling hasty wheel was pass'd.
For, as to thee, O goddess, I belong'd,
'Thy votary, I ought not, could not run.

Godd. Servant, thou hast not well perform'd in vain,
 Nor shall thy prompt obedience want reward.
 In recompence this pleasing boon receive,
 Three years of light and gentler pains to bear.
 But ye, most impious heaven-abandon'd villains,
 What and whence are ye, that so proudly dare
 The lists to enter with the mighty Gout,
 Whose power not Jove himself can overcome?
 Speak, wretches—many a hero have I tam'd,
 As all the wise and learn'd can testify.
 Priam * was gouty, as old Poets sing,
 And by the Gout the swift Achilles fell.
 Bellerophon, and Thebes' unhappy Lord,
 The mighty Oedipus, my prowess own'd,
 And, of maim'd Pelops' race, young Plisthenes.
 He too, who led to Troy his warrior bands,
 The halting son of Pæas, felt my dart,
 And by my dart the † Lord of Ithaca,

* *Priam was gouty, &c.*] Lucian had this circumstance from some secret histories that are not come down to us; or possibly there may be some conceit which we do not understand, since one cannot help thinking that he alludes to the lameness of Philoctetes, which he got by the fall of one of Hercules's arrows on his foot; and to the wound which Achilles received in his heel from Paris, which wound was the occasion of his death.

† Telegonus, the son of Ulysses by Circe, coming to Ithaca to see his father, was denied entrance by the servants; upon which a quarrel ensued, in which he unfortunately slew his father Ulysses with a spear or arrow, pointed with the bone of a trygon, a poisonous fish.

Not

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 259

Not by the poisonous trygon's bone expir'd.
Wherefore, ill-fated wretches, be assur'd,
Your wicked deeds shall meet their due reward.

1 Mo. Syrians we are, in fair Damascus born.
But, urg'd by want and hungry poverty,
O'er earth and sea like vagabonds we roam,
And with this ointment, which our father gave,
We comfort and relieve the sick and lame.

Godd. What is your ointment, say, and how prepar'd?

2 Mo. We dare not tell, to secrecy oblig'd
Both by the solemn oath of our profession,
And last injunctions of a dying father;
Who charg'd us to conceal the powerful virtue
Of this our medicine, whose strong efficacy,
O Gout, can ev'n thy madding fires allay.

Godd. Ha ! miserable wretches, say ye so ?
Is there on earth a medicine, whose effect
My power is not sufficient to control ?
Come on, upon this issue let us join.
Let us experience now the prevalence
Of your strong medicine or my raging flames.
Hither, tormenting spirits, who preside
O'er my distracting sorrows, hither come.

Spirits descend.

Thou from the tender sole to every toe
Round all the foot the burning anguish spread.
Thou in the heel shalt settle, from the thigh
Thou on the knee shalt pour the bitter drop.
And each of you a finger shall torment.

S 2

Spir.

Spir. Behold, O Queen, thy orders are perform'd.
See ! where the wretches maim'd and roaring lie,
Their limbs distorted with our fierce attack.

Godd. Now, friends, inform us of the truth; declare
If aught your boasted ointment now avail.
For if my forces it indeed subdue,
Far, to the dark recesses of the earth,
The depths profound of Tartarus, I'll fly,
Henceforth unknown, unhonour'd, and unseen.

Mo. Behold the ointment is apply'd ! but, oh !
The flames relent not. Oh ! I faint, I die !
A secret poison all my leg consumes.
Not so pernicious is the bolt of Jove :
Nor rages so the wild tempestuous sea :
Nor more resistless is the lightning's blast.
Sure three-mouth'd Cerberus my sinews gnaws :
Or on my flesh some poisonous viper preys ;
Or to my limbs th' envenom'd * mantle clings,
Drench'd in the Centaur's black malignant gore !
O Queen, have mercy ! freely we acknowledge
That, nor our ointment, nor aught else on earth,

* The mantle of the Centaur Nessus, who having proffered Hercules his service to carry his wife over the river Evenus, when he had her on the other side would have forced her. Whereupon Hercules shot him with an arrow. Nessus, seeing he must die, in revenge presents Deianira with his mantle stained with his own blood, telling her it was a charm for love. She believing this, when Hercules was sacrificing in Mount Oeta, sent him this mantle to put on; which he no sooner did, but the poison worked so strongly that he grew mad, and threw himself into the fire.

Thy

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 261

Thy unresisted fury can restrain,
O mighty conquerers of human kind!

Ocep. "I too, O potent goddess, grace implore.
"Once in the wanton pride of vigorous youth,
"Vain of my beauteous limbs, and active strength,
"I mock'd thy dolours, and thy power defy'd.
"But now chafis'd by thy afflictive arm,
"And by thy nearer influence subdued,
"My impious vaunts, O goddess, I retract,
"Adore thy might, and deprecate thy wrath."

Godd. Spirits, forbear, and mitigate their woes.
See they repent them of the dire contention.
Now let the world confess my stubborn power,
Nor mov'd by pity, nor by drugs subdued.

[Goddess and Spirits re-ascend.]

Cos. In vain with mimic flames Salmoneus strove
To emulate the bolts of thundering Jove;
'To deepest hell with scorching lightning driven,
Too late he own'd the stronger power of Heaven.

The fatyr Marfyas blew his boastful reed,
And, Phœbus, strike, he cry'd, thy rival strings.
Stript of his skin, he mourns the impious deed,
While round the bleeding trophy Pythius sings.

Robb'd of her children, in eternal woe,
In streams eternal while her sorrows flow,
Sad Niobe laments the fatal hour,
That urg'd her to provoke Latona's power.

Thee, Pallas, skill'd in every work divine,
 Foolish Arachne at the loom defy'd;
 Incessant thence she draws the filmy twine,
 Memorial of her fond presumptuous pride.

Taught by the vengeance of the gods above,
 Latona, Pallas, Pythian Phœbus, Jove,
 To mortals be this sage instruction given,
 "That man, though bold, is not a match for
 "Heaven."

[Dance.

Cho. O awful Gout, whose universal sway
 The trembling nations of the earth obey,
 Our torments, gracious sovereign, O assuage!
 Be short our pangs, be moderate thy rage!

Many, various, are the woes
 That this scene of life compose.
 Use with reconciling balm
 Can our throbbing sorrows calm;
 Can our sharpest pains beguile,
 And bid gouty wretches smile.
 Hence, companions of my care,
 Learn with patient hearts to bear,
 To expect with souls unmov'd
 Ills ye have already prov'd.
 If severer woes invade,
 Heaven will grant you strength and aid.
 Who, impatient of his pain,
 Bites, and gnaws, and shakes the chain,
 Laughter he, and scorn shall move,
 Such is the decree of Jove.

ON

ON THE
ABUSE OF TRAVELLING.
A CANTO,
IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

THE ARGUMENT.

Archimage tempts the Red-Cross Knight
From love of Fairy land,
With shew of foreign pleasures all,
The which he doth withstand.

I.

WISE was that Spartan Law-giver of old,
Who rais'd on Virtue's base his well-built state,
Exiling from her walls barbaric gold,
With all the mischiefs that upon it wait,
Corruption, luxury, and envious hate;
And the distinctions proud of rich and poor,
Which among brethren kindle foul debate,
And teach Ambition, that to fame would soar,
To the false lure of wealth her stooping wing to
lower.

II.

Yet would Corruption soon have entrance found,
And all his boasted schemes eftssoon decay'd,
Had not he cast a powerful circle round,
Which to a distance the arch felon fray'd

And ineffectual his foul engines made :
 This was, to weet, that politic command,
 Which from vain travel the young Spartan stay'd,
 Ne suffer'd him forsake his native land,
 To learn deceitful arts, and science contraband.

III.

Yet had the ancient world her courts and schools;
 Great kings and courtiers civil and refin'd;
 Great rabbins, deeply read in Wisdom's rules,
 And all the arts that cultivate the mind,
 Embellish life, and polish human-kind.
 Such, Asia, birth-place of proud monarchy,
 Such, elder Ægypt, in thy kingdoms shin'd,
 Mysterious Ægypt, the rank nursery
 Of superstitions fond, and learned vanity.

IV.

But what accomplishments, what arts polite,
 Did the young Spartan want, his deeds to grace,
 Whose manly virtues, and heroic spright,
 Check'd by no thought impure, no falsehood base,
 With natural dignity might well outface
 The glare of manners false, and mimic pride?
 And wherefore should they range from place to place,
 Who to their country's love so firm were ty'd,
 All homely as she was, that for her oft they dy'd?

V.

And * sooth it is (with reverence may ye hear,
 And honour due to passion so refin'd)
 The strong affection which true patriots bear
 To their dear country, zealous is and blind,

* Truth.

And

ON THE ABUSE OF TRAVELLING. 265

And fond as is the love of womankind,
So that they may not her defects espy,
Ne other * paragone may ever find,
But gazing on her with an awful eye
And superstitious zeal, her learn to deify.

VI.

And, like as is the faith unsound, untrue,
Of him who, wandering aye from fair to fair,
Conceiveth from each object passion new,
Or from his heart quite drives the troublous care ;
So with the patriot-lover doth it fare,
Who through the world delighting aye to rove,
His country changeth with each change of air,
Or weening the delights of all to prove,
On none, or all alike, bestows his vagrant love.

VII.

† Als doth corruption in a distant soil,
With double force ‡ assay the youthful heart,
Expos'd suspectless to the traitor's wile,
Expos'd unwarn'd to Pleasure's poison'd dart,
Expos'd unpractis'd in the world's wide mart,
Where each one lies, imposes, and betrays,
Without a friend due counsel to impart,
Without a parent's awe to rule his ways,
Without the check of shame, or spur of public praise.

* Rival, or one to compare with her.

† Moreover, besides. ‡ Assault.

VIII. For-

VIII.

* Forthy, false Archimago, traytor vile,
 Who burnt 'gainst Fairy-land with ceaseless ire.
 'Gan cast with foreign pleasures to beguile
 Her faithful knight, and quench the heavenly fire
 That did his virtuous bosom aye inspire
 With zeal unfeigned for her service true,
 And send him forth in chivalrous attire,
 Arm'd at all points adventures to pursue,
 And wreak upon her foes his vowed vengeance due.

IX.

So as he journeyed upon the way,
 Him soon the sly enchaunter † over-hent,
 Clad like a fairy knight in armour gay,
 With painted shield, and spear right forward bent,
 In knightly ‡ guise and shew of § hardiment,
 That aye prepared was for bloody fight.
 Whereat the || Elfin knight with speeches gent
 Him first saluted, who, well as he might,
 Him fair salutes again, as ** seemeth courteous knight.

X.

Then 'gan he †† purpose frame of valiant deeds
 Atchiev'd by foreign knights of ‡‡ prowess great,
 And mighty fame, which emulation breeds
 In virtuous breast, and kindleth martial heat;

* Therefore. † Overtook. ‡ Fashion. § Courage.
 || Fairy. ** Beseemeth. †† Discourse, or argument.
 ‡‡ Might, valour.

Of

ON THE ABUSE OF TRAVELLING. 267

Of arts and sciences for warriour * meet,
And knight that would in feats of arms excel,
Or him, who † lieber choosing calm retreat,
With Peace and gentle Virtue aye would dwell,
Who have their triumphs, like as hath Bellona fell.

XI.

These, as he said, beseemed knight to know,
And all be they in Fairy-land y-taught,
Where every art and all fair virtues grow;
Yet various climes with various fruits are fraught,
And such in one hath full perfection ‡ raught
The which no skill may in another rear.
So glaz'd th' enchaunter till he hath him brought
To a huge rock, that clomb so high in air,
That from it he § uneath the murmuring surge mote hear.

XII.

Thence the salt wave beyond in prospect wide
A spacious plain the false enchaunter show'd,
With goodly castles deck'd on every side,
And silver streams, that down the champain flow'd,
And wash'd the vineyards that beside them stood,
And groves of myrtle; als the lamp of day
His orient beams display'd withouten cloud,
Which lightly on the glistening waters play,
And tinge the castles, woods, and hills, with purple ray.

* Proper, fit. † Rather. ‡ Reach'd. § Hardly.

XIII. So

XIII.

So fair a landscape charm'd the wondering knight;
 And eke the breath of morning fresh and sweet
 Inspir'd his jocund spirit with delight,
 And ease of heart for soft persuasion meet.
 Then him the traytor base 'gan fair entreat,
 And from the rock as downward they descend,
 Of that blest lond his praises 'gan to repeat,
 Till he him moved hath with him to * wend;
 So to the billowy shore their hasty march they bend.

XIV.

There in a painted bark all trim and gay,
 Whose sails full glad embrac'd the wanton wind,
 There sat a stranger † wight in quaint array,
 That seem'd of various garbs ‡ attone combin'd,
 Of Europe, Afric, east and western Inde.
 Als round about him many creatures flood,
 Of several nations and of divers kind,
 Apes, serpents, birds with human speech endow'd,
 And monsters of the land, and wonders of the flood.

XV.

He was to weet a mighty traveller,
 Who curiosity thereafter § hight
 And well he knew each coast and harbour fair,
 And every nation's latitude and site,

* To go.

† Man or woman.

‡ Together.

§ Was called.

And

ON THE ABUSE OF TRAVELLING. 269

And how to steer the wandering bark aright.
So to him strait the false encounter bore,
And with him likewise brought the red-cross knight:
Then fairly him besought to waft them o'er;
Swift flew the dauncing bark, and reach'd the adverse
shore.

XVI.

There when they landed were, them ran to greet
A bevy bright of damsels gent and gay,
Who with soft smiles, and salutation sweet,
And courteous violence would force them stay,
And rest them in their bower not far away;
Their bower that most luxuriously was * dight
With all the dainties of air, earth, and sea,
All that mote please the taste, and charm the sight,
The pleasure of the board, and charm of beauty bright.

XVII.

Als might he therein hear a mingled sound
Of feast and song and laughing jollity,
That in the noise was all distinction drown'd
Of graver sense, or music's harmony,
Yet were there some in that blithe company
That aptly could discourse of virtuous lore,
Of manners, wisdom, and sound policy;
Yet † nould they often ope their sacred store,
Ne might their voice be heard mid riot and uproar.

* Adorned, set forth.

† Would not.

XVIII. Thereto

Thereto the joys of idleness and love,
 And luxury, that besots the noblest mind,
 And custom prevalent at distance drove
 All sense and relish of a higher kind,
 Whereby the soul to virtue is refin'd.
 Instead whereof the arts of slavery
 Were taught, of slavery perverse and blind,
 That vainly boasts her native liberty,
 Yet wears the chains of pride, of lust, and gluttony.

XIX.

Of which the red-cross knight right well aware,
 Would in no wise agree with them to go,
 Albeit with courtly glee their leader fair,
 * Hight Politeffa, him did kindly woo.
 But all was false pretence, and hollow show,
 False as the flowers which to their breasts they ty'd,
 Or those which seemed in their cheeks to glow,
 For both were false, and not by Nature dy'd,
 False rivals of the spring, and beauty's rosy pride.

XX.

Then from behind them straightway 'gan advance
 An uncouth stripling quaintly habited,
 As for some revel mask, or antic daunce,
 All chequer'd o'er with yellow, blue, and red;
 Als in a vizor black he shrouds his head,

* Called.

The

ON THE ABUSE OF TRAVELLING. 271

The which he tossed to and fro amain,
 And † eft his lathy falchion brandished,
 As if he meant fierce battle to ‡ darrain,
 And like a wanton ape eft skip'd he on the plain.

XXI.

And eft about him skip'd a gaudy throng
 Of youthful gallants, frolic, trim, and gay,
 Chanting in carelefs notes their amorous song,
 Match'd with like carelefs guefts, like amorous play.
 Als were they gorgeous, drefs'd in rich array,
 And well accepted of that female train,
 Whose hearts to joy and mirth devoted aye,
 Each proffer'd love receive without difdain,
 And part without regret from each late favour'd fwain.

XXII.

And now they do accord in wanton daunce
 To join their hands upon the flowery plain;
 The whiles with amorous leer and eyes askaunce
 Each damfel fires with love her glowing fwain;
 Till, all impatient of the tickling pain,
 In sudden laughter forth at once they break,
 And ending fo their daunce, each tender twain
 To shady bowers forthwith themselves betake,
 Deep hid in myrtle groves, beside a filver lake.

XXIII.

Thereat the red-crofs knight was much enmov'd,
 And 'gan his heart with indignation swell,
 To view in forms fo made to be belov'd,
 Ne faith, ne truth, ne heavenly virtue dwell;

† Often.

‡ Attempt.

But

But lust instead, and falsehood, child of hell;
 And glutton sloth, and love of gay attire:
 And sooth to say, them well could parallel
 Their lusty * paramours in vain desire;
 Well fitted to each dame was every gallant squire.

XXIV.

Yet when their sovereign calls them forth to arms,
 Their sovereign, whose † behests they most revere,
 Right wisely can they menage war's alarms,
 And wield with valour great the martial spear,
 So that their name is dreaded far and near.
 Oh! that for liberty they so did fight!
 Then need not fairy-land their prowess fear,
 Ne give in charge to her adventurous knight
 Their friendship to beware, and sense-deluding sleight.

XXV.

But not for liberty they wagen war,
 But solely to ‡ aggrate their mighty lord,
 For whom their dearest blood they || nillen spare,
 When so him listeth draw the conquering sword;
 So is that idol vain of them ador'd,
 Who ne with might beyond his meanest thrall
 Endued, ne with superior wisdom stor'd,
 Sees at his feet prostrated millions fall,
 And with religious dread obey his princely call.

XXVI.

Thereto so high and stately was his port,
 That all the petty kings him fore envy'd,
 And would him imitate in any sort,
 With all the mimic pageantry of pride,

* Lovers. † Commands. ‡ Please. || Will not.

And

And worship'd be like him, and deify'd,
Of courtly fycophants and * caitifs vile,
Who to those services themselves apply'd,
And in that school of servitude erewhile
Had learn'd to bow, and grin, and flatter, and beguile.

XXVII.

For to that seminary of fashions vain
The rich and noble from all parts repair,
Where grown enamour'd of the gaudy train,
And, courteous haviour gent and debonair,
They cast to imitate such semblaunce fair;
And, deeming meanly of their native lond,
Their own rough virtues they disdain to wear,
And back returning drest by foreign hond,
Ne other matter care, ne other underfond.

XXVIII.

Wherefore th' enchaunter vile, who fore was griev'd
To see the knight reject those damsels gay,
Wherewith he thought him sure to have deceiv'd,
Was minded to that court him to convey,
And daze his eyen with majesty's bright ray:
So to a stately castle he him brought,
Which in the midst of a great garden lay,
And wisely was by cunning craftsmen wrought,
And with all riches deck'd surpassing human thought.

XXIX.

There underneath a sumptuous canopy,
That with bright ore and diamonds glitter'd far,
Sate the swoln form of royal † surquedry,
And deem'd itself ‡ allgates some creature rare,

* Scoundrels. † Pride. ‡ By all means, omnino.

While its own haughty state it mote compare
 With the base countenance of the vassal fry,
 That seem'd to have nor eye, nor tongue, nor ear;
 Ne any sense, ne any faculty,
 That did not to his throne owe servile ministry.

XXX.

Yet wist he not that half that homage low
 Was at a wizard's shrine in private pay'd,
 The which conducted all that goodly show,
 And as he list th' imperial puppet play'd,
 By secret springs and wheels right wisely made,
 That he the subtle wires mote not * avize,
 But deem in sooth that all he did or said,
 From his own motion and free grace did rise,
 And that he justly hight immortal, great, and wise.

XXXI.

And eke to each of that fame gilded train,
 That meekly round that lordly throne did stand,
 Was by that wizard ty'd a magic chain,
 Whereby their actions all he mote command,
 And rule with hidden influence the land.
 Yet to his lord he outwardly did bend,
 And those fame magic chains within his hand
 Did seem to place, albeit by the end
 He held them fast, that none them from his gripe mote
 rend.

* Discover, perceive.

XXXII. He

XXXII.

He was to weet an old and wrinkled mage,
 Deep read in all the arts of policy,
 And from experience grown so crafty sage,
 That none his secret counsels mote descry,
 Ne search the mines of his deep subtlety.
 Thereto fair peace he lov'd and cherished;
 And traffic did promote and industry,
 Whereby the vulgar were in quiet fed,
 And the proud lords in ease and plenty wallowed.

XXXIII.

Thence all the gorgeous splendor of the court,
 * Sith the sole business of the rich and great,
 Was to that hope-built temple to resort,
 And round their earthly god in glory wait,
 Who, with their pride to swell his royal state,
 Did pour large fums of gold on every one,
 Brought him by harpies fell, him to aggrate,
 And torn from peasants vile, beneath the throne
 Who lay deep sunk in earth, and inwardly did groan.

XXXIV.

Behold, says Archimage, the envy'd height
 Of human grandeur to the gods ally'd !
 Behold yon sun of power, whose glorious light,
 O'er this rejoicing land out-beaming wide,
 Calls up those princely flowers on every side;
 Which like the painted daughters of the plain
 Ne toil, ne spin, ne stain their filken pride
 With care, or sorrow, sith withouten pain,
 Them in eternal joy those heavenly beams maintain.

* Since.

T 2

XXXV. Them

XXXV.

Them morn and evening joy eternal greets,
 And for them thousands and ten thousands * moil,
 Gathering from land and ocean honied sweets
 For them, who in soft indolence the while
 And slumbering peace enjoy the luscious spoil;
 And as they view around the careful bees
 † Forespent with labour and incessant toil,
 With the sweet contrast learn themselves to please,
 And heighten by compare the luxury of ease.

XXXVI.

Ungenerous man, quoth then the fairy knight,
 That can rejoice to see another's woe !
 And thou, unworthy of that glory bright,
 Wherewith the gods have deck'd thy princely brow,
 That doth on sloth and gluttony bestow
 The hard-earn'd fruits of industry and pain,
 And to the dogs the labourer's morsel throw,
 Unmindful of the hand that sow'd the grain,
 The poor earth-trodden root of all thy greatness vain.

XXXVII.

Oh foul abuse of sacred majesty,
 That boasteth her fair self from heaven y-sprong !
 Where are the marks of thy divinity ?
 Truth, mercy, justice steady, bold and strong,
 To aid the meek, and curb oppressive wrong ?
 Where is the care and love of public good,
 That to the people's father doth belong ?
 Where the vice-gerent of that bounteous God,
 Who bids dispense to all, what he for all bestow'd ?

* Work hard. † Quite spent.

XXXVIII. Dwell't

XXXVIII.

Dwell'st thou not rather, like the prince of hell,
 In Pandemonium full of ugly fiends ?
 Dissimulation, discord, malice fell,
 Reckless ambition, that right onward * wends,
 Though his wild march o'erthrow both fame and
 friends,
 And virtue and his country ; crooked guile,
 Obliquely creeping to his treacherous ends,
 And flattery, curs'd assassin, who the while
 He holds the murderous knife, can fawn, and kifs, and
 smile.

XXXIX.

Then 'gan he strait unvail the mirrour bright,
 The which fair † Una gave him heretofore,
 Ere he as yet, with ‡ Paynim foe to fight,
 For foreign land had left his native shore.
 This in his careful breast he always bore,
 And on it oft would cast his wary eye ;
 For it by magic framed was of yore,
 So that no falshood mote it well abyẽ,
 But it was plainly seen, or fearfully did fly.

XL.

This on that gay assembly did he turn,
 And saw confounded quite the gaudy scene ;
 Saw the close fire that inwardly did burn,
 And waste the throbbing heart with secret || teen ;

* Goes.

† Una in Spenfer represents Truth, see B. 1. Fairy Queen.

‡ Heathen, the usual enemy of Knight-errants in Spenfer.

|| Pain, anguish.

Saw base dependence in the haughty mien
 Of lords and princes ; saw the magic chain
 That each did wear, but deem'd he wore unseen,
 The whiles with count'naunce glad he hid his pain,
 And homage did require from each poor lowly swain.

XLI.

And though to that old mage they louted down,
 Yet did they dearly with for his decay :
 Als trembled he, and aye upon the throne
 Of his great lord his tottering steps did stay,
 And oft behind him skulk'd for great dismay ;
 Als shook the throne, when so the villain crew,
 That underneath oppress'd and groveling lay,
 Impatient of the grievous burthen grew,
 And loudly for redress and liberty did sue.

XLII.

There mote he likewise see a ribbald train
 Of danciers, broiderers, slaves of luxury,
 Who cast o'er all those lords and ladies vain
 A veil of semblaunce fair, and richest dye,
 That none their inward baseness mote descry.
 But nought was hidden from that mirrour bright.
 Which when false Archimago 'gan espy,
 He feared for himself, and warn'd the knight
 From so detested place to maken speedy flight.

XLIII.

So on he pass'd, till he comen hath
 To a small river, that full slow did glide,
 As it uneath mote find its watry path
 For stones and rubbish, that did choak its tide,

ON THE ABUSE OF TRAVELLING. 279

So lay the mouldering piles on every side,
Seem'd there a goodly city once had been,
Albeit now fallen were her royal pride,
Yet mote her auncient greatness still be seen,
Still from her ruins prov'd the world's imperial queen.

XLIV.

For the rich spoil of all the continents,
The boast of art and nature there was brought,
Corinthian brasse, Ægyptian monuments,
With hieroglyphic sculptures all inwrought,
And Parian marbles, by Greek artists taught
To counterfeit the forms of heroes old,
And set before the eye of sober thought
Lycurgus, Homer, and Alcides bold.
All these and many more that may not here be told.

XLV.

There in the midst of a ruin'd pile,
That seem'd a theatre of circuit vast,
Where thousands might be seated, he erewhile
Discover'd hath an uncouth trophy plac'd;
Seem'd a huge heap of stone together cast
In nice disorder and wild symmetry,
Urns, broken freezes, statues half defac'd,
And pedestals with antique imagery
Emboss'd, and pillars huge of costly porphyry.

XLVI.

Aloft on this strange basis was * ypight
With girdles gay adorn'd a golden chair,
In which aye smiling with self-bred delight,
In careless pride reclin'd a lady fair,

* Placed.

And to soft music lent her idle ear ;
 The which with pleasure so did her enthrall,
 That for aught else she had but little care,
 For wealth, or fame, or honour feminal,
 Or gentle love, sole king of pleasures natural.

XLVII.

Als by her side, in richest robes array'd,
 An eunuch fate, of visage pale and dead,
 Unseemly paramour for royal maid !
 Yet him she courted oft and honoured,
 And oft would by her place in princely * sted,
 Though from the dregs of earth he springen were,
 And oft with regal crowns she deck'd his head,
 And oft, to sooth her vain and foolish ear,
 She bade him the great names of mighty † Kefars bear.

XLVIII.

Thereto herself a pompous title bore,
 For she was vain of her great auncestry,
 But vainer still of that prodigious store
 Of arts and learning, which she vaunts to lie
 In the rich archives of her treasury.
 These she to strangers oftentimes would shew,
 With grave demean and solemn vanity,
 Then proudly claim as to her merit due,
 The venerable praise and title of Vertù.

XLIX.

Vertù she was ‡ yclept, and held her court
 With outward shews of pomp and majesty,
 To which natheless few others did resort,
 But men of base and vulgar industry.

* Seat or place. † Emperors. ‡ Called or named.

Or

Or such perdy as of them cozen'd be,
 Mimes, fiddlers, pipers, eunuchs squeaking fine,
 Painters and builders, sons of masonry,
 Who well could measure with the rule and line,
 And all the orders five right craftily define.

L.

But other skill of cunning architect,
 How to contrive the house for dwelling best,
 With self-sufficient scorn they wont neglect,
 As corresponding with their purpose least;
 And herein be they copied of the rest,
 Who aye pretending love of science fair,
 And generous purpose to adorn the breast
 With liberal arts, to Vertù's court repair,
 Yet nought but tunes and names, and coins away do bear.

LI.

For long, to visit her once-honour'd seat
 The studious sons of learning have forbore:
 Who whilom thither ran with pilgrim feet
 Her venerable reliques to adore
 And load their bosom with the sacred store,
 Whereof the world large treasure yet enjoys.
 But * sithence she declin'd from wisdom's lore,
 They left her to display her pompous toys
 To virtuosi vain, and wonder-gaping boys.

LII.

Forthy to her a numerous train doth † long
 Of ushers in her court well practised,
 Who aye about the monied stranger throng,
 Offering with shews of courteous ‡ bountihed

* Since. † Belong. ‡ Good-nature or civility.

Him

Him through the rich apartments all to lead,
 And shew him all the wonders of her state,
 Whose names and price they wisely can * areed,
 And tell of coins of old and modern date,
 And pictures false and true right well discriminate.

LIII.

Als are they named after him, whose tongue
 Shook the dictator in his curule chair,
 And thundering through the Roman senate, rung
 His bold Philippicks in Antonius' ear;
 Which when the Fairy heard, he sigh'd full dear,
 And, casting round his quick discerning eye,
 At every † deal he dropt a manly tear,
 As he the stately buildings mote descry,
 Baths, theatres, and fanes, in mouldering fragments lie.

LIV.

And, oh! imperial city! then he said,
 How art thou tumbled from thine Alpine throne!
 Whereon, like Jove on high Olympus' head,
 Thou fittedst erst unequal'd and alone,
 And madest through the world thy greatness known:
 While from the western isles, to Indus' shore,
 From seven-mouth'd Nilus, to the frozen Don,
 Thy draddled bolts the strong-pounc'd eagle bore,
 And taught the nations round thy fasces to adore.

* Relate or declare. These under sort of antiquaries,
 who go about with strangers to shew them the anti-
 quities, &c. of Rome, are called Ciceroni.

† At every turn, every now and then.

LV. And

LV.

And doth among thy reliques nought remain,
 No little portion of that haughty spright,
 Which made thee whilom scorn soft Pleasure's chain,
 And in free Virtue place thy chief delight,
 Whereby through ages shone thy glory bright?
 And is there nought remaining to confound
 Those who, regardless of thy woeful plight,
 With idle wonder view thy ruins round,
 And without thought survey thy memorable wound?

LVI.

Arise, thou genuine Cicero, and declare
 That all these mighty ruins scatter'd wide
 The sepulchres of Roman virtue were,
 And trophies vast of luxury and pride,
 Those fell diseases whereof Rome erst dy'd.
 And do you then with vile mechanic thought
 Your course, ye sons of Fairy, hither guide,
 That ye those gay refinements may be taught,
 Which liberty's fair lond to shame and thraldom brought?

LVII.

Let Rome those vassal arts now meanly boast,
 Which to her vanquish'd thralls she erst resign'd;
 Ye who enjoy that freedom she has lost,
 That great prerogative of human-kind,
 Close to your hearts the precious jewel bind,
 And learn the rich possession to maintain,
 Learn virtue, justice, constancy of mind,
 Not to be mov'd by fear or pleasure's train;
 Be these your arts, ye brave; these only are humane.

LVIII. As

LVIII.

As he thus spake, th' enchaunter half asham'd
Wist not what fitting answer to devise,
Als was his caitive heart well-nigh inflam'd,
By that same knight so virtuous, brave, and wise,
That long he doubts him farther to entice.
But he was harden'd and remorseless grown,
Through practice old of villainy and vice;
So to his former wiles he turns him soon,
As in another place hereafter shall be shown.

EDUCA-

EDUCATION.

A POEM:

Written in Imitation of the Style and Manner of

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

INSCRIBED TO LADY LANGHAM,

Widow of Sir JOHN LANGHAM, Baronet.

" Unum studium verè liberale est, quod liberum facit.
 " Hoc sapientiæ studium est, sublime, forte, mag-
 " nimum: cætera pusilla & puerilia sunt.—Plus
 " scire velle quàm sit satis intemperantiæ genus est.
 " Quid, quòd ista liberalium artium confectatio
 " molestos, verbosos, intempestivos, sibi placentes
 " facit, & ideo non dicentes necessaria, quia su-
 " pervacua didicerunt." SEN. EP. 88.

O GOODLY discipline! from heaven y-sprong!
 Parent of Science, queen of Arts refin'd!
 To whom the Graces, and the Nine belong:
 O! bid those Graces, in fair chorus join'd

With

With each bright virtue that adorns the mind!
 O bid the Muses, thine harmonious train,
 Who by thy aid erst humaniz'd mankind,
 Inspire, direct, and moralize the strain,
 That doth essay to teach thy treasures how to gain!

And thou, whose pious and maternal care,
 The substitute of heavenly Providence,
 With tenderest love my orphan life did rear,
 And train me up to manly strength and sense;
 With mildest awe, and virtuous influence,
 Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
 To the smooth walks of Truth and Innocence;
 Where Happiness heart-felt, Contentment sweet,
 Philosophy divine, aye hold their blest retreat.

Thou, most lov'd, most honour'd, most rever'd!
 Accept this verse, to thy large merit due!
 And blame me not, if, by each tie endear'd,
 Of nature, gratitude, and friendship true,
 The whiles this moral thesis I pursue,
 And trace the plan of goodly * Nurture o'er,
 I bring thy modest virtues into view;
 And proudly boast that from thy precious store,
 Which erst enrich'd my heart, I drew this sacred lore.
 And thus, I ween, thus shall I best repay
 The valued gifts, thy careful love bestow'd;
 If, imitating thee, well as I may,
 I labour to diffuse th' important good,

* Nurture, Education.

Tin

Till this great truth by all be understood,
 " That all the pious duties which we owe,
 " Our parents, friends, our country and our God;
 " The seeds of every virtue here below,
 " From discipline alone, and early culture, grow."

C A N T O I

A R G U M E N T.

The Knight, as to * Pædîa's house
 He his young son conveys,
 Is staid by Custom; with him fights,
 And his vain pride disdays.

I.

A Gentle Knight there was, whose noble deeds
 O'er Fairy land by Fame were blazon'd round:
 For warlike enterprize, and sage † areeds
 Among the chief alike was he renown'd;
 Whence with the marks of highest honours crown'd
 By Gloriana, in domestic peace,
 That port, to which the wise are ever bound,
 He anchor'd was, and chang'd the tossing seas
 Of bustling busy life, for calm sequester'd ease.

• Pædîa is a Greek word, signifying education.

† Areeds, counsels.

II. There

II.

There in domestic virtue rich and great
 As erst in public, 'mid his wide domain,
 Long in primæval patriarchal state,
 The lord, the judge, the father of the plain,
 He dwelt; and with him, in the golden chain
 Of wedded faith y-link'd, a matron sage
 Aye dwelt; sweet partner of his joy and pain,
 Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
 Skill'd to improve his blifs, his sorrows to assuage.

III.

From this fair union, not of sordid gain,
 But merit similar and mutual love,
 True source of lineal virtue, sprung a train
 Of youths and virgins; like the beauteous grove,
 Which round the temple of Olympick Jove,
 Begirt with youthful bloom the * parent tree,
 The sacred olive; whence old Elis wove
 Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
 The † guerdons of bold strength and swift activity,

IV.

So round their noble parents goodly rose
 These generous scyons: they with watchful care
 Still, as the swelling passions 'gan disclose
 The buds of future virtues, did prepare

* *Parent tree, the sacred olive.*] This tree grew in the Altis, or sacred grove of Olympick Jupiter at Olympia, having, as the Eleans pretended, been originally planted there by Hercules. It was esteemed sacred, and from that were taken the Olympick crowns.

† Guerdons, rewards.

With

With prudent culture the young shoots to rear :
 And aye in this endearing pious toil
 They by a * palmer sage instructed were,
 Who from deep thought and studious search erewhile
 Had learnt to mend the heart, and till the human soil.

V.

For by celestial Wisdom whilom led
 Through all th' apartments of th' immortal mind,
 He view'd the secret stores, and mark'd the † sted
 To judgment, wit, and memory assign'd ;
 And how sensation and reflection join'd
 To fill with images her darksome grotte,
 Where, variously disjointed or combin'd,
 As reason, fancy, or opinion wrought,
 Their various masks they play'd, and fed her pensive
 thought.

VI.

‡ Alse through the fields of Science had he stray'd
 With eager search, and sent his piercing eye
 Through each learn'd school, each philosophic shade,
 Where Truth and Virtue erst were deem'd to lie ;
 If haply the fair vagrants he § mote spy,
 Or hear the music of their charming lore :
 But all unable there to satisfy
 His curious soul, he turn'd him to explore
 The sacred writ of Faith ; to learn, believe, adore.

* Palmer, pilgrim. The person here signified is Mr.
 Locke, characterized by his works.

† Sted, place, station.

‡ Alse, also, further.

§ Mote, might.

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U

VII. Thence

VII.

Thence foe profess'd of Falshood and Deceit,
 Those sly artificers of tyranny,
 * Aye holding up before uncertain feet
 His faithful light to Knowledge, Liberty,
 Mankind he led, to civil policy,
 And mild Religion's charitable law;
 That, fram'd by Mercy and Benignity
 The persecuting sword forbids to draw,
 And free-created souls with penal terrors awe.

VIII.

† Ne with the glorious gifts elate and vain
 Lock'd he his wisdom up in churlish pride;
 But, stooping from his height, would even deign
 The feeble steps of Infancy to guide.
 Eternal glory him therefore betide,
 Let every generous youth his praise proclaim;
 Who, wandering through the world's rude forest
 wide,
 By him hath been y-taught his course to frame
 To Virtue's sweet abodes, and heaven-aspiring Fame!

IX.

For this the Fairy Knight with anxious thought,
 And fond paternal care, his counsel pray'd;
 And him of gentlest courtesy besought
 His guidance to vouchsafe and friendly aid;

* Aye, ever.

† Ne, nor.

The

The while his tender offspring he convey'd,
 Through devious paths to that secure retreat ;
 Where sage Pædia, with each tuneful maid,
 On a wide mount had fix'd her rural seat,
 'Mid flowery gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

X.

And now forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
 And that fame virtuous palmer them to guide ;
 Arm'd all to point, and on a courser fair
 Y-mounted high, in military pride,
 His little train before he slow did ride.
 Him eke behind a gentle squire * ensues,
 With his young lord aye marching side by side,
 His counsellour and guard, in goodly † thews,
 Who well had been brought up, and nurs'd by every
 Muse.

XI.

Thus as their pleasing journey they pursued,
 With chearful argument beguiling pain :
 Ere long descending from an hill they view'd
 Beneath their eyes out-stretch'd a spacious plain.
 That fruitful shew'd, and apt for every grain,
 For pastures, vines, and flowers ; while Nature fair
 Sweet-smiling all around with countenance † fain
 Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care,
 Her wildness to correct, her lavish waste repair.

* Ensues, follows.

† Thews, manners.

‡ Fain, earnest, eager.

XII.

Right good, I ween, and bounteous was the foil,
 Aye wont in happy season to repay
 With tenfold usury the peasant's toil.
 But now 'twas ruin all, and wild decay;
 Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay,
 The sheep shorne down with barren * brakes o'er-
 grown
 The whiles the merry peasants sport and play,
 All as the public evil were unknown,
 Or every public care from every breast was flown.

XIII.

Astonish'd at a scene at once so fair
 And so deform'd; with wonder and delight
 At man's neglect, and Nature's bounty rare,
 In studious thought a while the Fairy Knight
 Bent on that goodly † lond his eager sight:
 Then forward rush'd, impatient to descry
 What towns and castles there-in were † empight;
 For towns him seem'd, and castles he did spy,
 As to th' horizon round he stretch'd his roaming eye.

XIV.

Nor long way had they travell'd, ere they came
 To a wide stream, that with tumultuous roar
 Amongst rude rocks its winding course did frame.
 Black was the wave and fordid, cover'd o'er

* Brakes, briars.

† Lond, land.

† Empight, placed.

With

With angry foam, and stain'd with infants' gore.
 Thereto along th' unlovely margin stood
 A birchen grove that, waving from the shore,
 Aye cast upon the tide its falling bud,
 And with its bitter juice empoison'd all the flood.

XV.

Right in the centre of the vale empight,
 Not distant far a forked mountain rose;
 In outward form presenting to the sight
 That fam'd Parnassian hill, on whose fair brows
 The Nine Aonian Sisters wont repose;
 Listening to sweet Castalia's founding stream,
 Which through the plains of Cirrha murmuring flows,
 But this to that compar'd mote justly seem
 Ne fitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's esteem.

XVI.

For this nor founded deep, nor spreaden wide,
 Nor high up-rais'd above the level plain,
 By toiling art through tedious years applied,
 From various parts compil'd with studious pain,
 Was * erst up-thrown; if so it mote attain,
 Like that poetic mountain, to be † hight
 The noble feat of Learning's goodly train.
 Thereto, the more to captivate the sight,
 It like a garden fair most curiously was ‡ dight.

* Erst, formerly.

† Hight, called, named.

‡ Dight, drest.

U 3

XVII. In

XVII.

In figur'd plots with leafy walls inclos'd,
 By measure and by rule it was out-lay'd;
 With symmetry so regular dispos'd,
 That plot to plot still answer'd, shade to shade;
 Each correspondent twain alike array'd
 With like embellishments of plants and flowers,
 Of statues, vases, spouting founts, that play'd
 Through shells of Tritons their ascending showers,
 And labyrinths involv'd, and trelice-woven bowers.

XVIII.

There likewise mote be seen on every side
 The yew obedient to the planter's will,
 And shapely box of all their branching pride
 Ungently shorne, and with preposterous skill
 To various beasts and birds of sundry quill
 Transform'd, and human shapes of monstrous size;
 Huge as that giant-race, who, hill on hill
 High-heaping, fought with impious vain * emprise,
 Despite of thundering Jove, to scale the steepy skies.

XIX.

Alse other wonders of the sportive shears
 Fair Nature mis-adorning there were found:
 Globes, spiral columns, pyramids and piers
 With sprouting urns and budding statues crown'd;

* Emprise, enterprize, attempt.

And

Aud horizontal dials on the ground
 In living box by cunning artists trac'd ;
 And gallies trim, on no long voyage bound,
 But by their roots there ever anchor'd fast,
 * All were their bellying sails out-spread to every blast.

XX.

O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
 With terrasses on terrasses up-thrown ;
 And all along arrang'd in order'd rows,
 And vists broad, the velvet slopes adown
 The ever-verdant trees of Daphne shone.
 But, aliens to the clime, and brought of old
 From Latian plains, and Grecian Helicon,
 They shrunk and languish'd in a foreign mold,
 By changeful Summers starv'd, and pinch'd by Win-
 ter's cold.

XXI.

Amid this verdant grove with solemn state,
 On golden thrones of antique form reclin'd,
 In mimic majesty Nine Virgins fate,
 In features various, as unlike in mind :
 Alse boasted they themselves of heavenly kind,
 And to the sweet Parnassian Nymphs allied ;
 Thence round their brows the Delphic bay they twin'd,
 And matching with high names their apish pride,
 O'er every learned school aye claim'd they to preside.

* All, used frequently by the old English Poets for
 although.

XXII.

In antique garbs (for modern they disdain'd)
 By Greek and Roman artists * whilom made,
 Of various woofs, and variously distain'd
 With tints of every hue, were they array'd ;
 And here and there ambitiously display'd
 A purple shred of some rich robe, prepar'd
 Erst by the Muses or th' Aonian Maid,
 To deck great Tullius or the Mantuan Bard ;
 Which o'er each motley vest with uncouth splendor
 glar'd.

XXIII.

And well their outward vesture did express
 The bent and habit of their inward mind,
 Affecting Wisdom's antiquated dress,
 And usages by time cast far behind.
 Thence, to the charms of younger science blind,
 The customs, laws, the learning, arts and phrase
 Of their own countries they with scorn declin'd ;
 Ne sacred truth herself would they embrace,
 Unwarranted, unknown in their fore-fathers' days.

XXIV.

Thus ever backward casting their survey ;
 To Rome's old ruins and the groves forlorn
 Of elder Athens, which in prospect lay
 Stretch'd out beneath the mountain, would they turn

* Whilom, formerly.

Their

Their busy search, and o'er the rubbish mourn.
Then, gathering up with superstitious care
Each little scrap, however foul or torn,
In grave harangues they boldly would declare,
This Ennius, Varro; This the Stagarite did wear.

XXV.

Yet, under names of venerable sound,
While o'er the world they stretch'd their awful rod;
Through all the provinces of Learning own'd
For teachers of whate'er is wise and good.
Alse from each region to their * drad abode
Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taste
The streams of Science; which united flow'd
Adown the mount, from nine rich sources cast;
And to the vale below in one rude torrent pass'd.

XXVI.

O'er every source, protectress of the stream,
One of those Virgin Sisters did preside;
Who, dignifying with her noble name
Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide
The heady vapours of scholastic pride
Despotical and abject, bold and blind,
Fierce in debate, and forward to decide;
Vain love of praise, with adulation join'd,
And disingenuous scorn, and impotence of mind.

* Drad, dreadful.

XXVII. Ex-

XXVII.

Extending from the hill on every side,
 In circuit vast a verdant valley spread;
 Across whose uniform flat bosom glide
 Ten thousand streams, in winding mazes led,
 By various sluices from one common head;
 A turbid mass of waters, vast, profound,
 Hight of Philology the lake; and fed
 By that rude torrent, which with roaring sound
 Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the level
 round.

XXVIII.

And every where this spacious valley o'er,
 Fast by each stream was seen a numerous throng
 Of beardless striplings to the birch-crown'd shore,
 By nurses, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along:
 Who, helpless, meek, and innocent of wrong,
 Were torn reluctant from the tender side
 Of their fond mothers, and by * faitours strong,
 By power made insolent, and hard by pride,
 Were driven with furious rage, and lash'd into the tide.

XXIX.

On the rude bank with trembling feet they stood,
 And, casting round their oft-reverted eyes,
 If haply they mote 'scape the hated flood,
 Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries;

* Faitour, doer, from faire, to do, and fait, deed, commonly used by Spenser in a bad sense.

But

But far away th' unheeding father flies,
 Constrain'd his strong compunctions to repress;
 While close behind, assuming the disguise
 Of nurturing care, and smiling tenderness,
 With secret scourges arm'd, those griesly faitours press.

XXX.

As on the steepy margin of a brook,
 When the young fun with flowery Maia rides:
 With innocent dismay a bleating flock
 Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides:
 The shepherd-swain at first exhorting chides
 Their * seely fear; at length impatient grown,
 With his rude crook he wounds their tender sides;
 And, all regardless of their piteous moan,
 Into the dashing wave compels them furious down.

XXXI.

Thus urg'd by mastering fear and dolorous † teen
 Into the current plung'd that infant crowd.
 Right piteous was the spectacle, I ween,
 Of tender striplings stain'd with tears and blood,
 Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood;
 And labouring to attain the distant shore,
 Where holding forth the gown of manhood stood
 The fyren Liberty, and ever-more
 Solicited their hearts with her enchanting lore.

* Seely, simple.

† Teen, pain, grief.

XXXII. Irk-

XXXII.

Irkſome and long the paſſage was, perplex'd
 With rugged rocks on which the raving tide
 By ſudden burſts of angry tempeſts vex'd
 Oft daſh'd the youth, whoſe ſtrength mote ill abide
 With head up-liſted o'er the waves to ride.
 Whence many wearied ere they had o'er-paſt
 The middle ſtream (for they in vain have tried)
 Again return'd * aſtounded and aghaſt;
 Ne one regardful look would ever backward caſt.

XXXIII.

Some, of a rugged, more enduring frame,
 Their toilſome courſe with patient pain purſued;
 And, though with many a bruife and † muchel blame,
 Eſt hanging on the rocks, and eſt embrued
 Deep in the muddy ſtream, with hearts ſubdued
 And quail'd by labour, gain'd the ſhore at laſt,
 But in life's practiſe ‡ lear unſkill'd and rude,
 Forth in that forked hill they ſilent pac'd;
 Where hid in ſtudious ſhades their fruitleſs hours they
 waſte.

XXXIV.

Others of rich and noble lineage bred,
 Though with the crowd to paſs the flood conſtrain'd,
 Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
 By hireling guides and in all depths ſuſtain'd,

* Aſtounded, aſtoniſh'd.

† Muchel, much.

‡ Lear, learning.

Skimm'd

Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, unstain'd,
 Save with the sprinkling of the watery spray,
 And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd,
 Of ignorance and ease, and wanton play,
 Soft harbingers of vice, and premature decay.

XXXV.

A few, alas, how few! by heaven's high will
 With subtle spirits endow'd and sinews strong,
 * Albe fore † mated by the tempests shrill,
 That bellow'd fierce and rife the rocks among,
 By their own native vigour borne along
 Cut briskly through the waves; and, forces new
 Gathering from toil, and ardor from the throng
 Of rival youths, outstript the labouring crew,
 And to the true ‡ Parnasse and heaven-throng'd glory
 flew.

XXXVI.

Dire was the tumult, and from every shore
 Discordant echoes struck the deafen'd ear,
 Heart-thrilling cries, with sobs and || singults fore
 Short-interrupted, the imploring tear,
 And furious stripes, and angry threats severe,
 Confus'dly mingled with the jarring sound
 Of all the various speeches that § while-ere
 On Shinar's wide-spread champain did astound
 High Babel's builders vain, and their proud works
 confound.

* Albe, although.

† Mated, amazed, scared.

‡ Parnasse, Parnassus.

|| Singults, sighs;

§ While-ere, formerly.

XXXVII. Much

XXXVII.

Much was the knight empassion'd at the scene,
 But more his blooming son, whose tender breast
 Empierced deep with sympathizing teen
 On his pale cheek the signs of drad impress'd,
 And fill'd his eyes with tears, which sore distress'd
 Up to his fire he rais'd in mournful wise;
 Who with sweet smiles paternal soon redress'd
 His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each sad surmise;
 Then turns his ready steed, and on his journey hies.

XXXVIII.

But far he had not march'd ere he was stay'd
 By a rude voice, that like th' united sound
 Of shouting myriads, through the valley bray'd,
 And shook the groves, the floods, and solid ground:
 The distant hills rebellow'd all around.
 " Arrest, Sir Knight, it cried, thy fond career,
 " Nor with presumptuous disobedience wound
 " That awful majesty which all revere!
 " In my commands, Sir Knight, the voice of nations
 " hear!"

XXXIX.

Quick turn'd the Knight, and saw upon the plain
 Advancing tow'rds him with impetuous gait,
 And visage all inflam'd with fierce disdain,
 A monstrous Giant, on whose brow elate

Shone

Shone the bright ensign of imperial state;
Albeit lawful kingdom he had none;
But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
And oft'times over both erect his throne,
While senates, priests and kings his * sovran sceptre
own.

XL.

Custom he height; and aye in every land
Usurp'd dominion with despotic sway
O'er all he holds; and to his high command
Constrains even stubborn Nature to obey;
Whom dispossessing oft, he doth assay
To govern in her right: and with a pace
So soft and gentle doth he win his way,
That she unwares is caught in his embrace,
And though deflower'd and thrall'd nought feels 'ter
foul disgrace.

XLI.

For nurturing, even from their tenderest age,
The docile sons of men withouten pain,
By disciplines and rules to every stage
Of life accommodate, he doth them train
Insensibly to wear and hug his chain.
Alse his behests or gentle or severe,
Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
He craftily persuade them to revere,
As institutions sage, and venerable lear.

• Sovran, for sovereign.

XLII. Pro-

XLII.

Protector therefore of that forked hill,
 And mighty patron of those Sisters Nine,
 Who, there enthron'd, with many a copious rill
 Feed the full streams, that through the valley shine,
 He deemed was; and aye with rites divine,
 * Like those, which Sparta's hardy race of yore
 Were wont perform at fell Diana's shrine,
 He doth constrain his vassals to adore
 Perforce their sacred names, and learn their sacred lore.

XLIII.

And to the fairy Knight now drawing near,
 With voice terrific and imperious mien,
 (All was he wont less dreadful to appear,
 When known and practis'd then at distance seen)
 And kingly stretching forth his sceptre sheen,
 Him he commandeth, upon threaten'd pain
 Of his displeasure high and vengeance keen,
 From his rebellious purpose to refrain,
 And all due honours pay to Learning's reverend train.

XLIV.

So saying, and forestalling all reply,
 His peremptory hand without delay,
 As one who little car'd to justify
 His princely will, long us'd to boundless sway,

* The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with constancy and courage, were accustomed to cause them to be scourged very severely. And I myself (says Plutarch, in his life of Lycurgus) have seen several of them endure whipping to death, at the foot of the altar of Diana, surnamed Orthia.

Upon

Upon the Fairy Youth with great dismay
 In every quaking limb convuls'd, he lay'd :
 And proudly stalking o'er the verdant * lay,
 Him to those scientific streams convey'd,
 With many his young compeers therein to be † embay'd.

XLV.

The Knight his tender son's distressful ‡ stour
 Perceiving, swift to his assistance flew :
 Ne vainly stay'd to deprecate that power,
 Which from submission aye more haughty grew.
 For that proud giant's force he wisely knew,
 Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defy'd
 With rash presumption; and with courage true,
 Rather than step from Virtue's paths aside,
 Oft had he singly scorn'd his all-dismaying pride.

XLVI.

And now, disdain'g parle, his courser hot
 He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful spear ;
 Where-with the giant he so rudely smot,
 That him perforce constrain'd to || wend arrear.
 Who, much abash'd at such rebuke severe,
 Yet his accustom'd pride recovering soon,
 Forth-with his massy sceptre 'gan up-rear;
 For other warlike weapon he had none,
 Ne other him behov'd to quell his boldest § fone.

• Lay, mead. † Embay'd, bathed, dipt.

‡ Stour, trouble, misfortune, &c.

|| Wend arrear, move backwards.

§ Fone, foes.

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X

XLVII. With

XLVII.

With that enormous mace the Fairy Knight
 So fore he * bet, that all his armour † bray'd,
 To pieces well-nigh riven with the might
 Of so tempestuous strokes ; but he was stay'd,
 And ever with deliberate valour weigh'd
 The sudden changes of the doubtful fray ;
 From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
 When force unequal did him hard assay :
 So lightly from his steed he leapt upon the lay.

XLVIII.

Then swiftly drawing forth his † trenchant blade,
 High o'er his head he held his fenciful shield ;
 And warily forecasting to evade
 The giant's furious arm about him wheel'd,
 With restless steps aye traversing the field.
 And ever as his foe's intemperate pride,
 Through rage defenceless, mote advantage yield,
 With his sharp sword so oft he did him || gride,
 That his gold-sandal'd feet in crimson floods were dy'd.

XLIX.

His baser parts he maim'd with many a wound ;
 But far above his utmost reach were § pight
 The forts of life : ne never to confound
 With utter ruin, and abolish quite

* Bet, beat. † Bray'd, refounded.

‡ Trenchant, cutting. || Gride, cut, hack.

§ Pight, placed.

A power

A power so puissant by his single might
 Did he presume to hope : himself alone
 From lawless force to free, in bloody fight
 He stood ; content to bow to Custom's throne,
 So reason mote not blush his sovran rule to own.

L.

So well he warded, and so fiercely press'd
 His foe, that weary vex'd he of the fray ;
 Yet * nould he algates lower his haughty crest ;
 But masking in contempt his fore dismay,
 Disdainfully releas'd the trembling prey,
 As one unworthy of his princely care ;
 Then proudly casting on the warlike † fay
 A smile of scorn and pity, through the air
 Can blow his shrilling horn ; the blast was heard afar.

LI.

Eftsoons astonish'd at th' alarming sound,
 The signal of distress and hostile wrong,
 Confus'dly trooping from all quarters round
 Came pouring o'er the plain a numerous throng
 Of every sex and order, old and young ;
 The vassals of great Custom's wide domain,
 Who, to his lore inur'd by usage long,
 His every fummons heard with pleasure fain,
 And felt his every wound with sympathetic pain.

* Nould he algates, would not by any means.

† Fay, fairy.

LII.

They, when their bleeding king they did behold,
 And saw an armed Knight him standing near,
 Attended by that Palmer sage and bold ;
 Whose venturous search of devious truth while-ere
 Spread through the realms of learning horrors drear,
 Y-seized were at first with terrors great ;
 And in their boding hearts began to fear,
 Dissention factious, controversial hate,
 And innovations strange in Custom's peaceful state.

LIII.

But when they saw the Knight his fauchion sheathe,
 And climbing to his steed march thence away,
 With all hostile train, they 'gan to breathe
 With freer spirit, and with aspect gay
 Soon chac'd the gathering clouds of black affray.
 Alse their great monarch, cheared with the view
 Of myriads, who confess his sovran sway,
 His ruffled pride began to plume anew ;
 And on his bugle clear a strain of triumph blew.

LIV.

There-at the multitude, that stood around,
 Sent up at once a universal roar
 Of boisterous joy : the sudden-bursting sound,
 Like the explosion of a warlike store
 Of nitrous grain, th' afflicted * welkin tore.
 Then turning towards the Knight, with scoffings lewd,
 Heart-piercing insults, and revilings fore,
 Loud bursts of laughter vain, and hisses rude,
 As through the throng he pass'd, his parting steps pursued.

* Welkin, sky.

LV. Alse

LV.

Alse from that forked hill the boasted seat
 Of studious Peace and mild Philosophy,
 Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
 Mustering their rage ; eke baleful Infamy,
 Rouz'd from her den of base obscurity
 By those same Maidens Nine, began to found
 Her brazen trump of blackening obloquy :
 While Satire, with dark clouds encompass round,
 Sharp, secret arrows shot, and aim'd his back to wound.

LVI.

But the brave Fairy Knight, no whit dismay'd,
 Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain ;
 With curious eye observing, as he stray'd
 Through the wide provinces of Custom's reign,
 What mote afresh admonish him remain
 Fast by his virtuous purpose ; all around
 So many objects mov'd his just disdain ;
 Him seem'd that nothing serious, nothing found,
 In city, village, bower, or castle, mote be found.

LVII.

In village, city, castle, bower, and hall,
 Each sex, each age, each order and degree,
 To vice and idle sport abandon'd all,
 Kept one perpetual general jubilee.
 Ne suffer'd ought disturb their merry glee ;
 Ne sense of private loss, ne public woes,
 Restraint of law, religion's drad decree,
 Intestine desolation, foreign foes,
 Nor heaven's tempestuous threats, nor earth's convulsive
 throes.

LVIII.

But chiefly they whom Heaven's disposing hand
 Had seated high on Fortune's upper stage;
 And plac'd within their call the sacred band
 That waits on Nurture and Instruction sage,
 If happy their wise * helps mote them engage
 To climb through knowledge to more noble praise;
 And as they mount, enlighten every age
 With the bright influence of fair Virtue's rays;
 Which from the awful heights of Grandeur brighter
 blaze.

LIX.

They, O perverse and base ingratitude!
 Despising the great ends of Providence,
 For which above their mates they were endued
 With wealth, authority, and eminence,
 To the low services of brutal sense
 Abus'd the means of pleasures more refin'd,
 Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence;
 And, fettering on her throne th' immortal mind,
 The guidance of her realm to passions wild resign'd.

LX.

Hence thoughtless, shameless, reckless, spiritless,
 Nought worthy of their kind did they essay;
 But or benumb'd with palsied Idleness
 In merely living loiter'd life away.

* Helps, behests, precepts, commands.

Or,

Or, by false taste of pleasure led astray,
 For-ever wandering in the sensual bowers
 Of feverish Debauch, and lustful Play,
 Spent on ignoble toils their active powers,
 And with untimely blasts diseas'd their vernal hours.

LXI.

Ev'n they to whom kind Nature did accord
 A frame more delicate, and purer mind,
 Though the foul brothel and the wine-stain'd board
 Of beastly Comus loathing they declin'd,
 Yet their soft hearts to idle joys resign'd;
 Like painted insects, through the summer-air
 With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd;
 And tasting every flower and blossom fair,
 Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

LXII.

For choice them needed none, who only fought
 With vain amusements to beguile the day;
 And wherefore should they take or care or thought,
 Whom Nature prompts, and Fortune calls to play?
 "Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may!"
 So learn'd, so taught the leaders of mankind;
 Th' unreasoning vulgar willingly obey,
 And, leaving toil and poverty behind,
 Ran forth by different ways the blissful boon to find.

LXIII.

Nor tedious was the search; for every where,
 As nigh great Custom's royal towers the Knight
 Pass'd through th' adjoining hamlets, mote he hear
 The merry voice of festival Delight

Saluting the return of morning bright
With matin-revels, by the mid-day hours
Scarce ended; and again with dewy night,
In cover'd theatres, or leafy bowers,
Offering her evening-vows to Pleasure's joyous powers.

LXIV.

And ever on the way mote he espy
Men, women, children, a promiscuous throng
Of rich, poor, wise and simple, low and high,
By land, by water, passing aye along
With mummers, antics, music, dance, and song,
To Pleasure's numerous temples, that beside
The glistening streams, or tufted groves among,
To every idle foot stood open wide,
And every gay desire with various joys supplied.

LXV.

For there each earth with diverse charms to move,
The sly inchantress summon'd all her train:
Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant love,
The boon companion Bacchus, loud and vain,
And tricking Hermes, god of fraudulent gain,
Who, when blind Fortune throws, directs the die,
And Phœbus tuning his soft Lydian strain
To wanton motions, and the lover's sigh,
And thought-beguiling shew, and masking revelry.

LXVI.

Unmeet associates these for noble youth,
Who to true honour meaneth to aspire;
And for the works of Virtue, Faith, and Truth,
Would keep his manly faculties entire.

The

The which avizing well, the cautious fire
 From that soft fyren land of Pleasaunce vain,
 With timely haste was minded to retire,
 * Or ere the sweet contagion mote attain
 His son's unpractis'd heart, yet free from vicious stain.

LXVII.

So turning from that beaten road aside,
 Through many a devious path at length he pac'd,
 As that experienc'd Palmer did him guide,
 Till to a mountain hoare they came at last;
 Whose high-rai'd brows with sylvan honours grac'd,
 Majestically frown'd upon the plain,
 And over all an awful horror cast.
 Seem'd as those villas gay it did disdain,
 Which spangled all the vale like Flora's painted train.

LXVIII.

The hill ascended strait, ere-while they came
 To a tall grove, whose thick-embowering shade,
 Impervious to the sun's meridian flame,
 Ev'n at mid-noon a dubious twilight made;
 Like to that sober light, which, disarry'd
 Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams,
 Through windows dim with holy acts pourtray'd,
 Along some cloister'd abbey faintly gleams,
 Abstracting the rapt thought from vain earth-musing
 themes.

* Or ere, before.

LXIX. Be-

LXIX.

Beneath this high o'er-arching canopy
 Of clustering oaks, a sylvan colonnade,
 Aye listening to the native melody
 Of birds sweet-echoing through the lonely shade,
 On to the centre of the grove they stray'd;
 Which, in a spacious circle opening round,
 Within its sheltering arms securely laid,
 Disclos'd to sudden view a vale profound,
 With Nature's artless smiles and tranquil beauties
 crown'd.

LXX.

There, on the basis of an ancient pile,
 Whose cross-surmounted spire o'erlook'd the wood,
 A venerable Matron they ere-while
 Discover'd have, beside a murmuring flood
 Reclining in right sad and pensive mood.
 Retir'd within her own abstracted breast,
 She seem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood;
 The which her changing cheer by turns exprest,
 Now glowing with disdain, with grief now * over-kest.

LXXI.

Her thus immers'd in anxious thought profound
 When-as the Knight perceiv'd, he nearer drew;
 To weet what bitter bale did her astound,
 And whence th' occasion of her anguish grew.

* Over-kest, for over-cast.

For

For that right noble Matron well he knew;
 And many perils huge, and labours fore,
 Had for her sake endur'd; her vassal true,
 Train'd in her love, and practis'd evermore
 Her honour to respect, and reverence her lore.

LXXII.

O dearest drad! he cried, fair island queen!
 Mother of heroes! Empress of the Main!
 What means that stormy brow of troublous teen?
 * Sith heaven-born Peace, with all her smiling train
 Of sciences and arts, adorns thy reign
 With wealth and knowledge, splendour and renown?
 Each port how throng'd! how fruitful every plain!
 How blithe the country! and how gay the town!
 While Liberty secures and heightens every boon!

LXXIII.

Awaken'd from her trance of pensive woe
 By these fair flattering words, she rais'd her head;
 And, bending on the Knight her frowning brow,
 Mock'st thou my sorrows, Fairy Son? she said.
 Or is thy judgment by thy heart misled
 To deem that certain, which thy hopes suggest?
 To deem them full of life and † lustihead,
 Whose cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are drest,
 And with Joy's careless mien, and dimpled smiles
 imprest?

* Sith, since. † Lustihead, strong health, vigour.

LXXIV. Thy

LXXIV.

Thy unsuspecting heart how nobly good
 I know, how sanguine in thy country's cause!
 And mark'd thy virtue, singly how it stood
 Th' assaults of mighty Custom, which o'erawes
 The faint and timorous mind, and oft withdraws
 From Reason's lore th' ambitious and the vain
 By the sweet lure of popular applause,
 Against their bitter knowledge, to maintain
 The lawless throne of Vice, or Folly's childish reign.

LXXV.

How vast his influence! how wide his sway!
 Thyself ere-while by proof didst understand:
 And saw'st, as through his realms thou took'st thy way,
 How Vice and Folly had o'erspread the land.
 And canst thou then, O Fairy Son, demand
 The reason of my woe? or hope to ease
 The throbbings of my heart with speeches bland,
 And words more apt my sorrows to increase,
 The once-dear names of Wealth, and Liberty, and Peace?

LXXVI.

Peace, Wealth, and Liberty, that noblest boon,
 Are blessings, only to the wise and good.
 To weak and vicious minds their worth unknown,
 And thence abus'd but serve to furnish food
 For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
 With high-spiced luxury; whence Strife, Debate,
 Ambition, Envy, Faction's viperous brood,
 Contempt of order, manners profligate
 The symptoms of a foul, diseas'd, and bloated state.

LXXVII. Ev'n

LXXVII.

Ev'n Wit and Genius, with their learned train
 Of Arts and Muses, though from Heaven above
 Descended, when their talents they profane
 To varnish Folly, kindle wanton Love,
 And aid excentric sceptic Pride to rove
 Beyond celestial Truth's attractive sphere,
 This moral system's central sun, aye prove
 To their fond votaries a curse severe,
 And only make mankind more obstinately err.

LXXVIII.

And stand my sons herein from censure clear?
 Have they consider'd well, and understood,
 The use and import of those blessings dear,
 Which the great Lord of Nature hath bestow'd
 As well to prove, as to reward the good?
 Whence are these torrents then, these billowy seas
 Of vice, in which, as in his proper flood,
 The fell Leviathan licentious plays,
 And upon shipwreck'd Faith and sinking Virtue preys?

LXXIX.

To you, ye Noble, Opulent and Great!
 With friendly voice I call, and honest zeal!
 Upon your vital influences wait
 The health and sickness of the commonweal;
 The maladies you cause, yourselves must heal.
 In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
 Will Truth and Reason make their just appeal;
 In vain will sacred Wisdom cry aloud;
 And Justice drench in vain her vengeful sword in blood.

LXXX. With

LXXX.

With you must reformation first take place:
 You are the head, the intellectual mind
 Of this vast body politic; whose base,
 And vulgar limbs, to drudgery consign'd,
 All the rich stores of Science have resign'd
 To you, that by the craftsman's various toil,
 The sea-worn mariner, and sweating hind,
 In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
 You, for yourselves and them, may dress the mental foil.

LXXXI.

Bethink you then, my children, of the trust
 In you repos'd: ne let your heaven-born mind
 Consume in pleasure, or unactive rust;
 But nobly rouse you to the task assign'd,
 The godlike task to teach and mend mankind:
 Learn, that ye may instruct: to virtue lead
 Yourself the way: the herd will crowd behind,
 And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
 "Example is a lesson, that all men can read."

LXXXII.

But if (to all or most I do not speak)
 In vain and sensual habits now grown old,
 The strong Circean charm you cannot break,
 Nor re-assume at will your native * mould,
 Yet envy not the state you could not hold;
 And take compassion on the rising age:
 In them redeem your errors manifold;
 And, by due discipline and nurture sage,
 In Virtue's lore betimes you docile sons engage.

* Mould, shape, form.

LXXXIII. You

LXXXIII.

You chiefly, who like me in secret mourn
 The prevalence of Custom lewd and vain;
 And you, who, though, by the rude torrent borne
 Unwillingly along, you yield with pain
 To his behests, an act what you disdain,
 Yet nourish in your hearts the generous love
 Of piety and truth, no more restrain
 The manly zeal; but all your sinews move
 The present to reclaim, the future race improve!

LXXXIV.

Eftsoons by your joint efforts shall be quell'd
 Yon haughty Giant, who so proudly sways
 A sceptre by repute alone upheld;
 Who where he cannot dictate strait obeys.
 Accustom'd to conform his flattering phrase
 To numbers and high-plac'd authority,
 Your party he will join, your maxims praise,
 And, drawing after all his menial fry,
 Soon teach the general voice your act to ratify.

LXXXV.

Ne for the atchievement of this great emprize
 The want of means or counsel may ye dread.
 From my Twin-daughters' fruitful wombs shall rise
 A race of letter'd sages, deeply read
 In Learning's various writ: by whom y-led
 Through each well-cultur'd plot, each beauteous grove,
 Where antique Wisdom whilom wont to tread,
 With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
 And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of knowledge
 prove.

LXXXVI. Your-

LXXXVI.

Yourselfes with virtue thus and knowledge fraught
 Of what, in ancient days of good or great
 Historians, bards, philosophers, have taught;
 Join'd with whatever else of modern date
 Maturer judgment, search more accurate,
 Discover'd have of Nature, Man, and God,
 May by new laws reform the time-worn state
 Of cell-bred discipline, and smoothe the road
 That leads thro' Learning's vale to Wisdom's bright
 abode.

LXXXVII.

By you invited to her secret bowers,
 Then shall Pæida reascend her throne
 With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flowers;
 While from their forked mount descending down
 Yon supercilious pedant train shall own
 Her empire paramount, ere-long by her
 Y-taught a lesson in their schools unknown,
 " To Learning's richest treasures to prefer
 " The knowledge of the world, and man's great business
 " there."

LXXXVIII.

On this prime science, as the final end
 Of all her discipline and nurturing care,
 Her eye Pædia fixing eye shall bend
 Her every thought and effort to prepare
 Her tender pupils for the various war,
 Which Vice and Folly shall upon them wage,
 As on the perilous march of life they fare
 With prudent lore fore-arming every age
 'Gainst Pleasure's treacherous joys, and Pain's embattled
 rage.

LXXXIX. Then

LXXXIX.

Then shall my youthful sons, to Wisdom led
 By fair example and ingenuous praise,
 With willing feet the paths of Duty tread;
 Through the world's intricate or rugged ways
 Conducted by Religion's sacred rays;
 Whose soul-invigorating influence
 Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
 Of sordid selfishness and brutal sense,
 And swell th' ennobled heart with blest'd benevolence.

XC.

Then also shall this emblematic pile,
 By magic whilom fram'd to sympathize
 With all the fortunes of this changeful isle,
 Still, as my sons in fame and virtue rise,
 Grow with their growth, and to th' applauding skies
 Its radiant cross uplift; the while, to grace
 The multiplying niches, fresh supplies
 Of worthies shall succeed, with equal pace
 Aye following their fires in virtue's glorious race.

XCI.

Fir'd with th' idea of her future fame,
 She rose majestic from her lowly seat;
 While from her vivid eyes a sparkling flame,
 Out-beaming, with unwonted light o'erspread
 That monumental pile; and as her head
 To every front she turn'd, discover'd round
 The venerable forms of heroes dead;
 Who, for their various merit erst renown'd,
 In this bright fane of glory shrines of honour found.

XCII.

On these that royal dame her ravish'd eyes
 Would often feast; and ever as she spy'd
 Forth from the ground the lengthening structure rise
 With new-plac'd statues deck'd on every side,
 Her parent-breast would swell with generous pride.
 And now with her in that sequester'd plain,
 The Knight awhile constraining to abide,
 She to the Fairy Youth with pleasure fain
 Those sculptur'd chiefs did shew, and their great lives
 explain.

FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER.

Written in Lord WESTMORLAND'S Hermitage,

NE gay attire, ne marble-hall,
 Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall;
 Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,
 Bestow'd with pyes of perigord;
 Ne power, ne such like idle fancies,
 Sweet Agnes, grant to Father Francis;
 Let me ne more myself deceive;
 Ne more regret the toys I leave;
 The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
 Corruption's and Ambition's train;
 But not the good, perdie, nor fair,
 'Gainst them I make ne vow, ne prayer;
 But such aye welcome to my cell,
 And oft, not always with me dwell;

Then

FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER. 323

Then cast, sweet Saint, a circle round,
And blest from fools this holy ground ;
From all the foes to worth and truth,
From wanton old, and homely youth ;
The gravely dull, and pertly gay,
Oh banish these ; and, by my fay,
Right well I ween that in this age,
Mine house shall prove an hermitage.

AN INSCRIPTION ON THE CELL.

Beneath these moss-grown roots, this rustic cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, sequester'd dwell ;
Say you, who dare our hermitage disdain,
What drawing-room can boast so fair a train ?

AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CELL.

Sweet bird, that sing'st on yonder spray,
Pursue unharm'd thy sylvan lay ;
While I beneath this breezy shade,
In peace repose my careless head ;
And joining thy enraptur'd song,
Instruct the world-enamour'd throng,
That the contended harmless breast
In solitude itself is blest.

INSCRIP.

INSCRIPTION on a SUMMER-HOUSE
Belonging to Mr. WEST, at WICKHAM, in KENT.

(An Imitation of AUSONIUS, "Ad Villam.")

NOT wrapt in smoky London's sulphurous clouds,
And not far distant, stands my rural cot :
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleasures cloy ;
Swift as my changing wish, I change the scene ;
And now the country, now the town enjoy.

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